



Chatelaine

The Canadian Woman's

Magazine

SEPTEMBER, 1948 • 15¢



"You marry a man's
whole family"

by Dorothea Malm



Hospitality Starts with Refreshment

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"Prices Won't Come Down in Our Lifetime"

An Editorial by
Byrne Hope Sanders

HE IS AN important executive. Obviously he spoke from deep conviction when he said, "We may as well face it. Prices won't come down in our lifetime."

The idea horrified me. Like most women I've taken for granted that this struggle with the high cost of food, clothing, housing was only temporary. In the back of my mind, as I paid the grocery bill, was the vague hope that one day we'd have 29-cent round steak again; or 10-cent bread; or 40-cent butter.

But the executive was firm. "We're passing through a great crisis in our civilization," he said, "and it won't be settled easily. We have to have force to back up our ideas. That means we've got to spend millions in building the latest airplanes, guns, bombs—and scrap them as soon as something newer is designed. We have to maintain an army of thousands of young men who may never go to war. We've got to help Europe until it can support itself."

Maybe he's right. Maybe he's wrong. Experts and economists will argue all night about it.

Talk to any of them and you'll find they agree; disagree; or believe that there will be some downward adjustments in some prices.

But the more I thought about it, the more it seemed to me that thinking women will want to consider this possibility, and see what it may mean in their own home management.

To all of us, certain things are evident.

Wage rates, for instance, don't tend to go down once they have been established at new levels. A depression may mean unemployment but, with our growing network of unions, it may not mean any reduction in the rate of pay. This will tend to keep costs of production high.

The price of basic foodstuffs may vary a bit; but Canada's principle of "floor" prices will, it is expected, avert any great drop in prices in these items.

So long as food shortages continue there will be a market for our produce. Statistics show that the farm population is being reduced as men and women move to urban centres. This means, in turn, more consumers and fewer producers. We know already of the problem in regard to milk and butter.

Changes in trade relationships affect the prices we pay at our grocer's. As one example, if and when the embargo against selling Canadian cattle to the States is removed—the price of beef will be as high as it is now—or higher.

The cost of mining coal; of building houses; of manufacturing clothing; of transporting freight is not the type of cost which slides up and down. Having reached new levels it is very likely to remain there, or move still farther upward because of spiraling costs behind.

And, of course, ultimately, we, the consumers must pay, as it is all in our service.

So the story goes. We come back to the executive who advised me to warn Canadian women that we're not likely to see prewar prices again in our lifetime.

Whether he's right or wrong, wouldn't it be a good idea to think about his prophecy and how it affects our own home?

Shouldn't it mark an end to the haphazard method of money management so many of us are using? Are you doing the same as I've been doing—taking funds from other needs to put into food with the feeling that it's only a temporary scramble?

Yes. This possibility means an honest appraisal of where our money is going now, and whether we're spending it on what our family really considers is essential.

We'll need to learn more about thrift; to take care of the equipment we have, of the clothes we wear. We'll think more about where proper nutrition lies; what we really consider fun and entertainment.

It means, really, a whole New Look at our standard of living.

But first, we've got to get rid of our vague nostalgia for 40-cent butter!

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BM-1-48

Romance

Teen-Age Special



But there's a technique in making the one-and-only feel about you as you do about him (or her). Try the "courting test" on page 92 and see how close you come to full marks for love

WHEN you meet that one person in the world you'd most like to marry, will you be able to make him (or her) feel the same way about you? Or will you have to take second choice?

The answer depends on your appeal—and how you go about winning the interest of the other sex. In other words, how good are you at romance? And I'm talking about both men and girls now. Because, while the male is still expected to take the lead in courtship, a girl may do a lot to promote and encourage it. Maybe she always has done the priming, and we're just beginning to be frank enough to admit it!

If you're a bright young man or woman today, you know you must do your own share of the courting. And you may have learned already that it's an accomplished process. For one thing, you may be starting out with the wrong slant because of the sophisticated love stories you've read, heard on the radio or seen on the screen.

Nothing is more ridiculous than a boy of 20 aping the mannerisms of a movie idol who has weathered two marriages in real life—unless it is a young girl imitating a glamourized star with a record of three divorces. Be natural, act yourself and your age. Most of the stuff you see in movies is much more appropriate for persons in their thirties than for those in late teens and early twenties.

However—for all that—courtship is much more wholesome and sincere than it was a few dozen years ago. Yet it has in it all the basic elements of a past age. You must still gain the attention of the one you want and create so much interest that a date will follow.

A Girl Can't Act Like a Pickup

Every girl knows it's harder to meet eligible boys than it is for a boy to meet desirable girls. If you are to make the

most suitable choice of a mate, normally you are well advised to date a number of people about your own age. Only in this way will you be able to set up some kind of yardstick that will help you know when you have met the one who can make you happy.

When a boy sees a new girl he would like to meet he finds a mutual acquaintance who can introduce him. He may even approach her directly and do his own introductions. This is something that girls aren't supposed to do. Girls can rarely start a conversation—unless, of course, they want a train window raised or a bus seat adjusted or directions about how to find an address. The fact of the matter is that our customs still dictate that the man should be the pursuer and the girl the pursued, even though she may catch him in the end.

A girl cannot appear too anxious or act like a pickup. She has to use more delicacy, more finesse, than the boy. Not able to ask for a date, she must subtly arouse a desire in him to take the initiative. Here's where taking time to look her best, cleanest and most attractive will help.

How does a man know when he is making progress with a girl?

When she arranges for him to meet her parents, invites him to dinner, won't let him spend money recklessly, introduces him to her best friends, makes dates readily and keeps them. The man can help this along by telling her what fine parents she has, and speaking nicely of people she likes. He needn't be stingy, but it isn't necessary to throw money away. A general rule is not to spend more money per week than 10 to 15% of earnings for the same period.

The young man with marriage on his mind and a rival to contend with will do well to make himself as pleasant as possible, both to the girl and her family, rather than try to undermine

Isn't Easy

by Clifford R. Adams
Marriage Counselor,
The Pennsylvania State College

the other contender. He will be wise to make the girl realize how much a part of his future plans she is, and that she can depend on him. Sometimes he may have to go so far as plan to leave for another city to make her realize how much she needs him.

Keeping interest fanned—for both boy and girl—is essential if you want to "go steady." Conversation, interesting but with a personal touch, is the key. That doesn't mean that you needn't have other social skills, such as dancing and playing bridge. Everybody appreciates a good listener, but you will be regarded as a dumb character unless you can at least ask intelligent questions.

You should be able to do some things better than—or at least as well as—other people. It might be golf, bowling, tennis, dancing, swimming, or any one of a dozen skills. It could be a household art, like cooking; or playing a musical instrument; or having a hobby, like photography or magic. The main thing is that it gives you a rating above the rest of your friends in some special field.

For girls, meeting a man is not enough. In some way you must give the man you want the conviction that you believe him to be tops. And you should honestly believe that, if you want him for a husband.

Hunter or Hunted?

It is a common belief that men dislike being pursued. I emphatically disagree—they love it, because it gives them a sense of importance and flatters their ego. If it is so obvious it makes them feel conspicuous, they may shy off—but generally it is the girl who is competing for a man who resents someone else playing him up. While you shouldn't be a hawk and swoop down full sail on a man, there is nothing wrong in letting him know that you appreciate some of the specific qualities he possesses.

Going steady should be just as much the girl's idea as the boy's. It is this



There's no place like home—with a good dinner, open fire and stage all set—to bring forth a proposal.

series of dates that make it possible for a couple to decide whether they should marry or look elsewhere. When they are filled with romance, it tests their affection for each other and determines if engagement shall result. Now is the time to see if you have a mutual sense of humor and many activities to share together. One of the biggest values in marriage is companionship. It is shown by increasing ability to talk to each other, to have common sympathies, find many things to do together, and sense a growth in understanding of what each means to the other.

The Three-point Plan for Success

"When in Rome do as the Romans do" certainly applies to courtship, for nothing is more embarrassing than to have your date act unconventionally. To win a mate you must put three points across. You must make someone feel the need of a mate; feel that you fit that need better than anyone else—and that now is the time for marriage.

Here are some of the things girls tell me they do to put the plan into action:

Make themselves physically appealing.

Talk about the man's hopes and likes and needs.

Adopt his ideas of where to go on dates (and things to do).

Avoid criticizing other girls.

Let him do most of the talking.

Try to make every date an enjoyable one.

Are not afraid to show their feelings.

There's a lot more to these simple pointers than is apparent at first glance. Drawing a man out about his likes and ambitions is more than subtle flattery: by getting him talking of his ideas on good food, what he wants in a home and how he'd like it furnished, discussing his ideas about children and his prospects in his job, a girl will usually get a man thinking of marriage as part of his future plans.

By letting him do most of the talking, and falling in readily with his suggestions for things to do, she appeals to his yearning for mastery. She minimizes any mistakes he may make and keeps her criticisms to herself unless she knows how to offer them as friendly, constructive suggestions. She stresses his good points, making it clear that she considers him to be very popular and a success in his work.

The girl, in other words, does every-

* Continued on page 92



Sometimes a suitor has to go so far as to threaten to leave for another city to make a girl know her mind.

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Your Garden in September



by EARL COX

Let's enjoy the flowers in the garden as long as we can. On chilly nights a few newspapers spread over the plants will protect them from frost and prolong their blooming period.

September is a good time to divide all but autumn-flowering perennials. For perennials the soil should be prepared thoroughly and deeply. Incorporate well-rotted manure at the time of digging. Arrange the plants so that they are suited to the space allotted to them. Put the tallest at the back—those that may be depended upon for a good foliage background. Medium plants down the centre—low perennials in the front.

Dividing perennials is not difficult—simply lift the old plants and divide them into as many fair-sized pieces as you wish. Use only strong divisions with a few vigorous buds or shoots and set them out firmly in the well-prepared soil. When you are setting the plants in the new border, leave plenty of space for clumps of tulips, daffodils, crocuses, and other spring-flowering bulbs to be planted next month.

Don't crowd your perennials—remember they are going to grow—let them have room. Besides, you may wish to intersperse a few annuals among them next spring.

Do you have recollections of lily of the valley in bloom way back in early summer? Sometimes these lovely fragrant flowers grow in fence corners and alleyways in out-of-the-way places in the garden where they are forced to put up with rather poor conditions. Why not divide and move some of the lily-of-the-valley clumps now—give them a real chance to bloom next spring.

The peony—queen of the garden—may be planted this month. Since

peonies remain in one location for many years it is essential that the soil should be thoroughly prepared. Select only those varieties which will give you "show quality bloom" if you are starting off a new peony bed or border. Do not plant anything smaller than a three-eye division. Space the plants about three feet apart. Place the peony division in the hole and work pulverized soil in and around it with the fingers. Spread out all the roots and bring them into contact with the earth. Press down the soil to remove air pockets. Water thoroughly. See that the crown of the plant is not more than two inches below the surface of the ground. Peonies which are planted too deeply simply refuse to bloom. As extra protection for the first winter, a spadeful of earth should be mounded over the plant. Don't use manure for this purpose—peonies do not like it. In the spring the extra earth—or mulch—should be removed carefully before the shoots appear.

Hardy chrysanthemums provide flowers for indoor bouquets besides providing a lovely show in the border. Why not pot up several of the hardy chrysanthemum plants and take them indoors before they are ruined by a heavy frost? Next spring the mum plants may be set back in the border.

New lawns should be seeded now, provided that the ground has been thoroughly prepared in advance. Divide the seed into two parts—sow one half in one direction—the other half at right angles. This will ensure an even distribution of seed. After seeding, the lawn surface should be lightly but thoroughly raked. Not more than a quarter of an inch of soil should cover the seed. After seeding, rolling is absolutely essential. Rolling ensures free water movements in the soil and does not allow the thin surface layer where the seeds have been deposited to dry out. Old lawns may

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be peped up by a light top dressing of good loam—and reseeding. Discontinue mowing the established lawn so that there will be two or three inches of grass on it before the cold weather sets in. Remove the heavy accumulation of leaves to avoid smothering the grass.

Evergreens lend charm and distinction. They may be successfully transplanted now. The earth is warm, and this condition is favorable to good root growth. Evergreens planted now should be well established before winter comes.

In foundation planting the low-growing evergreens may be used to advantage under windows, the columnar or pyramidal varieties between windows. The vertical lines of good architectural features may be emphasized by the pyramidal forms of juniper or cedar. The lines of a low, rambling house are carried out by the spreading forms of juniper or yew. Remember to keep the plants well away from the wall and to leave sufficient room between them so that they may develop as individuals. Yes—the spaces will look large—but you will be surprised to see how quickly the trees will fill them. If you wish to make your house appear longer, plant a tall variety at each end. Evergreens purchased at the nursery will be balled and burlaped. It is a very easy matter to place the trees in various positions—like setting up ten pins—until you have achieved the effect you like best.

Now for the actual planting operation. Dig a hole larger than the ball of earth around the roots of the evergreen to be planted. Loosen the soil at the bottom of the hole. If you have any well-rotted manure on hand—throw a bit of it in the hole and cover it with a spadeful of earth, so that when the tree is placed in the hole the roots will not come in direct contact with the manure. Place the tree in the hole a little lower than it was planted in the nursery. Shovel in the earth until the hole is half filled. Tramp in the soil around the ball of earth firmly. Pour in a pail or so of water, and allow the water to soak in before completely filling the hole. Leave a slight depression around the trunk of the tree to retain the moisture.

Is it necessary to remove the burlap wrapping from around the ball of earth? The answer is "no." Simply cut the burlap at the top and roll it down the sides of the ball.

When evergreens are planted they should be kept well watered—water regularly and thoroughly. Don't let them dry out—but encourage them to establish themselves well before winter comes.

House plants still on the veranda or outside window sills should be brought indoors before the frost comes. Repotting will be in order. A good potting mixture is one composed of one third sand, one third peat and one third good loamy soil.

Mice will damage the young fruit trees during the winter. Plan now to surround the young tree trunks with fine wire screening to prevent the mice from working their wilful damage in the new orchard. *



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EVENING

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That's the way the announcement of their exhibit at an important gallery was headed; the caricatures below were their own sketches of themselves; naturally we had to know more; don't you?

by Thelma LeCocq

A TORONTO art gallery asked them to put on an exhibition of their paintings, but it was their own idea to bill themselves as "4 Women Who Paint"—their own idea too, to do the absurd caricatures of themselves that set people to wondering about them. Visitors to the gallery enjoyed the pictures—but even those who never went were curious about the artists. Something about the anonymity of the title caught the imagination. Everything about the caricatures aroused the curiosity. Could there actually be four such incredible faces? And to what sort of women did they belong, that they should permit themselves to appear so grotesquely before the world?

Any of the visitors who had ventured to make such remarks to a stranger at the gallery, might easily have been making them to one of the artists, for it is safe to say that not one of them would be recognized from her own exaggeration of

her features. Rody Kenny Courtice, who looks in her caricature like one of James Thurber's neurotic females, is a pleasant dumpling of a woman with apple cheeks, bright twinkling eyes and a weakness for flowers on her hats. Bobs Cogill Haworth is slim and sleek with pretty legs, a glossy coronet of chestnut hair and keen hazel eyes. Yvonne McKague Housser is smart and urban with red-gold hair and a strong handsome face. And Isabel McLaughlin, who's caricatured herself to look like Madame La Farge, is the tweedy, athletic type with a long, well-bred face and live brown hair flowing youthfully about her shoulders.

The big difference between them and any average four women who enjoy each other's company is that instead of talking about bridge and exchanging recipes, they carry on what would be

to the uninformed, a completely unintelligible conversation about composition, tempera and mixed technique. They're women who've been friends for 20 years, who enjoy each other's company because they have a common interest. Except when they go on holidays together, they never paint together. Each has her own studio, her own style of painting. Each respects the other's work, and what is more remarkable, they are able to accept each other's criticism in a spirit of helpfulness and with no resentment.

The best way to get to know these 4 Women Who Paint is to see them all together. Certain points all four are agreed upon. First is that with them painting is not a hobby—it's hard work. Second, that in Canada you can't make a living through pictures—you have to do commercial work as well. Unlike some artists, none of the four seems to have much hard feeling about this state of affairs. They just keep on painting and when something comes along such as the joint show in Toronto this spring, they're happy about it. They're pleased that the show received favorable reviews, though none of them had any clippings on hand. They're satisfied that among the four of them, 18 pictures were sold—a good record for an art show in Toronto.

Aside from painting, the four lead very divergent lives, have a wide variety of responsibilities and interests, and are completely unlike in temperament. Rody Courtice is unanimously accepted as the wit of the foursome, both in her conversation and her painting. The fact that she is



Who Paint



Mixing enjoyment of each other's company and work with their paint, the well-known group of artists gather in Yvonne Housser's studio for a critic's session. Far left, Rody Courtice; leaning over chesterfield, Bobs Haworth and Isabel McLaughlin.

slightly deaf hasn't made her a recluse, and she does very well with a hearing aid which is always "going on the rocks," but which doesn't seem to bother her too much one way or the other. Of the four, Rody takes top honors as wife, mother and housekeeper. She has a lawyer husband and a son of 15, spends her winters in a service flat in a Toronto hotel, her summers at her country house about 25 miles outside the city. She is said to be able to whip up a meal, and a good one, in less time and with less trouble than practically anyone in existence. She is adaptable, too, in her manner of work. In the winter at the hotel, with small quarters and a smoky city view, she paints her small canvases, satisfies herself with subjects on hand such as pigeons or policemen. Her large canvases and nature paintings are done during the summer. Her hours for work are from 10 in the morning till two in the afternoon. "I eat at both ends," she says cheerfully, "that's why I have ulcers." It was her pictures in the show that were praised for their wit and humor—her painting of the child with a rooster was one of these. To her, too, went the distinction of having the only painting with a theme of social consciousness, and as proof of her variety of talents, hers was the circular decorative panel on the wall, retained by the gallery for its ornamental value after

the rest of the show had been taken away.

The other three regard Rody as a marvelous sketching companion, partly because she's good fun, partly because she's the masseuse of the party, is invaluable for smoothing away the stiffness at the back of the neck that comes from prolonged sketching. According to them she is the most resourceful and inventive of the four in the way of using materials on hand for creative art. "Show her a garbage can," they say, "and she can produce a mural."

Bobs Haworth, unlike the rest of them who are all Canadians and Torontonians for at least their adult lives, is from South Africa and still has an accent to prove it. She came to Canada by way of London University where she took a degree in art that's the equivalent of a B.A. There she met and married Peter Haworth, now director of art at the Central Technical School in Toronto.

"When I first came to Toronto," she says, "there were three women I felt

I should like to get to know better." They were the other three of the 4 Women Who Paint. The others regard Bobs as the high-voltage member of the crew—"She never walks when she can run." Two days

a week she teaches ceramics at Toronto's Central Tech. She is on the staff of the University of Toronto and one morning a week lectures to the Fine Arts class. She + Continued on page 103



Isabel



Yvonne

I Wear False Teeth

yet my mouth feels
fresh, clean and cool
No "DENTURE BREATH" for me*



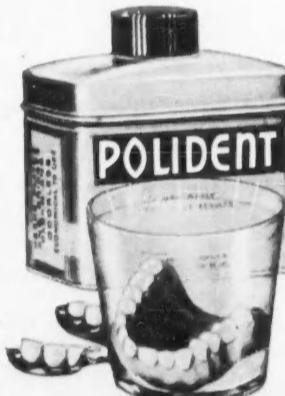
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And remember, Polident keeps your false teeth more natural looking—free from offensive odor, too. For a smile that sparkles, for a mouth that feels cool, clean and fresh—soak your plates in Polident every day.

Polident comes in two sizes—regular and large economy size—available at all drugstores. It costs only about a cent a day to use, so get a can of Polident tomorrow, sure.



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than anything you ever tried
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this

do this —



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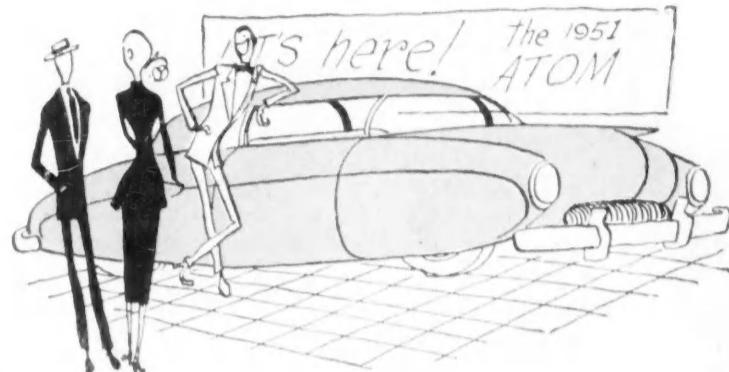
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the *Beforehand Lotion*

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Your New Car

How much will it cost to run? . . . Here are money-saving ideas from actual experience



by LILLIAN D. MILLAR

ARE YOU, like many thousands of other Canadians, waiting eagerly for the day when you can get a new car? Then before you buy you will want to know approximately what it is going to cost to run.

Of course the operating expenses of no two cars are exactly the same. The Smiths and the Browns live next door to each other. At the same time each family got delivery of a new lightweight car of the same make and model. After each had driven 8,000 miles under approximately the same conditions, the Browns had paid out \$24 more for gasoline than the Smiths, \$3.20 extra for oil and \$34 more for maintenance, replacements, repairs and miscellaneous expenses. In addition the Browns had taken \$100 more wear out of their car and tires than the Smiths had. In all it cost the Browns just \$161 more to drive 8,000 miles than it had the Smiths.

Why does it cost the Browns more to drive? Both Mary and John Smith are good drivers. The Browns just drive. The Smiths keep their car in first-class condition. The Browns give theirs no attention until something goes wrong. If you want to cut your car costs, it will pay you to check your driving habits and to revise your family budget to include a regular amount for car upkeep.

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IN RUNNING a car there are other costs which are more difficult to foresee. For example, it is impossible to know exactly how much you will have to spend for repairs and replacements. The Smiths' car was guaranteed for the first 4,000 miles and everything went smoothly. Aside from a new air filter and new filter cartridges, \$5 covered the miscellaneous expenses during the year.

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Automobile insurance has two separate functions. First, it protects you against your legal liability for any injury your car may cause to persons other than your own family and for any damage it may do to property of others with certain exceptions. Each year juries are giving verdicts for higher amounts and it is important to see that you are adequately protected. In one Canadian case a victim was awarded \$115,000, in another damages totaling over \$75,000 were given. The standard limits of an automobile insurance policy is \$5,000 if you hit one person and \$10,000 for death of or injury to more

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informal
natural

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*Continued on page 54

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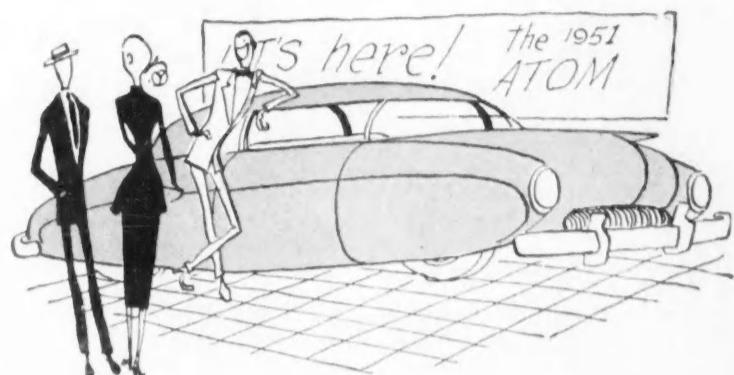


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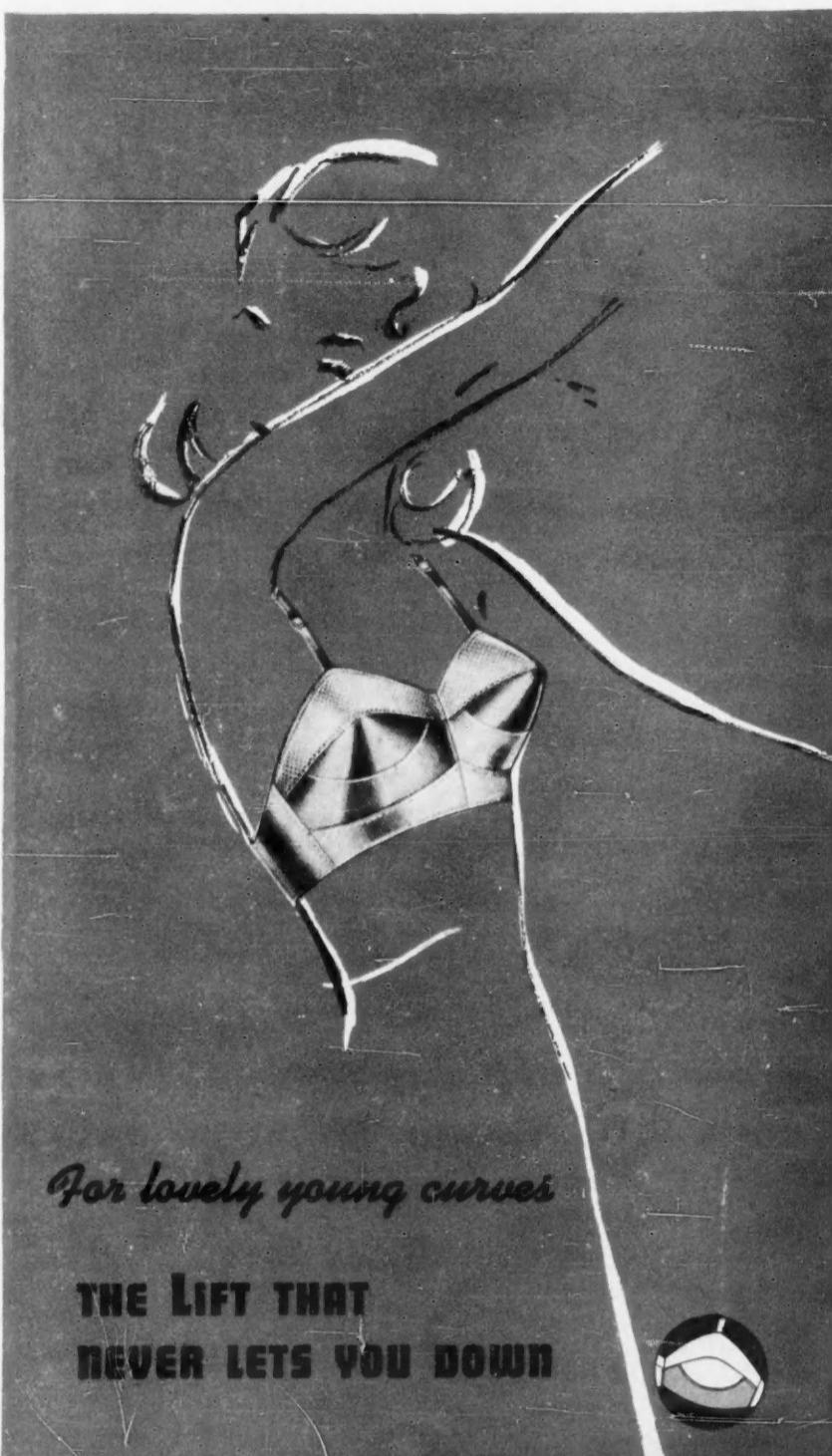
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Enjoy the comfort of a new "Perma-lift" Girdle—No Bones about it, stays up without stays.

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BRASSIERES
THE LIFT THAT NEVER LETS YOU DOWN
Another "Hickory" Success

Fashion Shorts

a preview of trends



Everybody loves a lassie in a Gordon plaid. Note the careful matching in the flared skirt, effective use of the plaids in bodice and seven-eighths sleeves. Its detachable hood is lined in velveteen to match sleeve cuffs. By Kerner.

The Campbells are coming! And the MacGregors and MacDonalds too. Clan plaids are piping in fall fashions. You must have a wee bit of Scotch in your wardrobe.

Take your Tartan traveling. In a huge gay plaid that does justice to the fullness of your coat—and to your height. In a more discreet pattern if you're not the bold adventurer.

Smart as can be is grey. Seasonal is wool jersey. Combine them both in a dress that's plainly simple in front, and flowers into fullness with unpressed pleats aft.

Handknits are back and handsomer than ever. Going 'round the calendar as basque-bodiced date dresses that flare easily below the hips. As business-like jacket dresses, they take to slim skirts. Welcome, stranger.

Prettiest head starter is a snug little pillbox. Lofty velvet brightly banded with shiny satin. Simplicity is its theme.

The children's dearly beloved "nanna" becomes a fashion plate this year. Her nurse's bonnet with the long streamers that fastened under her resolute chin is the latest millinery style. It's all in keeping with the mood Victorian.

Dandy airs has the striped silk weskit. A bright accent for your blouse and skirt separates. And a witty one—with its printed watch chain stretching from pocket to pocket.

To your fingertips—fur. For the short length is smart this year. So too the deep collar and cuffs, the sloping shoulders, slim front and swing back. Thirty-five inches as the tape measures.

Satin suits with a difference. Difference being woven stripes in the jacket. It's a striping change.

Heads up with the little hat. Which forward marches on your crown. And takes salutes with its dashing badger-brush trim.

Attuned to the times is the tunic. Because it gathers gentle fullness to the back of overblouse and skirt. And lets you look as slender as you like.

Tiers are so feminine. Irresistible on a slender crepe. Pleating and dipping as they go.

Your deduction's correct. Fullness in skirt has not been discarded. But manipulated for a slim effect. Some skirts sweep their yardage adroitly to the side in a hip drape. Furnishing a complement to a decolleté neckline.



II.15

Out of the Misty Hebrides Into the World of Fashion

The infinite variety of subtle colourings in Harris Tweed is as much a product of environment as the pure virgin Scottish Wool from which the islanders of the Outer Hebrides weave the cloth . . . on hand looms in the imitable traditional way of their ancestors.



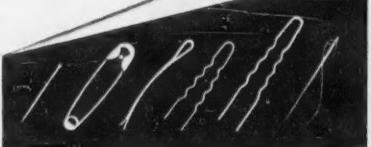
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...those unobtrusive essentials to the well-dressed woman's ensemble. Made in England by Kirby Beard & Co. Ltd., Birmingham, 12, and obtainable everywhere.



BOB PINS · HAIRPINS · SAFETY PINS
PINS & NEEDLES



Faille files for attention. In a smart little on-the-town suit with peplumed jacket and slim skirt. Leaves your budget with a clear conscience too.

The tie that binds is his heavy ribbed silk in spanking repp stripes or foulard. Which you appropriate for a beauty of an afternoon dress. He can't object to the result.

Wool's another fabric gone glamourous. Threaded with gold, it flashes in the high-style firmament.

Wool has more wiles than you can shake a stick at. Now it's reversible. And its two-shades-for-one give you a hue-of-autumn jacket faced with the same mellow shade as the reverse-color skirt. Russet and brown make a fine pair.

A turtleneck sweater with your pretty plaid suit. Matching the deepest of the plaid tones. The voice of the turtle is heard in the land.

Your beret has a new slant on life. Pancakes forward . . . slopes gently at the sides like a plateau. And in jet velvet is equal to every occasion.

Black taffeta takes the romantic past as its theme. Shows its nostalgia in narrow little band collars and snug little bodices. Bows to the old-fashioned with braid or passementerie trimmings. Will someone pass the lavender water?

More Rembrandt than Rembrandt is the Flemish beret. That swoops forward and sideways artistically. And for the newest dido, ties under the chin.

Another shades-of-the-past note. Cut-steel buckles on pumps with curved Louis heels. Eleganter and eleganter, as Alice might say.

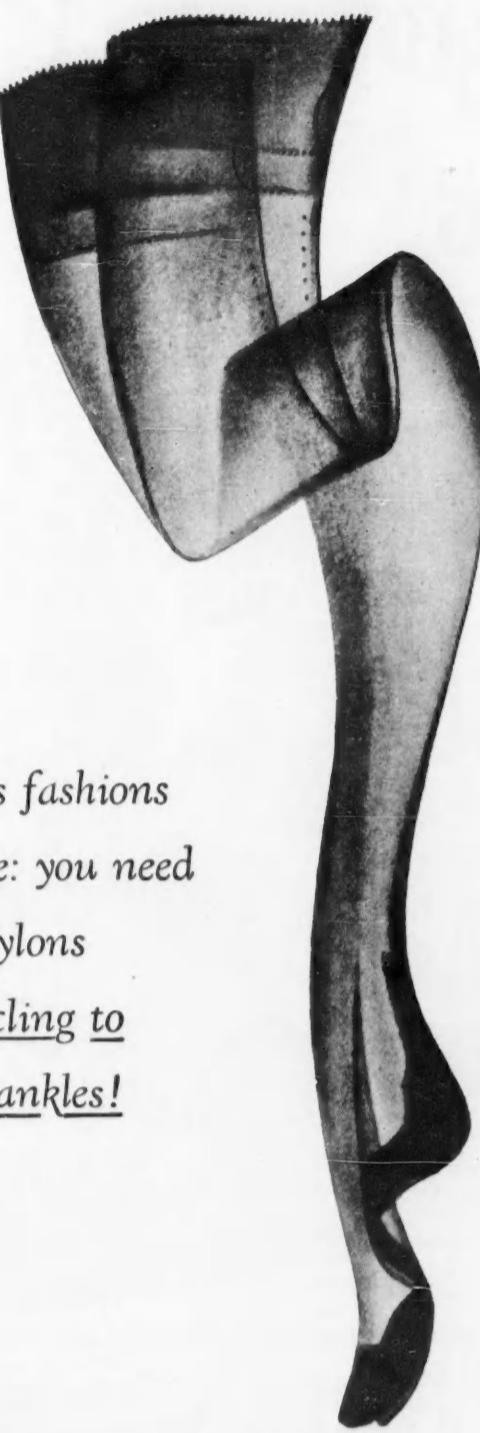
Court cooler weather in a suit of smooth velveteen. If you're fond of checks, you can have all this and velveteen too. Printed velveteen should be one of the reasons why fall's your favorite season.

The burning question has been about the shoulderline of the new coats. Sloping, unbroken, natural? Or sleeves set in? The solution's been found, with wedge-shaped sleeves set in about two inches from the edge of the shoulder. Should make both parties happy.

When the occasion calls for a dinner dress and you lack a properly elegant wrap, settle for a street-length decolletage. Which has party manners . . . but isn't too grand for a daytime coat.

Drop earrings return to pay homage to fashions in the new soft mood. To genteel crepes with restrained fullness. To little beaded bonnets, simply but carefully detailed. To contoured coats with high fur collars. And, most of all, to the new short cuts that go with the clean, uncluttered look.

Jewelry for high necklines and fitted bodices is on the longish side. Most adaptable to this dictum are pearls. A long rope wound twice around and twisted into a knot makes a perfect accompaniment. ♦



Today's fashions

*decree: you need
the nylons
that cling to
your ankles!*



Among the well-dressed
...it's

MERCURY

DOWN, DOWN, DOWN goes your skirt length—and admiring glances, too! Make sure your ankles look trim. Nylons with the French heel—exclusive with MERCURY—give you ankle perfection! They 'pocket' your heel . . . hug your arch . . . cling to your ankle, high and dark! Ask for MERCURY nylons by name. For fine lingerie say MERCURY, too!

MADE EXCLUSIVELY AT MERCURY MILLS LIMITED, HAMILTON, CANADA



Tex-made

COLONIAL SHEETS

... make a very pleasing picture to any housewife who is lucky enough to be able to hang them out on wash day. They come to you sparkling white, soft yet strong, and will wear for years. No matter what your budget, you can afford "Tex-made" sheets for there is a quality to suit every requirement — "Colonial" the top quality sheet — "Hospital" a heavy duty sheet for hard rough usage — "Bungalow" the best buy in the popular priced field and "Four Star" the inexpensive utility sheet.

Available at leading stores from coast to coast.

Tex-made
T.M. REG'D.

IS WELL MADE

by DOMINION TEXTILE COMPANY LIMITED • MONTREAL

\$50⁰⁰ a week in New York is

by FRANCES BRENTANO

SO YOU'RE going to New York. You are floating there on a rosy cloud. For a few weeks you will stay with friends. And Monday you start on a new way of life, with a wonderful job at \$50 a week.

You feel very proud of yourself, as you slit open your first pay envelope. But the cashier must have made a mistake! You seem to be over \$5 short. You find a slip in the envelope with mysterious deductions and hesitantly you ask your chief for an explanation. He smiles and comments: "Taxes— withholding and social security." So there goes \$5.81 you will never see— your take-home pay is \$44.19.

But you're not through yet. New York takes an annual state tax from you of \$18.12. If you put aside 35c weekly, you will have left only \$43.84.

In any case, you decide not to remain with your friends too long. Finding a room is your first problem, and a serious one. Location is of paramount importance. Unless you can economize and have other compensating advantages by commuting to the suburbs, it might be wise to settle within walking distance of your work. You will save at least 50c to 60c carfare a week, a great deal of time, and the terrific strain of congested subways and buses on your nervous system and clothes.

Four types of home seem possible: hotel, residence club, room at a boarding or lodging house, shared apartment. In the present housing shortage all these places have "waiting lists" and finding a niche anywhere is a matter of luck or "contacts."

Even a cubbyhole in a hotel is apt to cost a minimum of \$14 a week, and this usually means sharing the bath, at least with one other person. Actually most New York hotels operate on daily rates and for a sunny quiet room, you will probably pay \$18.50 a week.

Residence clubs are of many varieties. Houses maintained by the YWCA, the Salvation Army, and various church groups — often partially subsidized — offer the cheapest rates. The "Y" has rooms for permanent guests at prices ranging from \$6.50 to \$13 weekly. The daily rate is \$1.75. Moreover, if you eat in the cafeteria, breakfast is obtainable for about 25c; light lunch, 50c; and dinner for as little as 85c to 95c. And there are no tips. In the Salvation Army homes, rates range from \$13.95 to \$18.45 for a room and two meals per day, with three meals on Sundays and holidays.



ork is PEANUTS!

Girl meets Broadway — but there is little room in her paycheck to buy the glamour you read about

The private residential clubs, which as a rule also serve two meals a day, average \$21.50 a week. Some, which serve no meals, have rooms for \$8.50 to \$11.50 a week. These clubs have numerous advantages: they are inexpensive; they have laundry facilities, public rooms for entertaining friends, occasional parties and dances. Yet many girls complain that the food is monotonous; notice must be given of absence from dinner; and there is an aura of invisible chaperonage, especially at church houses.

Thousands of girls are forced to live in "boarding" houses. A few old-fashioned places still serve meals, but the vast majority rent rooms only, and strictly forbid cooking. Preference is given to men—they are so much less trouble. Rooms in the best of these houses cost about \$14 weekly, with the dark, rear and tiny hall bedrooms available at less.

Sharing an apartment is generally the most pleasant, spacious, independent, yet companionable way of living. Furnished apartments cost too much, while the unfurnished ones are almost unobtainable. But, with luck, several girls, dividing the housework and borrowing or already owning just the essential pieces of furniture, will find expenses commensurate with the better residence clubs.

No matter where you live, however, there are always maids, porters or janitors, elevator or switchboard operators who must be "remembered" to the extent of 50c to \$1.50 a week.

In any event, assuming you allow yourself a minimum of \$13 weekly for a room, including tips and carfare, you will now have left out of your salary \$30.84.

Living in New York usually involves taking part or all of your meals out. Indeed, food is apt to cost as much or more than your lodging. If you are willing to eat a light breakfast and lunch and to take

most of your meals at drugstores, lunch counters and cafeterias, you can probably hold food bills down to \$2 daily, including 10% for tipping. However, we all like to eat now and then at "nice" places or to indulge in an occasional sundae, tea party or snack before retiring. This could easily run bills up to \$20 a week.

However, if you live in a residence club with two meals a day, or if you share an apartment, you can hold your total food costs to about \$12 a week and your rapidly shrinking envelope holds only \$18.84.

A Different Costume Every Day

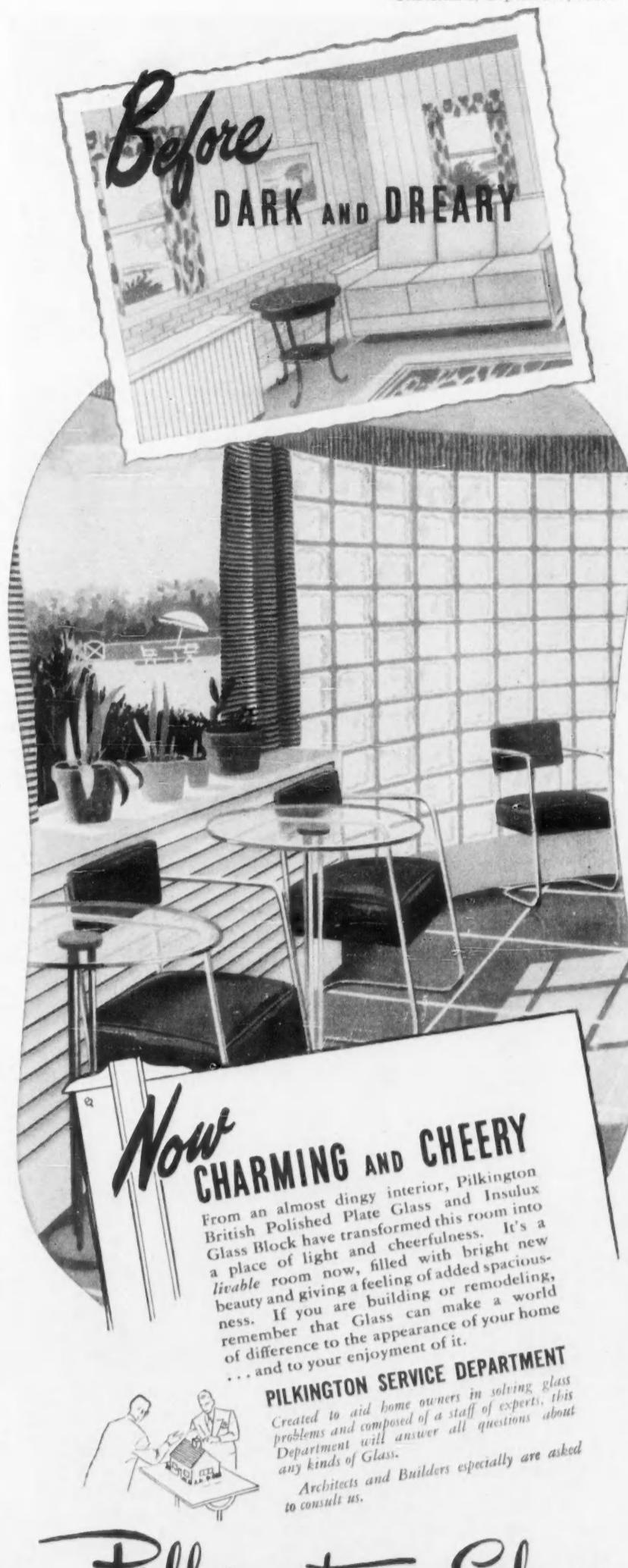
Now for clothes, dear to every woman's heart, and also, sad to relate, dear to the purse. According to the Department of Labor of New York State, in 1947 a girl who received \$1,990 a year needed at least \$6.50 a week for clothing. And the better the job, the better appearance you must make. Fashion here is all-important and manufacturers keep changing styles to stimulate selling.

Most girls come to New York amply supplied for the first year. After that a great deal depends on how hard you are on your clothes and how handy you are with your needle. No matter how carefully you buy, part of your wardrobe will be out of date before it is much worn.

Actually, clothing costs will run nearer \$9 a week than \$6. It is an unwritten law in high-class offices that you should appear in a different costume every day in the week. If you wear suits, you will need five blouses or sweaters, costing about \$5 each. Nylons are a nightmare, ranging from two pairs a month to three pairs a week. Cheap, fancy shoes are no economy, but good ones cost \$11 up a pair. You will probably need four pairs a year, pumps for evening wear and play or sport shoes. Fair quality dresses bear a \$25 price tag; suits start at \$35; winter coats without fur, at \$50; spring coats, about \$35. Slips, hats, an evening skirt or dress, gloves, raintogs, rubbers, panties, nighties, and handbags are all items to be considered. Allowing yourself one suit and three dresses a season, with a spring and winter coat every alternate year, your clothing bill including the 2% city sales tax on everything you buy, will certainly total \$19 a week. Of your \$50 salary, all you can find in your purse is \$9.84.

I know one glamour girl, Dorothy Clark, who lives at home with her family, and doesn't contribute a cent to the household. She has been a secretary at \$60 a week to a well-known radio commentator. Dorothy is so

* Continued on page 18



PILKINGTON SERVICE DEPARTMENT

Created to aid home owners in solving glass problems and composed of a staff of experts, this Department will answer all questions about any kinds of Glass.

Architects and Builders especially are asked to consult us.

Pilkington Glass LIMITED

Halifax, Saint John, N.B., Montreal, Kingston,
Toronto, Hamilton, St. Catharines,

Fort William, Winnipeg, Regina,
Calgary, Edmonton, Vancouver



For Glass and Service



The Peace Tower, soaring high above the Houses of Parliament, is an Ottawa landmark. See the sights of this and other colorful cities as you travel the Scenic Route across Canada. Stop at distinguished Canadian National hotels; relax at Jasper Park Lodge, world-famous resort in the Canadian Rockies.

North to Alaska, you cruise the Inside Passage on Canadian National's new Prince George. Your host is the largest and most complete transportation system on the continent; steamship service to Bermuda and West Indies; airlines; direct rail service to principal U.S. cities.

The Continental Limited passes Mount Robson, highest peak in the Canadian Rockies. Enjoy the relaxation of travelling by this famous train—through standard and tourist sleeping cars, between Vancouver, Jasper, Winnipeg, Toronto, Ottawa and Montreal.

Whether at home, or "going places", in all your contacts with Canadian National you'll experience courtesy and service. See Canada by C.N.R. "We'll tell you where—and take you there." Ask your nearest Canadian National agent.

CANADIAN NATIONAL
THE RAILWAY TO EVERYWHERE IN CANADA

Chatelaine Roundabout

News notes of the men and women who write for Chatelaine . . . of the people they meet and the things they hear



We know a great deal about author Rebecca Shallitt's work ("Ring on My Finger," the new serial starting on page 24) and the eagerness of editors to get it. But we didn't know until recently that she was born in Nome, Alaska, where she says her family still owns a sizeable chunk of (nonproductive) gold mine.

Mrs. Shallitt majored in psychology at university, and when she started graduate work was told the first day that if she'd walk down a flight of stairs to a certain office she'd meet the man who was to direct her work. She did, and admits that she took one look at him and "he's been directing my life ever since!"

"Almost came home in a flour sack," Marie Holmes, Director of the Chatelaine Institute said, when she returned from the American Home Economics Convention in Minneapolis. To prove her point she produced this photograph of herself being costumed in, not one, but many flour sacks. Some U. S. companies have turned from the old-fashioned white cotton utility item to gay-colored prints, she explained, that can be used for everything from children's play suits to living room drapes. Here Marie tries on a smart dinner dress with designer Irene Aby of Fort Worth, Texas, acting as fitter.



Incidentally, on the home-bound plane our household expert began mulling over all the remarks she had heard about Canadian food—from big businessmen, housewives, home economists and business girls. She realized that not one American had failed to mention wonderful Canadian apples . . . and cheese! That's how the cheese and apple ideas on pages 80 and 81 were born.

Larry and Stephanie Harris are a Mr. and Mrs. team of artists who have had a lot to do with Chatelaine's new look this month. And pleasant people to spend an evening with, in spite of the usual confusion arising from baby-sitter trouble, Art Director Francis Crack reports after a visit with them in Chicago.

Larry Harris did the cover—Stephanie illustrated the new serial, "Ring on My Finger." Night the Harris' were to meet Mr. Crack the baby minder announced that her agency didn't allow "sitting" after eight p.m. So young Stephanie was dropped at the home of a Russian artist friend and his wife. Since her dad is an expert steer roper as well as painter, and won a prize for same at a rodeo show recently, the younger S. will probably learn to take whatever comes along in her stride—from cows to caviar.



Gold stars for alertness go to the women of British Columbia, according to our Mary Jukes, after a tour of the West to meet Chatelaine Councilors in Victoria, Vancouver, Edmonton, Calgary and Winnipeg. Of course, she had glowing things to say about the women of the West generally, and would like to meet more of them.

But every month Mary hears from around 2,000 Canadian members of Chatelaine's Consumer Council in all parts of the country. Women the magazine consults on problems dealing with everything from the national economy to the kitchen sink. And she says the West Coast groups come through the "fastest" with the "mostest," regularly. Two representative Vancouver Councilors, Mrs. F. E. Ashdown and Mrs. G. G. Johnson, look over a summary of Council ideas.

• • •
Leo Skes, the young English professor who wrote "Our Carbon-copy Co-eds" has departed on a round-the-world year's trip, leaving no forwarding address. Any connection between this venture and the reaction likely to result from his remarks about his women students during a year's lectureship in a well-known Canadian university, is purely coincidental. He says,

Wrapped in Beauty with
Caldwell Towels

Glorious new patterns, in a
delightful range of softly glowing
colours . . . colours to harmonize with or to
accent the beauty of your bathroom . . . a whole linen-
cupboard of new pastel colours to spice your
decorative scheme with variety.





Butterscotch Royal "Sundaes"

1 package Royal Butterscotch Pudding
2 cups milk $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cream, whipped
sliced banana maraschino cherries

Mix luscious, golden Royal Butterscotch Pudding with milk. Cook as directed on package (So easy a child can do it!) Remove from heat and cool, then place in sherbet glasses and chill. Just before serving garnish with whipped cream and top with slice of banana and maraschino cherry. Makes 4 servings. For another delicious "quickie" dessert, prepare Royal Chocolate Pudding by simple package directions and serve with cream or top milk.

Good news spreads fast!
ROYAL PUDDINGS
TASTE MORE DELICIOUS

YES!

And you'll say so, too! World-famous Royal Puddings are smoother, creamier, richer in flavor . . . dream desserts that'll delight the whole family. And Royal are as easy to make as they are to

eat. No need to add sugar, they're sweetened just right. You'll love delicious, new Royal Tapioca Puddings, too. They're made from the tiny, extra-tender tapioca beads. And ready-flavored! Always get economical Royal — *the world's largest selling puddings!*



\$50.00 a week in N.Y. is Peanuts *Continued from page 15*

lovely to look at that her photograph is seen in the fashion magazines and Sunday sections. She has been entertained everywhere. Recently she resigned her job—on the verge of a nervous breakdown. Between clothes, cosmetics, and taxis, she was in debt to a loan company for \$500.

You'll Have to Go Dutch

Next we come to that mysterious over-all expenditure known as incidentals. Even if you do all your own laundry, suits, coats, dresses and some blouses will require dry cleaning, averaging 75¢ a week. Shoes must be repaired. How about drugs and cosmetics, soap, tissues, laundry flakes, toothpaste, and so on? Can you keep all of these under \$1.25 a week? If you stay away from beauty parlors, you may need a hair trim at least once a month—another 50¢ a week. Do you smoke? 50¢ a week allows for about eight cigarettes a day. A newspaper and one magazine a week, another 50¢. Phone calls, stationery, sewing things, greeting cards, gifts, including Christmas, an occasional office "contribution," at least another \$1.

How about entertainment? The cheapest seat at a Broadway show, if you can get one months in advance, is \$1.20; dance and concert programs about the same. The cheapest neighborhood movie is about 55¢, jumping to 80¢ over the week end. You can't count much here on the boy friend. You will probably be earning as much or more than he is and you will often be expected to go Dutch. Without a penny for church, charities, books, flowers, costume jewelry, week-end trips, vacations, even visits home, this skeleton list amounts to about \$5 a week. *And now you have just \$4.84 in your purse.*

The New York State Department of Labor estimates \$2.52 weekly as a minimum for medical and dental care and hospitalization insurance. Although physically you may be a superwoman, this outlay is a must. Sudden illness

or an operation can wreck you financially unless you have the protection of some type of insurance. *The forlorn remainder, \$2.32.*

So, if you play in good luck, have no emergency expenses, and keep an iron check on your impulses, you should be able to save about \$2 weekly. But since the unexpected usually occurs, it is often impossible to put by a penny.

\$50 a week is just peanuts in New York! Indeed, if the family did not come to the rescue with gifts of money, clothing, and little luxuries, most girls would find themselves in financial difficulty most of the time.

Glamour from the Sidewalk

Alice Bartlett, a farmer's daughter, knows how to cook, sew, launder, paint and repair furniture, and even fix plumbing. She came to New York six years ago, when prices for everything were much lower. From the beginning she has shared an apartment with another girl. Their families supplied most of the furniture and household odds and ends. Alice walks to and from work. Fruit from home is her lunch. Her superb health has practically eliminated doctors' and dentists' bills. An expert on free entertainment, including church activities, she permits herself one neighborhood movie a week.

In six years Alice was able to save almost \$1,200. Last year she bought a typewriter, a radio and a secondhand car, partly because her fiance will need it in his business. She is making most of her trousseau at home. When she marries, her nest egg in the bank will be about \$100.

So what price glamour? What of New York's famous restaurants and night clubs, the luxurious beauty salons, the richly stocked shops? You'll see them all, girls, but from the outside!

I'm not trying to scare you away—to keep you cooped up at home. Change and new experiences are good for everyone. I just want you to know what to expect. If you ever have a chance to take a \$50 a week job in New York, you will meet new friends, perhaps even THE MAN. Only don't think of it as the end of the rainbow. After all, Canada is a mighty nice country. *

"I Hypnotize for Childbirth"

The Canadian doctor who has startled obstetricians in Canada and Britain with his use of hypnotic suggestion for painless labor in childbirth, tells his own story, exclusively for Chatelaine.

Read what Dr. Philip Magonet has to say about the future possibilities of his medical-hypnotic formula; how he came to practice it, and exactly what happens to the woman who elects to have her baby under the method.

Don't miss this dramatic story of a Canadian medical man in his efforts to pioneer a new field.

In OCTOBER Chatelaine

From tots to teens...

**Be sure
with Savage**

For correct lasts, sturdy wear, fine appearance and good value,
mothers everywhere insist on Shoes by Savage.

You'll find Savage Shoes under the following well-known brand names:

RESEARCH	HURLBUT	SANDY SAVAGE
JACK & JILL	MICKEY MOUSE	RED SCHOOL HOUSE

THE

Savage Shoe
COMPANY LIMITED

PRESTON, ONTARIO



Beautiful— AND ALL VINYLITE!*

Designed for better living, they're glamorous, they defy dust,
beautify your closet, stay new and are easily cleaned.

Beautiful VINYLITE* matching Wardrobe Accessory Sets—for lasting clothes protection.

Available in the complete set or in individual pieces at leading stores across Canada.

Remember to look for the Trade Mark, "VINYLITE PLASTICS." It is your assurance of quality.

The word VINYLITE is the registered trade mark of
CANADIAN RESINS AND CHEMICALS LIMITED
Montreal, Que.
Toronto, Ont.



"Modern Home" Closet Accessories by Ber-Sar are also available in Silver Blue, Peach Bloom and Spray Green.

Love is Not Enough



Only her doctor knew what courage
it took to face ever-shadowing fears
. . . to blot out dark images which
held her prisoner of the past

Illustrated by John Jones.



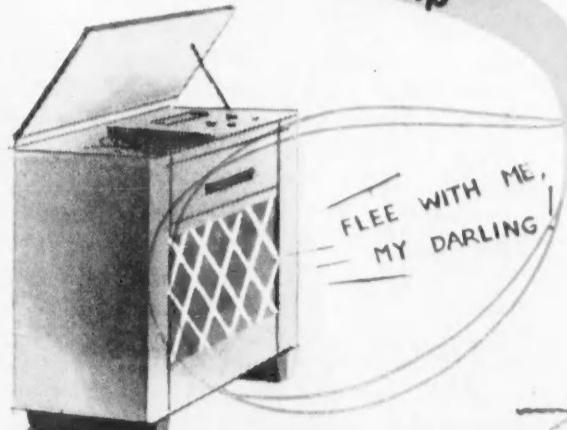
by Nancy Laing

SHE HAD been putting it off all morning, though she used to spend hours chatting with Ellen on the telephone. She knew she had to do it, but not just yet. First, the baby's orange juice to prepare. Then some weeding in the garden, beneath the fragile ragged phlox. The weeding could have waited, but she couldn't. She needed it, the damp commonplace earth ground into her fingers. Anything to keep from the telephone. The stairs to wax, even if they gleamed already. A curtain to mend. A custard for lunch. She almost brought out three cups. But no. Two little cups, one for Peter, one for her. The house to dust. The pictures. She lifted them down and rubbed at the polished frames. Floral prints. Waves frothing on a rocky coast. A girl and boy laughing in the morning sun. She studied the slim figures in the photograph. Her blown hair and the shirt whipped against her breasts, the brown legs beneath brief dark shorts. Another figure beside her. She dropped the picture to the desk. No, it couldn't wait any longer. The telephone beckoned.

A sunbeam danced • Continued on page 46

CHATELAINE FOR SEPTEMBER

Why do some women like Soap Opera?



Sketches by Stanley Smith

"It Makes Married Life

IT WAS a warm spring day. The windows in the apartment were flung wide. She raised her eyes from the soapy dishwater and listened.

Voices—male and female—mingled in what sounded like familiar domestic bickerings.

Words, demanding, beseeching, agonizing, almost embarrassing in the *tone confidential*, sparked the morning air. They seemed to echo in the apartment well, coming from all the open windows.

She balanced on her toes and peered through the window. Surely the last tardy husband had stumbled out of the building onto the last morning express bus, half an hour ago.

Then light dawned. The opening gun for the daytime radio serials had been fired. Almost in unison the housewives in that particular apartment area had tuned their dials and were treating themselves to a slice of throbbing domestic life, via the airwaves.

Who Listens?

She was a Chatelaine editor, seldom home during the day. As she sloshed through her dishes, she asked herself: "How many Canadian women actually listen to and enjoy that kind of radio entertainment?"

There are figures to show that in the U. S. A. 58.3% of the American women listen regularly to daytime serials, of which there are 45, running from Monday through Friday.

Of these programs, seven are released over the Canadian network. They are Road of Life, Big Sister, Lucy Linton, Life Can Be Beautiful, Ma Perkins, Pepper Young's Family and Right to Happiness. Another, Laura Ltd., originates in Montreal, making a total of eight. These daytime serials occupy two hours daily of Canadian broadcasting time.

The Chatelaine editor pondered. But the question has been asked, and will continue to be asked by all sorts of people—radio executives, family welfare workers, advertisers, domestic court judges and thousands of Canadian men and women who consider such entertainment a poor use of the airwaves: "Do Canadian women listen to these daytime serials and, if they do, do they really enjoy them?"

Are They Enjoyed?

To find out, Chatelaine went to its Consumer Council of 2,000 women, which gives an authentic cross-section of the thinking of Canadian women, from British Columbia to Prince Edward Island, drawn as it is from rural and urban groups of all ages and incomes.

The question was, "As you know, the radio has quite a few daytime serial stories, frequently dealing with domestic problems. Do you enjoy them or not?"

The question wasn't "Do you *listen*?" but, "Do you *enjoy* them?"

Of all the replies, most of them with marginal comments, only 10% confessed to enjoying them.

But 35% said they enjoyed *some* of them, which makes a total of 45% enjoying one or more daytime serial.

When 45% of Canadian women admit they not only listen to soap opera, but like it, we can't help but wonder if the daytime serial does for the busy housewife what the murder mystery does for the tired doctor, lawyer and all the other alleged readers of this particular story medium.

More than a third of the women who enjoy soap opera give as their reason, "It takes one's mind off one's own problems and troubles."

Murder mysteries probably do the same for the doctor who's glad to tear his thoughts away from Mrs. X's intestines, or Mrs. Y's 54th

"Peps up a dull life"



It's a daily dish of throbbing domestic life, and it comes to you via the airwaves. Two thousand Chatelaine Councilors

Easier"

tell why they listen and why they don't — and what they'd rather hear instead

by MARY JUKES

cardiogram. The president of the stock exchange who reads mysteries as an escape, might be able to agree with another third of Chatelaine Councilors who say, "It makes married life seem easier."

If you examine the ingredients tossed into a soap opera, you will see that they resemble, to a marked degree, those used in a mystery story. And no one, as far as we know, has suggested a crusade to stamp the mystery story out of the tired businessman's life.

In giving reasons favorable to soap opera, a large number mention shut-ins. "For those who can't get out, and those others with few outside interests, it passes the time of day."

Over a fifth feel that soap opera adds the sentimental and romantic excitement lacking in the lives of so many women.

A tenth mention "the sound of a human voice in a lonely house" as a good spur to listening.

A note of apathy was sounded by a few who said they "tuned in on soap operas because there was nothing else to listen to."

One realist said she listened "to drown out domestic noises."

Blood Pressure Rises

Reasons favoring soap opera were stated in a straightforward unemotional kind of way. But those answering the question: "Why, do you think, do some women NOT enjoy them?" showed an obvious spluttering of the pen nib.

When women *don't* like and *don't* approve of soap opera, their vehemence rises to a crusading height.

Over a quarter deplore the sob stuff, and the melodrama of soap operas. They claim they are depressing and overacted. Some even go so far as to call them immoral.

More than a seventh complain that they don't

in any way, shape or form, resemble what goes on in everyday life.

But the women who feel the strongest and underline their opinions the heaviest say, "They are a waste of time and an insult to the intelligence."

A small group give as their reason for not listening a cryptic, "Trouble enough of my own."

But what would women—who make up the largest daytime listening audience—do, if they were in a position to dictate radio-program policy? We asked them this question:

"If you were in a position to make changes in Canadian radio programs, what changes for the better enjoyment of radio would you make?"

A quarter of them replied, "I'd have more good music; less jazz; more piano and more sacred music on Sunday."

Another quarter said, "More good plays; fewer crime and murder stories; fewer soap operas; happier themes."

Another 25% expressed in no uncertain terms a strong dislike of advertising, particularly in the form of singing commercials.

But with programs as they are, we asked them:

"Of all the types of radio programs coming over the air, which do you most enjoy?"

To our astonishment "Daily News" got the highest number of votes. Over three fifths of the women were in favor of this type of program.

The next highest vote went to light opera or musical comedy tunes.

From there on preference was shown in the following order: Plays (good plays, not crime or soap opera); quiz programs; news commentators; Sunday church services; symphonic music; discussion forums; weekday religious programs; women commentators; Canadian historical events; Canadian stars; book reviews; barn dance music. Those polling the least number of votes were crime plays and jazz music. *





Ring on My Finger

A Two - part Novelette
by REBECCA SHALLITT
ILLUSTRATED BY STEPHANIE

SHE THRUST her arms upward and there was young impatient rebellion in the gesture.

In the mirror she could see Miss Primrose standing behind her holding the cloud of pink net high, and she could see herself. Joan Jamieson. Dark hair and a snub nose. Childish hazel eyes that, without her awareness, made masquerade of the dark lipstick on the young mouth. Coltish legs silhouetted under the pink slip, the faint line of last summer's tan on neck and shoulders.

The net descended. Delicate, shell-pink, smothering her in girlish charm. Her mother's choice and Miss Primrose's—but most of all Deborah's choice of the proper dress for her younger sister Joan to wear at Deborah's wedding.

"Stand still, Joan. Let me see how it looks." Tenderly her mother laid to one side the creamy lustrous satin that had been her own wedding dress and now would be Deborah's. She stood up, rubbing the back of her neck. "Yes, it's really going to be very sweet."

Sweet, Joan thought rebelliously. Sweet!

Through the open door of the sewing room she could see Deborah, her blond hair flying as she ran downstairs to answer the doorbell that seemed to ring endlessly these days. She heard the exciting crackle of tissue paper as Deborah opened another gift. It was as though there was nothing else in the house, nothing else in the world these days except Deborah and all the special excitement of which she was the centre.

"I do hope those aren't more candlesticks," her mother said. "Turn around, Joanie."

"How much longer will I have to stand here?" Joan cried. "Ricky's waiting for me!"

Already he might be there outside, waiting. At the end of the garden where the lawn dipped toward the river, their own special meeting place. She closed her eyes and she could see him standing there, waiting for her with the impatience that had become part of all their meetings these last few months. An impatience that was—exciting, almost as exciting as what was happening to Deborah. An excitement without words, that was present in the touch of a hand, a coke shared after class, the way Ricky looked at her. The same way as Philip looked at Deborah, their eyes seeming always to meet and kiss over the heads of the people between them.

Her heart beat faster and she opened her eyes quickly, wondering if her mother could see Ricky's kisses on her lips. But her mother's

eyebrow was raised in the same smiling amusement that mention of Ricky always brought.

"Oh—Ricky!" Her mother's hand rested fondly for a moment on Joan's dark hair and her tone dismissed Ricky as unimportant. Her mother went on smiling with calm, obstinate serenity, as though she could see a succession of Rickys marching through Joan's life and diminishing into distance.

"I'll be 17 next month," Joan said. "You always act as if I were a child. You seem to forget that I'm only three and a half years younger than Deb."

"Now Joanie—" her mother's voice was the now-Joanie-don't-be-impatient-your-turn-will-come-too voice. "Would you mind handing me a pin, Miss Primrose? I don't quite like the way it hangs here."

WITH DELICATE fingers she manipulated the net. Beside her Miss Primrose snipped and basted, her thin lips pursed into a container for pins, her eyes needle-bright and sharp with resentment. Miss Primrose was the town dressmaker but she hadn't been invited to make Deborah's wedding dress. The fragile heirloom satin was too precious to be entrusted to Miss Primrose's earnest but ungifted fingers. Always, for all the years that Joan could remember, it was her mother who had set her loving skilful stitches in all the really important dresses, while Miss Primrose worked away at the . . . unimportant ones.

Miss Primrose shrilled in sudden dismay: "Joan! You wriggled!" Her eyes were pinpoints of accusation. "And now look what you've done."

"Oh Joanie!" Her mother's voice was anguished as she stared at the jagged ugly gash across the front of the skirt.

"It wasn't my fault," Miss Primrose sniffed. "I was holding the scissors and she gave a little jiggle—"

"I'm sure it wasn't your fault," her mother said, almost absently, her fingers already busy tucking, smoothing, gathering, trying to repair

the damage. "Oh, dear. And there's no more of that shade left in town and I'm not sure I could match it up even in the city."

"Now what's Joan done?" Deborah came to the door holding a white box that trailed wisps of white ribbon and tissue paper. She stood in the doorway still in lounging pyjamas though it was afternoon, secure and pampered in the role of the girl who will soon leave home as a bride. "Joan Jamieson, if you've done anything to spoil my wedding—"

"Now Deborah, everything's going to be all right," their mother said quickly. "We're having a little trouble with Joan's dress but I'm sure we can fix it so that it won't even show."

"Oh, who cares? Who cares how I look anyway?" Joan glared at Deborah defiantly.

Two high spots of color blazed in Deborah's cheeks.

"It's easy for you to say, 'who cares?' It isn't *your* wedding. Well, if you want to know, I care. This is my wedding and it's the only one I ever intend to have and I want every tiny little bit of it to be absolutely perfect."

"Don't worry." Joan yanked off the pink net. She struggled into her sweater and skirt, holding her tears tight inside of herself and letting only her scorn show. "You don't have anything to worry about, my darling sister. Nobody ever notices anybody except the bride at a wedding."

Deborah's blue eyes narrowed. "They notice everything in this town and you know it. You probably ruined that dress on purpose, just to spoil my wedding."

"Children! Children!" Their mother's voice was stern, admonishing, the voice of rebuke she had used in their younger days. Joan was abruptly aware of Miss Primrose's eyes, pin-bright, storing the scene away for future use.

Deborah smiled for Miss Primrose's benefit. "Sorry, Joan. I know it was just an accident. It's just that I do so want everything to be perfect."

"Oh, I guess Mom can fix it." She tried not to sound sulky but it wasn't easy. Oh, it was easy for Deb to be + *Continued on page 62*

Jealous . . . emotional . . . rebellious . . . and only sixteen.

All the forces in her life brought her finally to this

elopement, on the eve of her big sister's wedding

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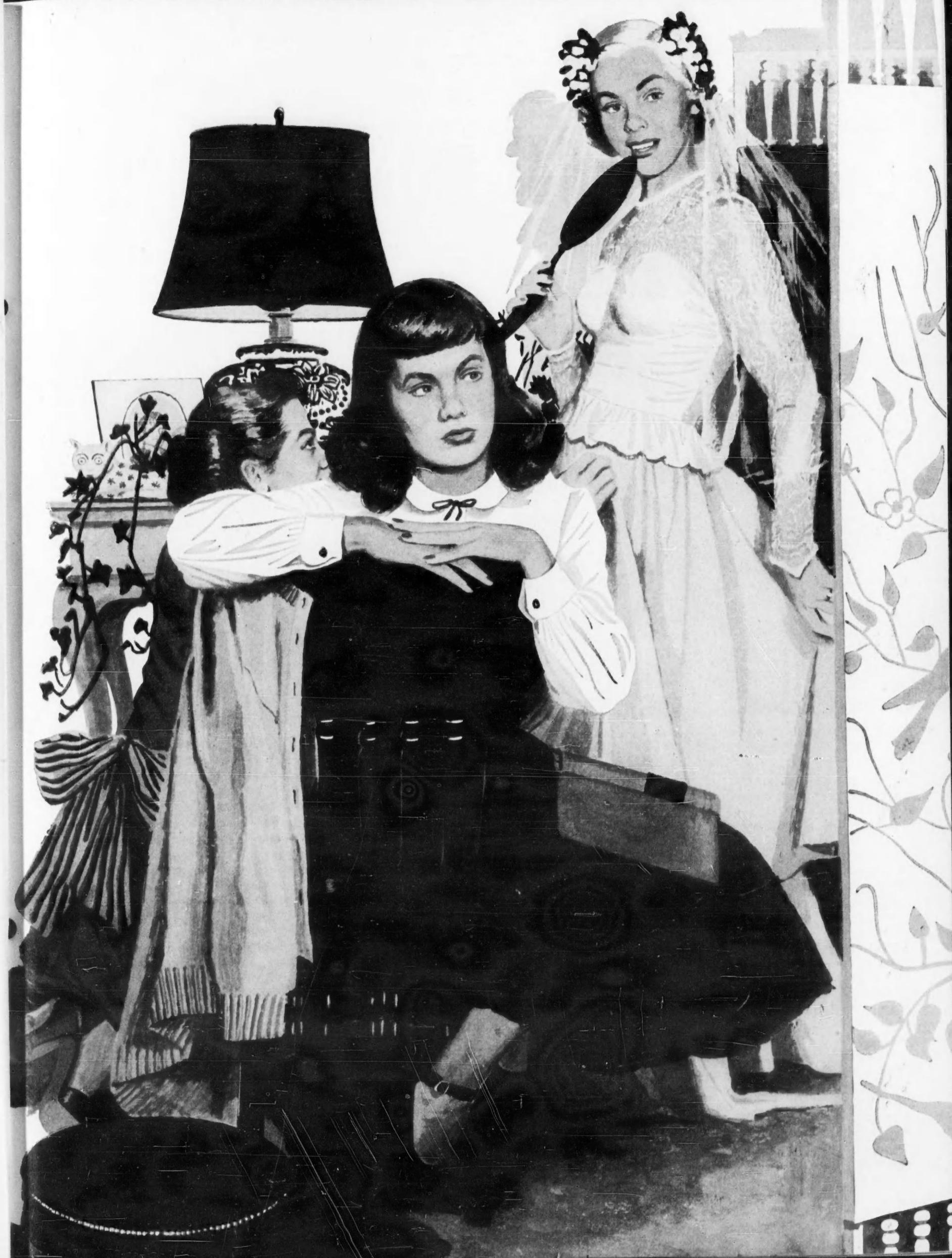
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What makes women so

Gentler Sex? Not from where I sit, says this top Canadian sports writer,
of the thousands of female fans who crowd wrestling matches and shout
for gore at every type of sporting event in the country today



They don't know anything about the science of the ring, but they want a hero and a villain . . .



*"Wham him! Give it to him! Kick his teeth in!"
(They're giving vent to domestic frustrations.)*



*"Oh-h-h! Don't let him get away with that!"
(The protective motherly instinct is dominant.)*

WHATEVER happened to the little woman who used to run away at a show of fisticuffs and faint at the slightest sign of brute force? Who couldn't bear to see big strong men pummel each other at a wrestling match or knock each other silly in a boxing ring? Who'd rather go to the knitting circle than watch virile young huskies in deadly combat at the key moments of a big hockey or rugby game?

Only conclusion to be drawn from attending big sports events in Canadian towns and cities these days is that she's a permanent shut-in. Or acting as baby sitter for some of the hundreds of thousands of girls and women who form the more strident cheering and razzing sections at all the exhibitions of competitive brawn and brains.

Yep. The ladies have moved in on another time-honored male territory. Take wrestling—once considered one of the sweater and more harrowing displays of physical prowess. Last year slightly more than 300,000 people paid to watch wrestling matches in the city of Toronto—and about 76,000 (or more than a quarter of them) were women. And of course in the gentler exhibits of skill and daring—such as hockey,

baseball, rugby, boxing, etc.—the percentage is much higher.

You don't have to be a sports writer to figure out *why* they're here. There are just more of them everywhere with their husbands and boyfriends these days. The old business of emancipation again. Curiosity—to see what gives in these hitherto strictly male preserves. Interest in sports generally, whipped up by movies, the heavy sporting sections in the newspapers, radio, high-pressure promoters, and now television. And the enjoyment of watching champions in any field come to grips.

The big interest point to the psychiatrists, the anthropologists, the managers of sporting events, the referees and especially the boys in the ring and on the field who are battling it out, is—what on earth makes women so *bloodthirsty*?

Of course not all of the gentlemen in the audience sit quietly by while the mayhem is going on. But anyone from champion wrestler Whipper Billy Watson to Professor J. D. Ketchum of the Department of Psychology of the University of Toronto will tell you that it's the feminine contingent, from ringside to top galleries, which has arrived with murder in its

eye. And is apt to be extremely vocal in attempts to inspire it. Also, in cases not too rare, is prepared to lend a hand with umbrellas, scissors, hatpins, nail files, occasional ripe tomatoes and even fingernails and lighted cigarette butts.

It is probably true that no sport arouses such emotion in some gentle feminine breasts as wrestling does. At least, not since the days when the Romans took their elegant spouses to the gladiatorial finals. When the victor stood poised over his fallen rival, looking up at the galleries to catch the "thumbs up" or "thumbs down" signal for life or death of the victim—it is an historical notation that the ladies were the ones who most frequently passed the death sentence.

A Job in the Tattoo Area

Those in the know will admit that wrestlers don't emerge with as many broken necks, toes, noses and fingers as a novice watching the gyrations and dramatics within and around the ropes might imagine. But a good many of the girls on the sidelines take it the hard way. And it is to this particular hocus-pocus of the writhing-and-roll boys that many of them bring their

Bloodthirsty?

By Trent Frayne



"Let me at him! I'll scratch his eyes out!" They bring nail scissors, hat pins, cigarette butts.



"Aw nuts. I could go in there and batter him to a pulp." Female wrestling may not be far off.



"Kill the referee! Murder that guy!" (They're less likely to nag their husbands afterwards.)

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small gadgets of torture with which to deliver delightful little lunges into the bare hides of the competitors when they can close in on them. Some of the boys admit that a wrestler without a hatpin protruding from his spine, as he runs the gamut of "fans" from ring to dressing room, or a cigarette burn on his chest, is a man without a country.

Phil Lawson, manager of Whipper Billy Watson, claims that it's all a matter of villains and heroes. Every wrestling match has a hero (usually the clean-cut home-town boy) and a villain (the visiting participant who may, in turn, be the hero in *his* home town). This is a setup which he believes the women of the audience particularly like; and it is the villain (his name and wrestling prowess are unimportant) who comes in for some pretty vituperative epithets and treatment—when they can get close enough. Occasionally one of the boys even gets a nasty jab on his favorite tattoo inscription (with wrestlers, usually MOTHER on a field of hearts and flowers).

Lawson has a theory. He believes the ladies are giving vent to a lot of pent-up domestic frustrations. And a sizeable group of psychiatrists

and anthropologists bear him out. That's why, they say, they are so bloodthirsty.

"The villain epitomizes all the local irritations," says Lawson. "The vociferous female fan is probably a sort of female Casper Milquetoast—you might call her Catherine Milquetoast—and the sight of those magnificent physical specimens, particularly the villains who are maltreating the clean, fair-playing heroes, provides her with one glorious channel along which she can give vent to everything that annoys her.

"It cannot be denied that the hero, usually a well-proportioned, pulchritudinous male, has quite a bit of the appeal of the masculine movie star. I know many times when Whip has been thrown from the ring, women have rushed to the ropes to help him back."

Lawson says women fans know nothing about scientific wrestling. They just want the big, rough gorillas matched against the clean, handsome, muscular Adonises. They have, says Lawson, an innate sense of justice. When they see a fine type athlete being persecuted unjustly, the protective, motherly instinct becomes dominant. They will do some strange things to avenge the hero.

Professor J. D. Ketchum of the Department of Psychology at the University of Toronto believes that all such antics, whether perpetrated by the male or the female, are motivated by the principle that aggression is generated by frustration, and he points to the Russians and the Nazis as examples. People curb their emotions in most of their relations with other people—because convention demands it. But when they get an excuse to give out with them legitimately, such as at sports events, they do so. The professor is undisturbed by the fact that some ladies stick pins into wrestlers.

"They are less likely to nag their husbands afterward," he smiles. "And, besides, they can't stick pins into their spouses."

Everybody has frustrations, he claims, whether they be housewives, bosses of industry, or laborers. In some cases the frustrations can be holdovers from school days when parents and teachers exercised complete authority over youngsters and the kids couldn't even talk back. A man like that, points out the professor, be he even a captain of capital, can give his gnawing little frustrations a real going-over at a wrestling match. Because + *Continued on page 55*



Make Whole The Heart

By Avis Carlson

Illustrated by George Englert.

**He was a "big shot" . . . popularity unlimited!
She longed for the simple life. It
took a barbecue and the wisdom of Eve
to show him that a garden can be a paradise**



VERA awoke slowly, trailing up with her a sense of something wrong. As soon as she was aware of it, she flicked at it impatiently.

The September sun was streaming in at the wide corner windows. Scott's fine tenor was pealing ebulliently from his shower. He had a wonderful new job. He lavished affection and gifts upon her. She loved him as on the breathless day when she had married him. Nothing's wrong, Stupid!

But as she yawned and sat up in bed, she knew what had been marring her sleep. The double headboard padded in delectable blue satin, the

matching spreads, the thick blond carpet and sleek blond chests—in the drawing of one breath she loved them all and hated them.

Scott turned off the shower and brought his song to a jubilant climax:

"I have a beau-tee-ful feel-ing
Ev'rything's go-ing my way!"

The cocky matin tickled her, as it did every morning. There was something very droll in the summer's discovery that the shower-singing male was not a legend created for the special benefit of

gagmen, and that she, sedate Vera Milner, ex-accountant in a conservative wholesale house, was married to one of the species. Lucky for her, she thought tenderly, that Scott could really sing.

She slid out of bed remembering that he was starting off on a trip to some of the branch offices and that she had planned a very special breakfast against this their first parting.

There was a brief silence in the bathroom. Then the refrain caroled out again, just as the thought of breakfast reminded her of the elaborate dinner he had been pressing her to give.

"That's right," she + *Continued on page 82*

TEACHER'S



Tommy has to lay that water pistol down, at least till school's out. He's dressed to the nines in an imported English grey flannel suit, two-buttoned. Note the trigger-neat lapels, striped tie. Teacher's looking pretty in wool crepe, cobalt blue. Full skirt has hidden slide fastened front closing.

Danny, a bit reluctant, is ready for his first day in a diminutive brown flannel blazer, edged in narrow braid. His trousers are grey flannel, shirt beige, and his red tie, just like Dad's, picks up the three colors. Judy's frock is plaided in bright red, green and navy with its collar, cuffs and pocket tabs in dark green corduroy. Mother's casual crepe, nut brown, has nicely draped bodice, slim skirt pleated in front just below the hips. A smart, any-occasion, comfortable frock.



HAPPY rollicking summer is over . . . school bells will be ringing any minute now. Holidays were perfect fun but then it's not so bad going back into another grade. Specially when one has grown into a size or so larger clothes.

And how this younger generation is in the know about fashions . . . from the tiniest tot to the tallest teen-ager. Sharp young eyes, quick to spot new notes, have violent likes and dislikes. Even those who prefer water pistols to multiplication tables.



Garments and accessories from Simpson's, Toronto.

SPEATS

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Strong color catches the littlest ones always. Reds, blues, yellows, vivid greens . . . shades they associate with favorite toys from their rattle days on. Older ones aim at a grown-up air.

In the little feminine world warm reds lead, from the lightest, gayest scarlets into rich burgundy, wine and garnet tones. Plaid dresses and skirts are tops. Mother prefers them because odd spots . . . ink . . . splash of water colors . . . grime from restless little hands . . . don't stand out shrieking for removal. Bright plaided color effects never fail to fascinate young wearers either.

Consider the navy-blue tunics if you want a wardrobe stretcher. On the market in good rayons and alpines (nice lightweights for average cool weather) as well as in fine-twilled serges. Because tunics hide all-but collars and sleeves of blouses, many a last season's dress, too short, too skimpy, can be cut down to blouse length, widened at the shoulder seams.

There's masculine approval of the very newest togs for young gentlemen of five years and up to round eight and 10 or so. Excellent little suits and cardigans have some of the quiet new touches that have crept into the men's world of fashions.

Man-tailored shirts of fine broadcloth and sturdy slubs come in good colors: they have nicely finished collars and cuffs, will take hard wear.

Ties are bright and splashy. Real honest-to-goodness full-length ones, tied and knotted. . . . not the kind on elastic to fool the public.

Almost grown-up, the teens must have fashion-wise togs. Fashion experts have developed two general teen sizings: the tall, slender, string-bean group and the short, chubby, rapidly maturing ones. All kinds of pretty fashion trickery scaled down to these varying young proportions.

Skirts are truly slick. Bias-cut circulars that fall neatly round the hips, ripple to wide, full hem are neatest, most comfortable. By far most popular because they do nice things to plump young hips, especially those cleverly cut plaids placed and matched to give such wonderful lines. There's a strong affection for rich-colored corduroy suits. With boxy jackets (as shown here) that double as extra coats.

The women in their lives will welcome this fall's casuals. A very pleasant lineup of wool crepes, best in many a season, will take agreeably to life in a schoolroom. They won't wrinkle, or pick up chalk and lint. The coat-style dress will be Mother's stand-by . . . with its notched collar, slim skirt pleated below the hip . . . so comfortable for walking and driving.

These photographs give you the typical back-to-school togs, fall-'48. Charming to look at, fun to wear, and completely serviceable.

Teacher's and mother's pets . . . all of them. And we don't mean just the clothes. *

On country roads and city streets

the big, bright-eyed procession wanders along . . .

the bubble-gum crowd returning to school.

These are the togs they're wearing. Practical

but oh so gay and fashionable

by EVELYN KELLY



Mary's grey mix spun has a wide collar (at front only) extending right to shoulder seams. Her brown bag (simulated alligator) carried wrist-strap or shoulder is actually a smart-looking school bag.

Old friends meet again, discover their blouses are alike, white slab broadcloths, crisp as candy-canies. Just right with Helen's navy tunic, perfect with Carol's skirt, an all-wool plaid in green and red. Mary, looking on, has stretched into a tall teen, found just the right suit. Its boxy jacket has puritan collar, skirt flares from wide waistband. In plantation-brown corduroy.



She had become an outsider... unable to share the best years of his life

You marry a man's whole family

LISSIE went into the washroom as the train began to sway around a long curve—Henry said that they would be in Elano in about five minutes. He had stopped being nonchalant now; he was looking out of the window and finding landmarks, and he was aware of his change of attitude and was amused by it and yet went on being vaguely excited. She was excited too, but not so vaguely. When she had braced herself against the wall by the mirror and put on a little more lipstick, however, getting it on straight by a miracle that seemed a good omen, she felt better; and she stood upright and swayed with the train as she combed her short brown hair still once more, smiling encouragingly at herself. She was really, frankly, candidly not a girl that a family of in-laws would look with horror at, she was sure of that.

She had very blue eyes, and she was pretty, but not in any glossy big-city way. She wore no make-up but lipstick. Her cocoa-brown suit was simple; the pale brown gabardine coat that was slung over her shoulders was equally simple; she wouldn't look out of place and alien in Henry's home town. And the ordeal of meeting Henry's enormous family—well, after all, they loved Henry, and Henry loved her, and so—And she and Henry were really so much alike in a lot of ways, sharing the same tastes, fitting easily into each other's habits . . . But once more she went rapidly over the list of Henry's brothers and sisters. Anne was almost a blonde and married to Jack something, two children, boy and girl, boy the youngest . . . ask about the children. Mary was 16 and interested in art . . . tell about Jo Claire and how she got her start illustrating . . . James was married to a beautiful redhead named Judy. Henry's so often mentioned your beautiful wife . . . Edith taught school. Roger was 18 and studying to be an engineer . . . There would be a loud uproarious family welcome, but she would keep her head, she would say the right things and *make* them like her.

Dusky fields and dark hills were sliding past the window; the sky was the most tranquil green; and now a pair of silver grain elevators went glimmering by and the train was slowing, and now there were city streets going off at odd angles with streetlamps lighted, and now the edge of a red brick platform . . . She hurried out to find Henry, nervously trying to draw a satisfying breath and not succeeding. He was standing at the end of the car with their bags at his feet, talking to the porter in an idle way, tall and attractive in his nice clothes, easy-going and yet sometimes not to be swayed, an odd mixture, not yet wholly understood by her. He smiled. "There's Mary," he said. She saw a thin dark girl in green slacks standing apathetically on the platform with a large brown dog beside her and the lights of the town behind her. The train stopped; the porter unloaded the bags, and Henry got off and handed her down; and Mary drifted casually over to him. "Hiya," she said, and Henry said, "Hi."

And they haven't met in more than two years, Lissie thought, rather shocked. She looked around for the rest of the family and saw no one. Henry said, "This is Alice, Mary," and Mary turned to her with a polite welcoming smile. But why such a formal "Alice" from *him*?

"Very nice to have you with us, Alice," Mary said, nervously pushing back her bangs. "Car's over here . . ." The dog turned away with her.

A shy child, Lissie thought with sympathy, having once been a desperately shy child herself, and she gathered up all her own social resources to deal with the situation. "Is that your dog, Mary? He's a French poodle, isn't he?"

"A poodle," Mary said austere. "Female . . ." Henry was asking calm questions and getting brief answers; he seemed to think nothing wrong or even inhospitable. Lissie stooped to pat the dog, which seemed

by Dorothea Malm

Illustrated by David Attie.

as good a way as any to occupy herself, and the dog shrank away from her hand.

"Don't be afraid of me, brown dog," Lissie murmured soothingly, and smiled at Mary, who flushed up to the edge of her dark bangs and looked either angry or embarrassed. "A one-woman dog, I see," Lissie said, and Mary nodded. A funny, cold queer little girl—shy, that was all. She and her dog got into the narrow back seat of the car, which was a grey-blue club coupe, brand new; Henry got behind the wheel. He asked whose car it was, and Mary said it was Roger's car. He started with an awkward jerk; Mary said, "Been drivin' long?" He laughed; Mary laughed. No, this was all apparently normal; this was evidently a regular Hansen homecoming—calm, unemotional, but perhaps quite affectionate all the same. But it made a stranger feel rather unwanted . . .

LISSIE SCARCELY spoke as they drove home, and Henry did not seem disturbed at her silence. He drove slowly and seemed to enjoy the nostalgic summer evening dusk, the small-town street scenes and street noises. They left the lighted shop windows behind, and tall green trees loomed up on either side; the tires made almost no noise on the smooth tarred street. Then he swerved suddenly into a driveway and stopped. "Here we are, Liss," he said, turning to her with a rather sweet smile, and Mary said, "I'll put it away." Lissie got out of the car and looked around at the green gloom of the lawn and trees, at the lighted windows of the large house. No doors opened; no one came rushing out. She heard the faint noise of a radio.

Henry had gathered up the bags; he was steering her across the lawn, up some steps, into the hall . . . And all houses have their individual smells, she thought—this is the smell of home for him. Then through a door into a large lighted room full of people, and all the people overwhelmingly stood up and started talking in glad little chirrups of sound, and a tall grey-haired woman ran into Henry's arms. The whole of her list blew out of Lissie's mind; she couldn't put names to any of them. There were too many; they moved around too much; and they all looked alike when they smiled.

Henry was still occupied with his mother; a young woman said smilingly to Lissie, "We're so glad to meet you at last, Alice. Are you tired after the trip?" Lissie said no. "I'm Henry's sister-in-law Judy," the young woman said but her hair wasn't red, it was more brown than auburn, and she wasn't beautiful, though she was attractive. "This is Jack," she said, "and Anne, and here's my husband, all shaven like a convict—that is a lousy haircut, James," she said in an unaffected parenthesis, "I just saw it through Alice's eyes—"

"Oh no," Lissie protested, bewildered.

—"Oh yes. And here's Edith, and this is Pa."

Pa was large and brown and bald; he held out a large cushiony hand to her. "And here's Ma," he said, and the grey-haired woman warmly shook hands with her and said, "We're so glad to meet you at last, Alice . . ."

That was the refrain; they all said that, or something like it; and at the same time she felt them studying her as covertly as possible. She was being welcomed, that was it, but warily, cautiously. They weren't just accepting her. They acted as if they + *Continued on page 38*



The BLACK

by FLORENCE FORD

JAN FORRESTER sat on the biggest, softest chair in the country club dressing room. Beside her was a floor lamp, and in front of her a low glass-topped table, with a paper cup of water, a half-eaten candy bar, and cards on it. Her dress was long and white, and a sequin bag dangled from her chair arm, but except for these details she might have been a girl resigned to a quiet evening at home. She played a black eight on a red nine.

The door opened and in came Susie Craig, plus a few strains of dance music.

"Hello, Jan." Susie gave her the pitying, slightly baffled look they all gave her, and paused before the mirror. "By the way"—her voice dripped carelessness—"I've just been talking to a man who wants to meet you—"

"Nuts," Jan said, and played an ace on the board.

"Oh, Jan, don't be like that! Suppose you did get stuck again? That doesn't mean you have to spend the night here. Do you know what they said about you last Saturday? They said you even had a candy bar."

"I have one tonight too. Want a bite?"

Susie merely moaned.

Jan sighed. She was a big girl, with ink-black hair and handsome dark eyes. But this magazine cover stuff ended at her chin, which was large and very firm, giving her an almost disconcerting look of calm capability.

"Susie," she said, "it happens every time. Sooner or later there I am, plodding around with a man who is beginning to hate my ancestors! So what can I do but say I have to powder my nose and come out here—?"

"You could try," Susie cried. "All you do is frighten them."

Jan sighed again. It seemed silly to her, the way people kept after you, trying to change you, when you were getting along very nicely as you were.

Susie went right on. "There's nothing really wrong with you. You're much better looking than you used to be. So why don't you make this man think you think he's wonderful—?"

"No, thanks," Jan said firmly, and played a two on the ace.

Muttering to herself, Susie left the dressing room. In the hall a timid young man awaited her. He was the house guest of someone who had evidently forgotten him, and with Jan on her mind, she had offered to see that he met people—an offer which she now regretted. To her annoyed eyes he even looked like a rabbit.

SHE HAD barely reached his side when her evening took another turn for the worse. Isabel Carter appeared, clinging like poison ivy to the arm of the handsome, red-haired man from out of town, whom Susie had hopefully marked for herself.

"Hello, Susie," Isabel said. "What's Jan doing tonight? Toasting marshmallows?"

"Of course not," Susie told her stiffly.

"That must be because she hasn't thought of it. Do you know what she really is doing, Alan?" Isabel gave the red-haired man a limp smile. "She's in the dressing room, eating a candy bar and playing solitaire!"

"What?" He blinked, and Susie noted gloomily that his eyes were grey with thick lashes. "Who is this character?"

**She was hard-boiled, he said, and mercenary . . . that was why
she turned him down. But, a big stick and the fury of
a woman scorned made him suddenly change his story**

K Queen

"A girl named Janet Forrester. She always gets stuck at dances, so she brings along a pack of cards and plays all evening."

Alan began to grin. "Do you mean to tell me that she isn't in there pining and gnashing her teeth because we don't dance with her? She's just playing cards?"

"She's been doing it for weeks," Isabel said, and laughed. The rabbit laughed with her.

Alan did not laugh. His eyes were bright. "Never heard of a girl like that," he said. "I'd like to meet her."

Isabel began to look as if she wished she'd kept her mouth shut.

Susie was now finding the situation more palatable. "If we could only get her out of that dressing room—"

"You know she won't come out," Isabel said. "She never does."

Alan's eyes glinted. "Then we'll have to use bait. What's she like?"

"Very large and husky," Isabel said quickly. Alan was neither.

"We'll offer her food. The big ones always like to eat. Go in," he told Susie, "and say you have a plate of very special food for her. Caviar, lobster, whatever makes her mouth water. And don't spare the adjectives."

Giggling happily at Isabel's expression, Susie returned to the dressing room.

"Jan," she said, "come out and eat. They're serving hot dogs."

"Hot dogs?" Jan cried in incredulous delight.

She swept up the cards and shoved them into her sequin bag.

As they came out, Alan detached himself

from Isabel and hurried toward them. In her high heels Jan was taller than he was. With unconcealed interest he inspected her black hair, big chin, and well-filled white dress. Then he smiled.

"Hello, Jan," he said. "I'm Alan Graham."

"How do you do?" Jan said coldly, and fixed accusing eyes on Susie. "What about those hot dogs?"

"We're going out after them," Alan told her soothingly. "Get your wrap."

Jan hesitated, and he smiled at her again. He had a very winning smile.

As they left the clubhouse, Susie noted with glee that Isabel looked fit to be tied.

TWO HOT DOGS later, Jan absent-mindedly licked a finger and sighed happily.

Alan lit a cigarette. "I have," he told her, "the greatest admiration for your ability to camp out in powder rooms and like it. But would you mind explaining why you go to these dances in the first place?"

"I'm an only child," Jan said, "and my mother has nobody else to dress up and send to parties. I can't tell her about the camping out because she's worried enough now. You see I can go to the dances because they always ask a man to call for me, but except for that I just don't have dates."

"For the love of little fishes, do you realize what you're telling me? Most girls would rather simply cut their throats."

Jan smiled. "It used to bother me too, until I faced the facts and began to play solitaire. Solitaire is very soothing."

Alan's eyes shone. "Jan, you are amazing. + Continued on page 68

Illustrated by Al Brûlé.





"I am really shocked at the way they discuss their boy friends—past, present and future."

Our Carbon-copy Co-eds

YOU CAN HAVE HER I DON'T WANT HER

says English Professor Leo Skes

THIS is a difficult article for me to write. I am a newspaperman by profession, but am temporarily doing a job as an instructor at a Canadian university. As a journalist I have been trained never to tackle a subject without first doing exhaustive research. As a professor my opportunities for "field work" must be limited. The classroom is not the place for the exchange of confidences. I meet the co-eds sometimes as I sip my coffee in the cafeteria, or occasionally at parties. It is but a nodding acquaintance. How much can one tell from a nod? Quite a lot—if you are a newspaperman.

My first impression of the Canadian co-ed could have been summarized fairly simply—"Good lord, they really look like the co-eds I have been admiring so long in Canadian magazine advertisements!"

This sent up my estimation of Canadian advertising sky-high!

After six months of closer observation, I began to wonder. Not about Canadian advertising. I still think it pretty good; but it has occurred to me that I might have got hold of the wrong end

of the stick. For it is not the advertisements that are so true to life, but it is the Canadian co-eds who try so hard to live up to the advertising standard.

Hollywood Sets the Pattern

In fact, unlike the English university woman who has succeeded in coining her own "occupational characteristics," the North American co-ed is hard at it to follow the daily changing pattern dictated from Hollywood. Not a bad pattern, mind you, not bad at all. But still a pattern. And probably a pattern designed by people who themselves have never been to a university.

This, of course, brings up the question whether people who go to a university should dress, behave, think and act differently from the rest of the population. One is tempted to say *no* very emphatically. And yet one cannot help observing that in most countries of the world they do, somehow.

I remember sitting, before the war, in the Citee

Universitaire in Paris, where thousands of students from all corners of the world, including Canada, were guzzling their food with the rapidity and enthusiasm of people on the right side of 30. It occurred to me then, that all these young men and women from the four corners of the world had much more in common with each other than, perhaps, each of them had with their compatriots who had never attempted to climb the steps of an Alma Mater.

Some people may counter this observation with the rejoinder that the young from all countries are very much alike, anyhow. Here I beg to differ.

Not so long ago, back in London, it was my lot to cover an International Youth Conference. As I sat at the press table, through all the innumerable speeches, resolutions, declarations and amendments, I could not help asking myself, as did most of my colleagues, why that conference had been convened. The "Eastern Block" sat there as tightly and rigidly apart as does its older counterpart at UNO. The Americans were not beginning to * Continued on page 102

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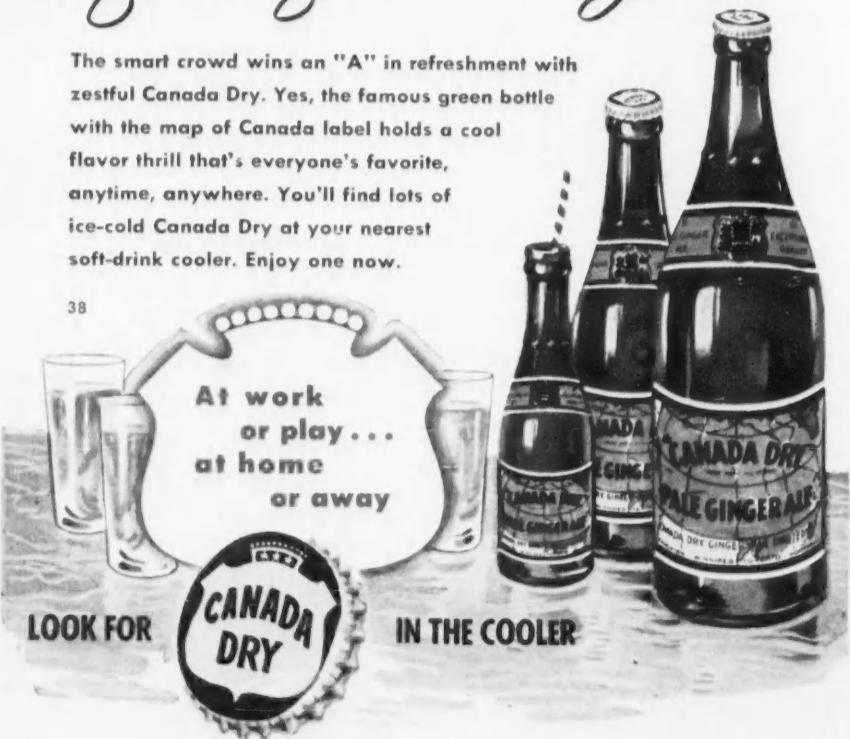


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38



You Marry a Man's Whole Family

Continued from page 33

still had a choice—as if they could say at last, "Sorry, Henry, she won't do. You'll have to marry someone else." But they *had* no choice, any more than she had! They were stuck with her; she was stuck with them!

She stood beside Henry and wanted his arms around her, but all she got was his hand absently on her arm; and then some of the people moved toward the door and Henry steered her after them. They were going upstairs; a tall boy was carrying their bags and groaning over the work of it; a girl in a pink knitted dress was saying something about dinner—had they had it, well then, coffee and cake—but what was meant wasn't particularly clear; and then the girl hurried ahead and turned on lights, and then Lissie and Henry were in a bedroom, spacious, shabby, brightly lit, and they were alone.

She turned to Henry with an imperative longing to be reassured, but he was smiling fondly at the room, which reminded her that he was at home again for the first time in two years, and she knew that she couldn't bother him with her doubts so soon. She looked at the room too. There was a large brass bed glinting pinkly in the lamp-light, a soft and shabby studio couch under the double windows, a chest of drawers of highly polished walnut, a rocking chair, a straight chair, and a slipper chair covered with green sailcloth; the wallpaper was green plaid. A large comfortable room—what direction did the windows face, what would be the view from them? A view familiar to him, at least—for a moment the room seemed to hold the essence of everything that Henry had been before he met her.

A baby, a little boy with sunburned knees, a noisy high school junior, a college man with a suddenly deep voice—"Was this your room, Henry?" "Oh no, it's the guest room," he answered. "It gets the sun in the morning," he added dreamily. "Look, hang your coat up, Liss, and wash your hands across the hall if you want to—they want us downstairs for coffee and cake right away . . ."

"Oh," she said, and went across the hall to the big gloomy bathroom to wash her hands. The guest room . . . That pretty well summed up their whole attitude toward her. She might have been the visiting friend of the schoolteacher's daughter. Great cordiality, a certain amount of interest, but the family gates were kept locked against

her. No openhearted family affection was being offered—yet. But after all they had barely met her. Affection had to be honest if it were to mean anything and they hadn't known her long enough to feel anything for her honestly—either affection or dislike.

She went smilingly downstairs with Henry, told Mrs. Hansen that she loved the room, which seemed to gratify her, and rather shyly tried to address by their correct names some of the brothers and sisters. They all gathered around the big oval table in the dining room, where a chocolate cake and a spice cake, a coffee-maker, and dozens (it seemed) of plates and cups and saucers had been made ready on a lace cloth. The wind sucked beige lace curtains against the screens of the open windows; a moth was bumping against the ceiling. They sat down, poured coffee, cut cake, and began to ask Henry questions, intimate fragmentary puzzling questions: "How's the arm these days? Who finally took over Craigie's job? How's sable?" and he answered them with much laughter, plainly enjoying himself.

They also asked her questions, seeming to take turns at it, making polite enquiries: "You have a job too, don't you? Was the train trip tiring?" All of them turning sunburned faces to her, with curiously identical smiles. There were too many of them, and they all wore courtesy like a shield to prevent her from coming close enough to study them. They would not let her in.

This is not a sad season.
The days go by to a martial tune
Clad in uniforms of scarlet and gold
And burnished, shimmering russet—

Stick a gaudy cockade in your heart
And fall into step with the Bar-
berry—
Even the air has suddenly become
livelier
With the fresh, chill kiss of the
frost.

Autumn blows a hollow hunting horn.

Soon the leaves will slip lightly
over the hills
And collect in little shifting groups
In the hollow places.

This is not a sad season.
I have been in the woods and seen
the Carnival.
You have only to listen in the wind
To hear the life and drum
And the clashing vibrant gaiety of
the cymbals!

Then two of them left to go home, giving her a special good-night, very cordially, and soon after that the one with faintly auburn hair, Judy, that would be, and the man with the close crew-cut left; and then Mrs. Hansen

looked at the dirty dishes and said, "They never end, do they!" and the young woman who still remained, who must be Edith, the schoolteacher, said that she would do them. Her hair was richly brown; her face was hard to read.

"I'll help," Lissie said eagerly—friendships between girls were easily made over a dishpan.

Edith smiled and shook her head.

"Oh, no—you're tired. Roger and Mary'll help. You're going to bed."

Mary was sliding around the table, gathering up plates; and she paused as she went behind Lissie's chair and murmured with an unexpectedly malicious inflection, "Besides, you wouldn't be much use—you wouldn't know where to put anything . . ." The unfriendliness of it was startling. No one had heard it but Lissie; no one had been looking; they were all occupied with Henry again. There had been deep



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unfriendliness in Mary's voice; she had wanted to be hurtful in a deceptively considerate way, and she had succeeded. Her words had meant, You don't belong, you're a stranger, you're just in the way . . .

IN THE spacious strange bedroom, alone with Henry, Lissie said softly, "They don't like me, do they?"

"Of course they do," he said rather indignantly, rather sleepily too. He had unbuttoned his coat and his shirt and had pulled his T-shirt up, and he was rubbing his chest lazily—he always undressed peculiarly, with long odd spells of dawdling. "We're not too demonstrative, you know . . . Ma said you're a very nice girl . . . Oh, it's so good to be home, Liss—it's so good to be here with you," he said, coming over to give her a rough hug. "Of course they like you, silly—you're such a very nice girl."

A very nice girl—yes, that's just it, she thought as she lay in bed in the darkness. I haven't got incredible beauty or a massive brain or extraordinary talents, but I am a nice girl—clean, chaste and sober—my manners aren't grotesque, I'm not painfully sophisticated, I don't talk with an accent . . . Someone walking in this evening would have thought I was one of the family. What more do they want, then? What's wrong with me in their eyes? But we are not demonstrative . . . Henry is part of the "we" now, one of the family—he looked different this evening, actually different. Younger, gayer—hasn't he been happy with me? Oh, but I'm not demonstrative either, but if I were a mother-in-law welcoming a new daughter-in-law, I'd—I'd try to realize how she felt, I'd kiss her on both cheeks and call her "daughter" and tell her to call me "mother" and do everything I could to make her feel at home, just because she's away from home and in a large gathering of strangers.

And if they actually didn't like me, would that make a difference to Henry? Oh, it would be bound to make a difference. Three weeks of this . . .

She was suddenly and desperately afraid that he would change, that he would slide luxuriously into the depths of this close family life and leave her behind him on the outside, talking a private family language, remembering only family memories . . . All her knowledge of him, after all, was laid against the impersonal background of a big city where he had seemed just as rootless and easy to know as any other young man—tall and debonair in a brown suit or a grey suit, knowledgeable, at ease. After six months of marriage (and before that, a year of growing friendliness) they had a good many private memories too, and catch-phrases, and silly jokes—but they all involved their immediate surroundings, whereas all his real roots, as she realized now, were in Elano. It was hard to realize, however; her roots were more easily transplantable. Her father was dead, her mother lived in sober dignity with a weak heart, her only brother was married and settled in the West. That was just why it would be easy to adopt the family in Elano, if only they would let her . . . Her mother had come up for the wedding, and had made no difference between her daughter and her son-in-law; she had kissed them both, had told Henry to call her Maisie as

Lissie always did, and everything had been warm and affectionate . . . "Oh, well, give them time," she concluded hopefully, and fell asleep, resolving to be very winning and very amiable on the next day.

She overslept and awoke at 10:30; Henry was gone; the room was full of morning sun and morning noises. She put on a blue cotton dress, the kind of dress that wouldn't exclude her from any housework that might be going on, and went downstairs, meeting Mary, who was dusting the stairs, halfway down. Mary said, "Good morning," sweetly but rather deliberately, abandoned her dustcloth, and took her down to the breakfast alcove in the kitchen, where a solitary place was laid with yellow china and a linen place mat.

Edith was there, and she sat down opposite Lissie and drank a cup of coffee and chatted very pleasantly while Lissie ate breakfast, always calling her "Alice."

"Oh please, call me Lissie, everybody does," Lissie said at last, and Edith said, "Is that your nickname?" agreeably enough, but thereafter avoided calling her anything at all, as if the idea of using a nickname made her uncomfortable. Later on she called her Alice again—without perhaps realizing that she was doing so. She was a nice girl in her middle twenties, cool and capable, with rich mahogany-colored hair and delicate hands and feet. She asked very few questions and was very open about herself, but she wouldn't let Lissie help her with the dishes afterward; she sent her out to the garden, where Mrs. Hansen was on her knees pulling weeds.

"Oh, let me help," Lissie said, ready to drop on her knees beside her. But Mrs. Hansen smilingly shook her head—"You'll get your hands dirty, Alice. This is my herb garden—not very interesting. But the flowers are doing well this year . . ." Very well indeed; banks and rows and clusters of flowers, pink and rose, lavender and blue, all shades of red and all variations of white, glowed freshly in the sunlight. Mrs. Hansen told her all about them. But the general tone of the household, Lissie saw, was going to continue: the most thoughtful courtesy, the most careful hospitality, but a continuing refusal to make her one of the family, to open their hearts and take her in as one of themselves.

It showed in small things: young Roger came into the house with a great trampling, whistling some complicated song clearly and loudly; he smiled when he saw her, but he walked softly and stopped whistling—as if he had pulled a blind down over his natural self, which was for family eyes only. Mr. Hansen offered her first look at the evening papers, though she had noticed that the rest of the family waited till he had finished before asking for them. Anne came over with a basket of fresh peas; she wore dungarees and a plaid shirt, and looked rather slatternly; as soon as Lissie came into the kitchen, she instantly started tucking her shirt inside her dungarees and making her hair more tidy. Even Henry seemed to be growing wary; he wouldn't accept her offer to change the records on the phonograph; he said it was no trouble, he didn't mind doing it; and she felt too unsure of herself now to take it up with him frankly. He was very close to his family, far closer than she had expected

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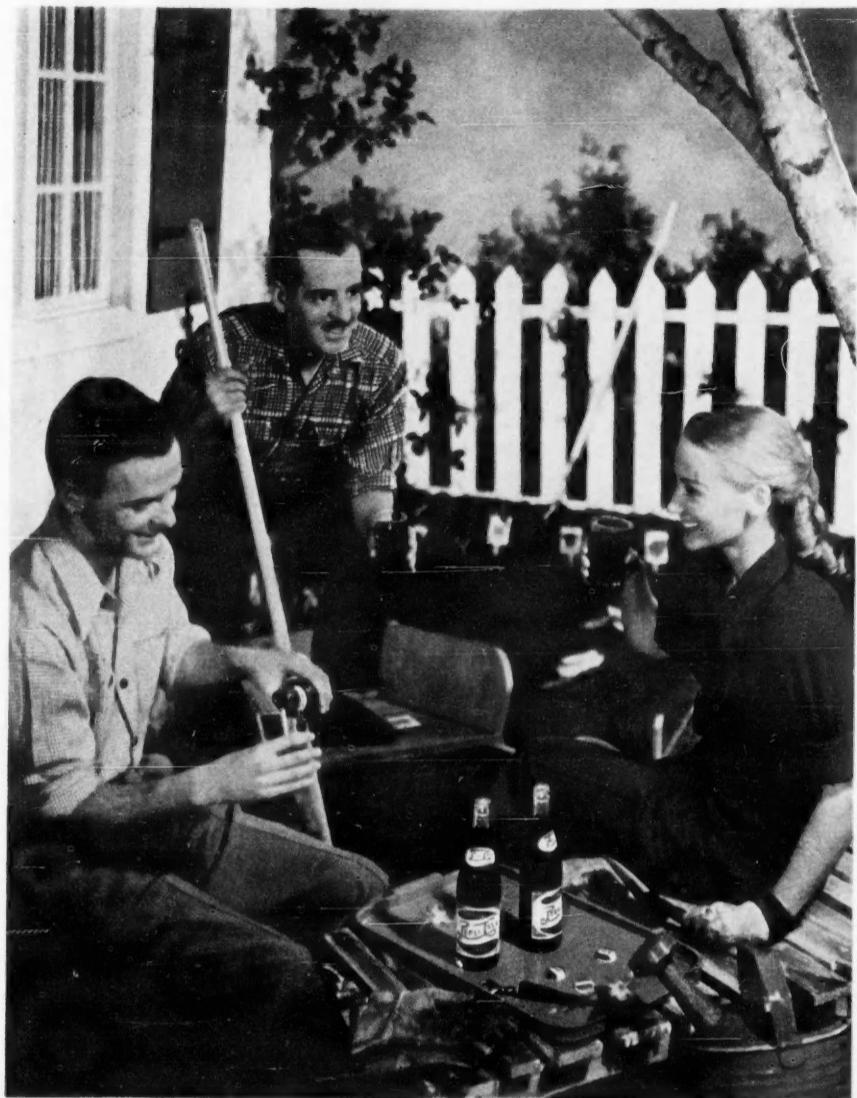
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him to be; and he might resent her complaints.

Mary, as the youngest, was the only one who let hostility show, however, and she was careful not to let it show when others were around—she was also careful not to let it show plainly enough for Lissie to call her on it and have it out with her. She simply talked always of "we"—the way "we" do things, "our" peculiar habits, which she supposed Lissie might find rather odd . . .

ON SATURDAY night they all drove out into the country for a steak-fry. There was a great hubbub of preparations beforehand, and a great array of cars, all coupes or club coupes, gathered in the drive. "We're such fools," Edith remarked to Lissie while Lissie was watching her slice bread and wrap it in wax paper. "We grew up thinking that it was simply against the law to buy anything but a four-door sedan—a family car—and then we suddenly realized that there was no law about it and we broke out in a rash of coupes. Consequently the whole family can't go anywhere any more without making a blasted parade out of it . . ."

Anne said from the other side of the kitchen, "We haven't enough butter."

"Someone take Roger's car," Edith answered promptly, "it's out in front, and drive over to Kelly's. They won't have closed."

"Oh, let me—I'd love to—I know where Kelly's is," Lissie said eagerly. This was surely a nice clean errand, a guestlike job, something that would help and that they couldn't possibly refuse her.

"Jack'll drive you," Edith replied instantly, and went to the door of the kitchen to instruct Jack so that there would be no possible slip-up. It was rebuffing, though not in any sense rude; it might be passed off as considerateness, but it was really just the same refusal to let her belong.

Jack was friendly, as they all were; he told her things about the town as they drove along, he went into Kelly's with her but he let her buy the butter, and he introduced her to the storekeeper as "Henry's wife . . ." The main street was rich with late afternoon sunlight, crowded with sauntering people. There were three small children, none of them more than two feet high, marching along blowing whistles steadily, each whistle in a different key. "Gosh, what a racket," Jack said, grinning at them. "No car for music. Mine are musical, I'm glad to say with pride."

"Yours are darlings," Lissie said, getting into the car. When the car was moving again, she said, "It's a close-knit family though, isn't it?"

"How do you mean?"

"Hard to get intimate with . . ."

"Oh, I don't know. Well, I wouldn't know, really—I went to school with Henry, you know, from kindergarten on!"

"Oh . . . And Judy?"

"Oh, she's an outsider. James met her in Bainbridge, she was secretary to some friend of his there."

"How long have they been married?"

"About four years . . ." He stopped before turning into the next street—there was a boulevard-stop—and waited for a pause in the traffic.

"Oh," she said again, thoughtfully. There was a big yellow car turning toward them, taking a rather wide

curve. She said, "Oh!" and then he heard brakes belatedly screaming, and the car nudged them twice—not a severe jolt, but a jolt. It was stopping; Jack was getting out; she got out too, breathless.

There was a long crease in the front and back fenders of Roger's car, and a double streak of yellow paint; people were running toward them; the driver of the yellow car was getting out, making a horrible face. "That's done it," he said mournfully.

There was no unpleasantness. He gave his name, he was insured, a high-school boy who had been cutting the lawn nearby offered himself as a witness; in two or three minutes they were on their way again, but not heading home. Jack was silent and almost apprehensive; noticing that, Lissie followed her usual course in such cases and merely waited observantly for his mood to change before asking questions. He drove into a garage as if he meant to get the damage fixed instantly, but drove away again after merely getting an estimate. "It's the kid's very first own car," he explained then. "I want to get all the details of the dirty work settled before he sees it."

"Will he be upset?" she asked anxiously. "It wasn't at all your fault, you know—"

"Well, Roger's got a temper," Jack said lightly.

But Lissie wasn't prepared for the apprehension that everyone seemed to feel when they were told—Anne made a face, and Edith said, "Do you think he'll notice it?"

"Oh, he will," Jack said glumly.

And he was right. Three minutes later Roger came running into the house, shouting in an angry roar, "What half-wit's been out getting my car all banged up?"

"H'yare it is," Anne said in a murmur, and then they all talked at the same time, explaining, apologizing, regretting. There was loud noise; Lissie was rather glad to be out of the way, half-concealed by the icebox. Roger looked and talked as if he were about to burst into tears; he said finally, "And just remember, Jack, you don't ever drive my car again. Remember that! Just keep your fat hands off it. I mean it!"

"Oh, well . . ." Mrs. Hansen said deprecatingly, but everything continued to be upset—Roger didn't want to go to the picnic, he couldn't drive his car when it was hurt, he didn't want to leave it at home, he wasn't in the mood for a picnic any more . . . He had to be coaxed, and he was coaxed, and it was altogether the most miserable beginning to a good time that Lissie had ever seen.

But even in the midst of the turmoil, she noticed that they all contrived to keep her apart from it. Edith muttered to Anne, "He really is spoiled," but when she saw that Lissie had overheard, she smiled and talked about the number of steak forks that they were taking, and would there be enough. Lissie wasn't to be admitted to their private comments about each other.

She rode with Edith and Mr. Hansen in Edith's dark green convertible, and they did not once mention the car episode; they said things like, "We're taking you to our favorite picnic spot, Alice . . ." and "I've lived here all my life, 61 years, and there've been a lot of alterations, but for some reason noth-

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ing's changed on this side of town . . ."

"Except the willow trees cut down, Pa," said Edith.

"Oh yes, the willow trees," he said sadly.

They followed a quiet country road, tree-lined, crossed with long shadows and broad bands of golden sunlight. Fields were vividly green in the late sun on one side of the road, softly shadowed and blue on the other; and the air was so still that they could hear complete bird songs as they drove along. They stopped by a brook, where there was a ring of blackened stones, and things got more cheerful when all the cars were there and the family was swarming around gathering wood. Rather despondently, Lissie made a last attempt at offering to help—but there were plenty to gather wood without her. Anne didn't need help with the food, and everything was out of the cars now . . . And then Mary, having said, "Excuse me" four times as she brushed by her on hurried errands, stopped squarely in front of her and said in an angry whisper, "Please sit down! We don't need you! You're only in the way!"

Lissie sat down under a tree, felt her mouth tremble, and knew that with very little more she would start to cry like a baby. The woods were in shadow now, the sky was greenish, the silence was deep and lonely. Oh, why can't they see, she thought despairingly. I don't want to be made much of, I don't want to be cherished and protected, I just want to be accepted, to be one of them . . . The fire was flickering now, and Anne had put a piece of steak into a little wire grill and was graciously calling her over to hold it—she was, then, to be allowed to cook for herself. When it was done, after a fashion, and laid black and dripping between two pieces of bread, she could scarcely eat it. Her throat was tight with loneliness and depression.

Henry came over and sat by her, looking young and happy in old tan slacks and a queer sweater; he rubbed his head against her arm and said, "Isn't this nice? Is there anything like it?" She smiled and said nothing; she couldn't speak. He wandered away after a while; James was having a game of tag with the poodle and enjoying himself furiously, and Henry wanted to play too. Edith promptly came over to keep her company—oh, they were all very thoughtful . . . "Are the mosquitoes bad over here?" she said, sitting down in one lithe movement. The fading firelight burnished her rich brown hair; her face looked composed and serene.

"No . . ." Lissie said, and then she said quite involuntarily, "I'm a bother, aren't I—why do you let me be a bother? Why won't you treat me as one of the family? Why is it—I mean what's wrong with me? I mean, there must be something—"

"What's all this about?"

"None of you like me, do you?"

"Good lord—has someone been rude?"

"No," she said, forgetting about Mary, "just too polite—you hold me off, you won't accept me. I'm treated like a guest, so much like a guest, and I don't want to be. Why don't you like me?"

"Well, we hardly know you well enough to like you . . . or dislike you. Do we?"

"But how will you ever know me if you don't let me come close, if you keep holding me off—"

"How have we held you off, Alice?" Edith asked with great reasonableness.

"And you call me Alice—you won't call me Lissie—"

"Oh, we're not much for nicknames, you know. It's awfully hard to call a stranger by a nickname when you aren't used to them in your own family. But it was thoughtless . . ."

"Yes," Lissie said bitterly, "and you won't let me help with the dishes. Your mother won't let me pull weeds. You've treated me as if I were here on approval and could be sent back provided I weren't worn or soiled. I suppose you meant to be kind and considerate, but don't you see how it makes a person feel—I'm married to Henry, and I've always realized that I've married his family too, in a way, but you don't seem to realize it—or to want it. You wouldn't even let me go for the butter alone."

"Oh, my dear child. Suppose you'd been driving the car tonight and Roger had landed on you for it . . . Would you look like that now?" She pointed beyond the fire, and Lissie looked and saw Jack and Roger making themselves a last sandwich in high good humor, talking companionably, laughing.

"But he wouldn't have landed on me like that—"

"Oh, wouldn't he? He really loses his temper. We're hoping he'll grow out of it in time. He gets over it fast, at least. But would you have known that? Wouldn't it have hurt you pretty badly if he'd blamed you like that for something that wasn't at all your fault? My dear Alice, you don't realize how rough family life can be—our family life, anyway," she said ruefully. "We quarrel a lot. We've tried to show you our best side . . ." She plucked grass absently, thoughtfully. "You know, Judy broke a pickle plate that Ma cherished, the night of her first visit. And it took a year of close companionship with her before we were cured of the notion that she was irreducibly clumsy. We didn't say anything to her, but we thought it, and it made things difficult. We're cautious by nature, but that made us more cautious. We all took a vow before you came to be on our best behavior. It was probably," she concluded, suddenly gloomy, "a rotten idea."

"It made me feel so isolated," Lissie said doubtfully.

"Oh, but that was just to keep you from coming close and getting hurt—or hurting us, so that there might be scars. Don't you see? It's so easy to criticize and make snap judgments—we might not have been so sure that it wasn't your fault if you'd been driving today. But we know Jack so well. And if you helped out with things at this stage—well, if you did anything different from us, we'd secretly frown, just because it was different—you know how people are?"

"You're trying to get used to me gradually."

"Oh, that's it exactly! You really are one of us already—for life, you know—and it's just because it's for life that we want to be careful and slow—so that it will be happy. You can't make a long friendship in five minutes, you know. Or in four days . . ."

She spoke very earnestly, and Lissie listened and knew that the soreness, the loneliness had gone. Not holding me off because they don't want me, she thought, but holding me off to prepare for friendship, to get used to me, so that

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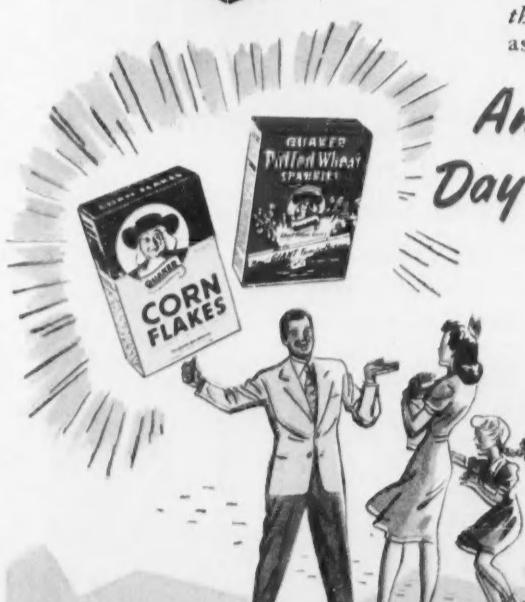
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46 — Chatelaine, September, 1948

there'd be no friction when I came close.

Sitting in silence, staring into darkness, she made the effort of reversing the situation: If Edith came to visit us and helped with the dishes and broke my pet sugar bowl . . . oh, how clumsy, I'd think . . . And if she made beds without hospital corners—oh, how slipshod . . . Yes, it's perfectly true—snap judgments that settle into permanent opinions, instead of studying people to find out what they are and then accepting them for what they are . . .

And my mother could take Henry to her heart because she was going away the next day . . . That's harsh, but it's true . . . But in a long friendship you have to go slow, because it's so easy to make mistakes. Was Mrs. Hansen afraid I'd pull up some precious sad-looking little herb instead of a weed?

Mary's poodle came trotting by with bright eyes and a white gaping grin. Lissie held out her hand to it and said crooningly, "Come here, brown dog, come and like me . . ." She was feeling contented now; she felt as if she and Edith had together laid a foundation stone in a good friendship.

Edith giggled in the dark. "By the way," she murmured, "don't ever let Mary hear you call Sheba a brown dog . . . It cuts her to the core. It seems

poodles are supposed to be either black or brown, not both, and Sheba was bought as a black one—she's just sunburned, I guess, but she does look brown in certain lights, and well-meaning strangers are always—"

"Oh, gosh," said Lissie under her breath. So easy to make mistakes . . . Mary was coming jealously after Sheila now, her shoulders sullenly high. "Mary," said Lissie, "Sheba's sunburned, isn't she? I noticed today how jet-black, how absolutely blue-black the hair is at the roots, but where it's long it's bleached a bit from the sun . . . I've seen them like that back home . . . but then I don't know a thing about dogs."

"Don't you?" Mary said coolly. Then she added rather more eagerly, "Have you seen them like that before?"

"Oh yes. A friend of mine filled a whole sketchbook with watercolors of dogs . . . She's an artist."

"That would be—" Mary began, and paused briefly to think it over, wary in her surrender. "Interesting," she concluded almost in a whisper.

"I'll borrow it and bring it with me next year. Oh, some day I'll have to tell you all about her . . ."

Some day, not right away, not hastily—slow and sure . . . *

Love is Not Enough

Continued from page 21

crazily across the instrument. Crazily, Linda's mind repeated, and she snatched back her finger as if from a burn. She went back to the desk, laid the photograph away in the bottom drawer. The drawer locked automatically. Then she moved the telephone away from the dancing sunbeam.

Ellen's voice sounded gay over the wire. "Hello, Linda. What've you been doing? Haven't seen you around lately. How's Peter? Such a mop of curls. And I do believe they're getting darker. Every day he gets more like—oh, darling, I've been meaning to ask you. Could I have some of your larkspur for the table tomorrow night? Just a small party. Bill Davis and Patty. Afterward we're going dancing. It'll be fun, but we'll miss you. And of course, with Peter—"

"Of course," Linda said.

"Darling, how about a movie some night? Just the two of us. You ought to get out some, you know." A faint pause, then, "Claude could stay with Peter."

"Yes," Linda said politely, "that would be nice."

"We saw a honey last night. 'Fascination,' it's called. At the Rialto. This woman gets a complex about her husband's fascination for other women. Works herself up until she's in a really psychotic mood. Quite mad." Ellen's voice, pitched high with enthusiasm, wobbled and dropped an octave. "It's—well, it's just one of the trend, you know. Sort of stupid, really. Not at all true to life. She wears marvelous clothes." Her voice trailed off.

Pauses in a telephone conversation scream at you. Linda dug deep into her self-control. "Listen, Ellen. I hate to bother you, but could you look after Peter for a couple of hours this afternoon? I won't be longer than that."

"Of course I can. I love having Peter. He's so cuddly. Wish they'd stay that way. Going shopping?"

"No," Linda said. It sounded flat, inane. But why need Ellen ask?

"Oh," The monosyllable was weighted with understanding. "Well of course I'll come. Will three o'clock do?"

Linda calculated. Ten minutes by bus, an hour on the streetcar. "Perhaps," she said, trying to sound as if she were just going shopping, "if you could make it by two. The hours for consultation are three to four, you know. I mean—I have a sort of appointment."

"Of course. I'll be there."

It was over. Ellen's crisp chatter, Ellen's promise, and the matter was settled. She had no excuse for not keeping her appointment. She didn't have to torture herself any longer. Didn't have to think. She could put off thinking till this afternoon. And she wouldn't think then. She would just say what she had made up her mind to say, and leave.

It was a long time till two o'clock. She made out a grocery list, pausing agonizing minutes over whether to buy rolled oats or oatmeal. She wished she was buying lobster instead, and thought of Ellen's dinner party. Larkspur on polished walnut, talk about gardens, Bill Davis' quizzical eyebrows raised, Patty's hand possessive on his arm. Long ago before he'd noticed Patty, Bill had been in love with her. Or thought he was. They had had fun. Bicycle hikes and tea dances, cokes at the corner drug-store. Bill in uniform, bringing home the boys from Vancouver and Halifax and the Soo. A rainy night at Sunnyside, flying for shelter under one of the garish booths. Bill with his coat around Patty's shoulders, while Linda shivered in a gust of rain, glancing sideways at the boy beside her. And suddenly a heavy grey coat was wrapped around her.

Well, she could houseclean the clothes cupboard. That would take at least an hour. Linda got mop and duster, basin and soap. She hauled out the clothes and flung them on the bed. The brief dark shorts. They were old. She could give

* Continued on page 50



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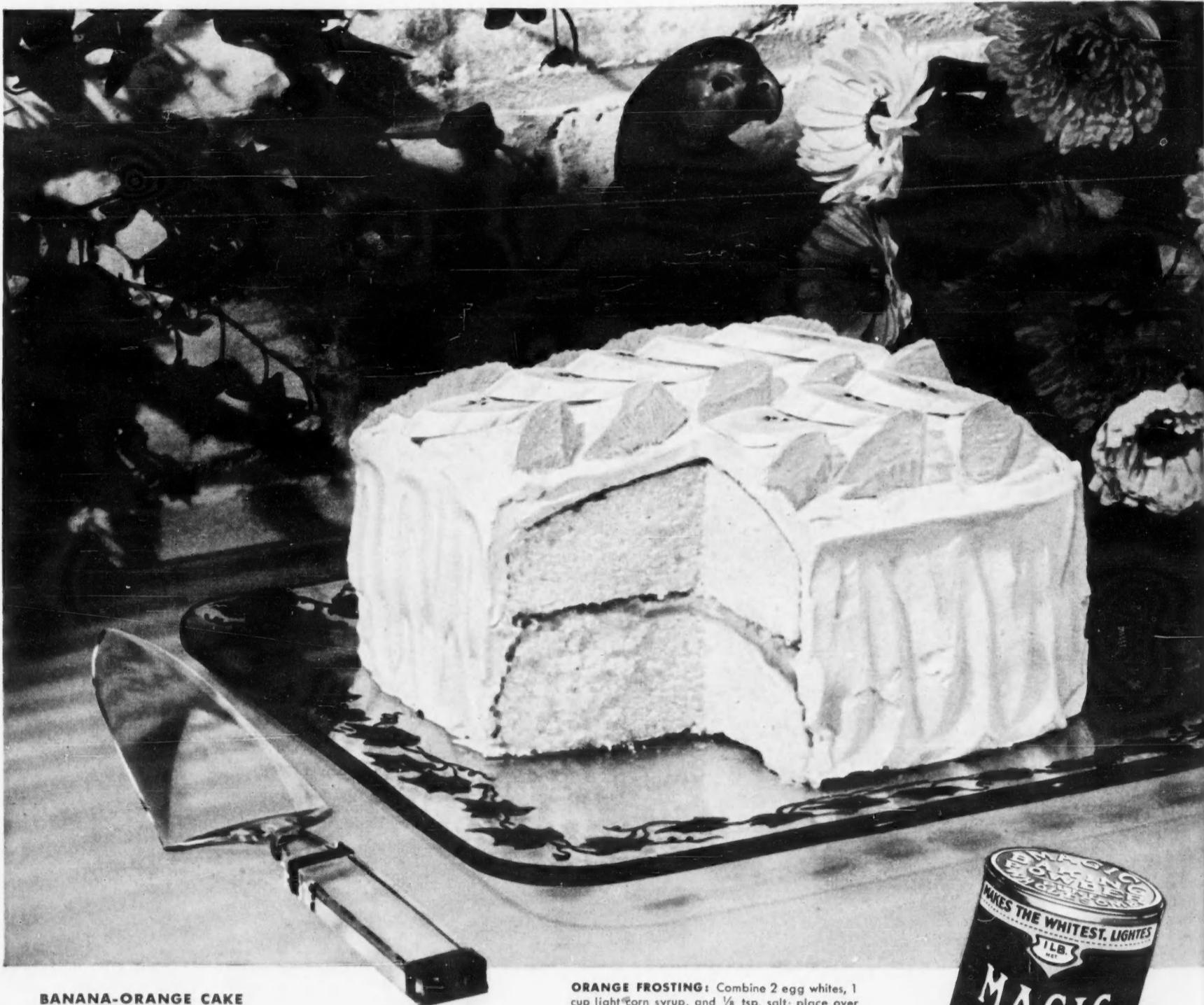
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BANANA-ORANGE CAKE

1/2 cup shortening
1 cup sugar
2 eggs
1 1/4 cups sifted all-purpose flour
3 tps. Magic Baking Powder
1/2 tsp. salt
3/4 cup milk
1 tsp. vanilla extract
Orange filling
Orange sections
Orange frosting

Cream together shortening and sugar. Add eggs, one at a time, beating after each. Then sift together flour, baking powder and salt; and add alternately with milk to creamed mixture. Then add vanilla extract. Pour into two greased 8-inch square layer pans. Bake in moderately hot oven, 375°F., 25 minutes.

Cool 5 minutes. Remove from pans; cool on wire rack. Spread orange filling on bottom layer; place orange sections on filling. Place top layer on filling; cover with orange frosting. Garnish with orange sections and banana slices.

ORANGE FROSTING: Combine 2 egg whites, 1 cup light corn syrup, and 1/8 tsp. salt; place over boiling water. Beat with rotary beater about 7 minutes or until frosting holds shape. Add 1 tbs. grated orange rind. Tint orange with orange vegetable coloring.

ORANGE FILLING: Mix 1/2 cup sugar, 3 tbs. flour, and 1/4 tsp. salt; add 1/2 cup water. Beat 2 egg yolks; add 1/2 cup orange and 1 tbs. lemon juices. Cook over boiling water, stirring constantly, until thickened. Cover; cool 5 minutes. Add 1 tsp. grated orange rind. Cool. In order to prevent banana slices from darkening, they should be either dipped in orange juice or else put on just before the cake is served.



Helen Campbell's Page



September walks the land. It tucks the last of the harvest in, gives a final tang to the pears and grapes and apples, ripens the pumpkins, fills the pickle crocks, fattens the broilers and loosens the hickory nuts. September opens the door and rings the school house bell . . . throws wide the gates of the county Fair Grounds . . . brings on the plowing matches, community suppers, box socials, and lights the fire in the grate of an evening. A grand month, September, when the last rose of summer blooms and autumn sets in to paint the maples.

Many of my best ideas have been nipped in the budget. Like broiling a steak over glowing coals in the outdoor fireplace. Like broiling a steak, period. Oh, well, we can always have hot dogs. Or a corn roast.

Cheeseburgers are sumthin'. First you cook your meat cakes, then cap with a slice of processed cheese and top with a circle of onion. A round flat bun, split and heated, is the hide-away. Sounds practically lethal, but you'll live to eat another another day.

Sheet anchorage: Fold right side out, hem to hem. Pin up with hemmed edges overlapping the line about a foot or so. No dog-eared corners.

Soup'n' salad for supper. Team the silky-smooth cream of chicken with melba toast or brittle biscuits. Picture platter composed of fresh fruits and jellied juices cradled in lettuce cups. Pass cream mayonnaise or fruit salad dressing. Bran muffins or hot buttered scones.

Stew is one dish that's as international as measles. But lots nicer in any language. Know how to make a beef and kidney, a Dutch hotch-potch, Hungarian goulash, French ragout or a Texan chili con carne? If you don't, maybe you'd better thumb through your cookbooks. My crystal ball foresees a busy season for stew pots. Gotta meet the meat situation some way.

Shure an' it's good, this stew from ould Ireland. And if Mary has a little lamb (and how, with the price of meat, could she have any more) there's no better use for it. Cube 2 pounds or so, dip in flour and brown in fat. Add 2 cupfuls of water, 2 teaspoonfuls of salt to season and simmer until almost tender ('bout an hour or a little more should do it). Now dash with pepper, drop in 6 medium potatoes, cubed, 6 carrots ditto, 2 onions cut in nice thick slices. Add more water, maybe—not too much—and simmer till done. Thicken gravy; sprinkle with finely minced parsley and, begorra, there's a stew!

Cutting remarks: Good steel tempered to toughness, shaped for the job, makes a gay blade. And better a keen edge to a knife than an edge to your temper. Got a sharpener in the house?

When sewing a fine seam on smooth rayon fabric, my cousin Susie had an inspiration. She wrapped the extension arm of her machine in a turkish towel, thereby, as she tells me, putting an end to the old slip slide. Finds it works well for all slithery materials and I thought you'd like to know.

If it isn't the heat it will be the humidity, but tall, tart drinks with ice a'tinkling will help you to bear either. Or both.

Sour cream has a sweet disposition—agreeable partner for many foods. Try seasoning with salt, pepper, a touch of vinegar and dousing cucumber slices in the same. Cool . . . tangy . . . good eating.

Great stuff, stuffing! Snuggled in the cavern of your Sunday chicken, nestled in the hollows of hollowed vegetables, it makes good food taste super. Makes it go farther too. What more could a reasonable woman ask?

As variation of a time-honored alliance, my neighbor scatters soft grated cheese over her baked apple pie . . . slips it in the oven for a few minutes just before serving. Gives a pear pie the same treatment. Like the idea?

Potatoes have eyes, the better to see you, m'dears. Or something. To show them a new way of serving, take 3 cupfuls of hot mashed, mix in 1½ teaspoonfuls of prepared French-style mustard and pile on a shallow platter. (Oven-proof it better be; you'll see why later.) Now beat to the stiff stage a half cup of chilled evaporated milk, fold in a half cupful of grated hard cheese, season and slather over the potatoes. Pop into a moderate oven (no, no, not you—the platter) to heat and brown. That'll give you six servings. Hot stuff with cold cuts or a chilled fish loaf.

Let your light so shine and don't permit a dirty bulb or a dingy lampshade to exercise its power of veto.

Cooking hamburgers? Add a little prepared mustard to the fat in the pan. Tried that stunt of rolling sausages in a flour and dry mustard mixture before frying?

After months of battling with the Spanish language, I can now tell you it's a beautiful morning in the same. I'm stuck, though, if it rains.

Smack back to the Good Old Days it takes me to come across a citron melon on the market. Does anybody make citron preserves any more? Not that I want some, thank you; just asking.

Food of the first water is the oyster. And if I had some pearls to pawn I'd buy him. To stew or fry or scallop or cream and bake in a pie. Or I'd scramble some eggs or make an omelette and add a few oysters, chopped. I would, and I'd have something special for supper.

Line a mold with slices of jelly roll, pour in Bavarian or Spanish cream; chill. Turn out for serving.

Sitting pretty; Ice cream in a melon shell, garnished with honey dew and cantaloupe balls; sprigged with mint.

As April showers bring May flowers the good old September soaks dot the back meadows with mushrooms. Or toadstools, maybe. Admire 'em but leave 'em lay is my advice to you. Better to bet on a sure thing and buy your mushrooms at the market. In the case of fungi you gotta be sure or you don't even have a chance to be sorry.



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3 cups (½ lb.) shredded coconut

1 teaspoon vanilla (optional)

Mix Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk and coconut. Add vanilla, if desired. Drop from teaspoon on greased baking sheet, about 1 inch apart. Decorate with raisins, walnuts, or cherries, if desired. Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) 10 minutes or until a delicate

brown. Remove from pan at once. Makes about 30 macaroons.

Fruited coconut macaroons: substitute 1 cup finely-chopped dates, dried prunes or apricots for 1 cup coconut.

Nut macaroons: substitute 1 cup coarsely chopped peanuts for 1 cup coconut.



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Love is Not Enough

Continued from page 46

them to the Salvation Army. She folded them neatly, her head half-turned away, but it seemed to her that the faint fragrance of pine needles came from the folds.

Her raspberry linen, fresh and crisp. She had worn it to the island, the day they had paddled through the lagoons. Out in the lake a sailboat had whipped past, and John had watched it. "I always wanted a sailboat," he had said.

She had detected the forlorn note in his voice. "Darling, we'll have one. Someday. When we're wealthy. We'll have all the sailboats we want."

He had dug his paddle deep. "Yes," he had said urgently, "we'll have one. Not us. Peter. A boat with a red sail. A boat to live with. He shall have one all to himself."

Linda laid the dress on the bed. You couldn't discard a good dress. She'd have to wear it again. Someday. Not this summer.

She smoothed out John's Air Force cap. AC1. A private. Bill had been a flying officer. Claude had rioted through exciting years in the Navy. John had been an AC1. He hadn't liked the Air Force. He hadn't liked being a failure. She hoped he never guessed that she hadn't liked it either. She had tried very hard to show him that she didn't care. Sometimes people try too hard.

She mopped furiously in the corners, pulled out a tarnished silver ribbon. It had come from an old corsage. She couldn't remember the name of the boy who had given it to her, but she could remember the coral centres of the rosebuds. John hadn't given her a corsage for his graduation dance. He hadn't known he should, not until they got to the dance and all the other girls had flowers. He had tried to say something, but she had laughed. She hadn't wanted flowers. All she had wanted was John. But he hadn't guessed that. He had been terribly unhappy.

The doorbell rang. Linda pushed wisps of hair behind her ears and ran to answer it.

A tall, bony young man in a tan overcoat addressed her politely. "Good morning, Mrs. Standish. I'm lucky to find you at home. I represent the Pan-American Insurance Company. Could you spare me a few minutes?"

He had an honest approach. She hated being shoved around. "I'm sorry. It wouldn't do any good. I'm not interested in insurance now." Long past it. Insurance belonged to another life. A life when John had talked about security. Before he had discovered, all by himself, that there was no security in life.

"Perhaps I could talk to you and your husband some evening?"

"About insurance?" There was something so mirthful and so tragic in her voice that the young man flushed.

"Why, yes."

"No, I'm sorry. My husband doesn't—my husband isn't—" She couldn't go on with this preposterous conversation. "My husband doesn't approve of it."

He wasn't a very good salesman. Or else he was good enough to recognize finality. He went away. She shut the door and leaned against it.

Peter had to have his lunch. He didn't like custard pudding, and stirred it

industriously into a mess. Linda slapped his fingers. He turned toward her and opened his mouth to howl, but, distracted by the gleam of the bread knife, reached for it.

Linda screamed. It was a scream which struck Peter dumb. Round-eyed and open-mouthed, he dropped the knife. She snatched him up, stilling the frantic sobs that threatened her, gazing over his curls at the long shaft of steel, the bright steel that she had once seen poised above his head. She remembered the strong fingers white in intensity around its handle, the dark eyes probing for the most vulnerable spot, the hand steady on the edge of Peter's crib. She felt the wooden toy she had clutched in her own hand, heard it clatter against the knife. The gleam of steel dropped into blackness, and out of the blackness hands reached for her throat, strong hands of gentle ferocity. And a quiet voice, lower than she had ever heard it, explaining, cajoling, begging: "Don't, Linda. Don't struggle. It's the only way. There's no way out. For all of us. There's nothing ahead. There's only death, my dearest. It's the easiest thing. Don't struggle, dearest." Her hands clawing against his, her cry burned from her throat. Blackness growing blacker. Claude's voice. Bill's. And the blackness complete.

She flung the knife into the garbage can, set herself to soothing Peter, stroked his curls, coaxed a smile through the tears. Darling Peter, don't look at me like that. There must be security for you. Look, I am your security. Look, I'm laughing. It's all right. Laugh with me, Peter. See how the sun dances on the table. See the little spot hopping across your plate. Laugh, Peter, laugh. Here, here's your bread. No, wait, I must cut it. You can't cut bread without a knife. You have to have a knife. I mustn't be hysterical.

Linda got the knife from the can, washed it, cut Peter's bread, but she couldn't finish her own lunch.

Ellen came at two, her knitting swinging in a bag from her arm. She admired Linda's outfit, the old tweed suit with a blouse cut from a trousseau nightgown. "You look sweet, Linda. Ready for anything."

Linda let that pass. If Ellen were offering sympathy, she wasn't ready to pick up the option. Someday, perhaps. Not now.

"I'll try not to be late, Ellen."

"It's all right. I haven't a thing on. Claude likes a cold supper in this weather. Carry on."

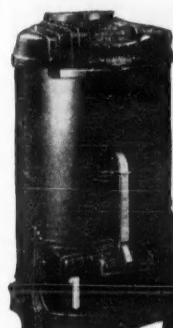
"Well," Linda hesitated, "it's Peter's birthday tomorrow. I thought perhaps I might go into one of the stores. Afterward. It won't take long. Just some little thing. He's too small to care much."

"Of course. Take your time. I've something for him, too. I'll leave it in the hall. Is that from his grandmother?" and she motioned to a long brown box.

"Yes. It came today. They're crazy about Peter. Can't wait to have us there. Next month, I think. After everything is—settled."

She tried to relax on the streetcar, concentrating on the humdrum activity of the streets they passed. No need to think. She had made up her mind. She would say her piece, and that would be that.

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the maple leaves. Spikes of gladioli lifted trimly from their beds. She took the walk that wound away from the parliament buildings, down slopes of green grass, along a brick wall with barred windows. The bars were slim and strong, scarcely noticeable. There was no name plate at the door.

She stepped into the elevator. "Third floor, please."

The old man said politely, "Dr. Ellis is in, madam." She would know this old man if she met him 10 years from now, any place.

Sunlight slanted in the office windows. A small office, neat and impersonal. No glamour. No terror. A small man behind the desk, with broad forehead and quiet eyes.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Standish. I hope you will forgive my insistence on seeing you today. It is time that matters were settled."

She smoothed her gloves, then clasped them firmly in her hands. She would not play with them. She would be quiet. "Matters are settled, Dr. Ellis. I thought you understood that."

He leaned back. "You cannot settle any issue, Mrs. Standish, merely by evading it. We are going to face it, you and I. We have talked around it, we have made suggestions and hinted at probabilities. You have been afraid to have your guard broken down. I have been afraid that I would not break it down. We have been too careful. Now we are going to be honest."

So this was to be different. But it couldn't be different. The facts hadn't changed. She had made up her mind. She would not go through the long discussion again. She was done with it. Life was ahead of her. She must go ahead to meet it. "I'm sorry."

"Mrs. Standish," he asked, "have you ever had a serious illness? No, I needn't ask." He picked up a card, studied it. "You've been very helpful. We have a complete history. Pneumonia in 1941. Hospitalization. Sulpha. Oxygen. I'd call that serious enough. Fifteen days in hospital. Anyone come to see you?"

"John was overseas."

"I know. Anyone?"

"My mother. I didn't know her. Not for days."

"Did you know she was there?"

"No." She hesitated. "Yes. I don't know. I didn't speak to her."

"Perhaps you didn't know she was there to speak to. But you knew she would be there. Some place back in your mind you knew you weren't alone. Right?"

"Yes. Perhaps."

"And it helped. You didn't know it helped. But it did."

She lifted clear eyes to his. "I have been here. I have done all that you asked. All, except—"

"Yes, I know." He half-turned away from her, for he wasn't to be hurried. "And getting better took time, didn't it? There was convalescence—diet—check-ups. Setbacks, perhaps."

"Of course. I understand that. There can be setbacks. I—I expect that."

"You realize that you might get pneumonia again?"

She nodded, not knowing what he was getting at, desperate to beat him to it, to be waiting there for him.

"Would you be afraid? Would you expect it to be as bad?"

"No, of course not. I'd recognize the

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danger sooner. I'd go to the doctor. There's penicillin. There's more knowledge of the disease."

He sighed, but he was satisfied. "A human being is an extraordinarily intricate machine. Body, mind, soul, linked up by a very complicated nervous system. Perhaps by something else. I think there must be something else. Our knowledge is very slight. We do what we can. We study the bugs we know, and we hunt the bugs we can't find. We know they're there because we see what they do. But we don't know them. Streptococcus haemolyticus, and so pneumonia. Sickness in your lungs. But do you suppose that the sickness stays in the lungs? You know better. Fever, headache, herpes, delirium. The whole body is affected. Body and mind—and soul." His voice was very gentle. "And sometimes it isn't strep. Sometimes it isn't a bug. Sometimes it's functional. And sickness results. Sickness of the mind. Malnutrition and wet feet mean pneumonia. Anxiety and frustration mean mental illness. We can cure pneumonia, sometimes. And we can cure mental illness, sometimes."

She sprang to her feet. "It isn't that. You don't understand. You tell me he's cured. I believe you. I'm glad. It's just that—Oh, don't you see? I can't go back. I can't go through it again. I can't be afraid all my life."

"Of course I see. He may have a relapse. You must face that possibility. But you must understand that you won't go through it again. Certain causes led to that illness. He understands them now. You understand them. He was exhausted. He was a failure. He'd been through the war, a hell of horror and fear. A hell of inadequacy. And he'd come back to hope. He had you and his child and a good job. Then the job folded up. He wasn't good enough for it."

"He was," she insisted fiercely. "They'd no intention of firing him. They've been wonderful to me."

"But he didn't know that. He saw himself as no good. He magnified his failures. And he saw his failure with you. He saw all the things he wanted you to have. He saw the husband he wanted you to have. And he saw that he had failed. Did you help him to see it?"

"I don't know," she whispered. "I loved him."

He shook his head. "It isn't enough. It's not enough, without understanding. I don't blame you. He hid his troubles from you. You had no idea of them. You saw the dark silences, but you didn't know their cause. That can never happen again. You know now the depth of his uncertainties. You can make him feel adequate. That's part of the cure."

"No," she said. "Not again."

"You won't be alone. Remember, he understands, too. He knows his weakness, and he knows his strength. He knows where he can get help. He knows he can come to us, any time, day or night. For as long as he needs us, we're here. But he needs you, too."

"You don't understand. It's different, now. I can't think of him as—as I used to know him. He isn't the same person."

"My dear, you are wrong. He is exactly the same person, but stronger, surer. He has been ill, and he has recovered. There is nothing mysterious about his illness. It had definite causes. We know what those causes were. Some of them were extraneous circum-

stances, some of them were within himself. In another person they might not have led to illness." He smiled faintly. "Wet feet don't always mean pneumonia. It's up to us, all of us, to see that it doesn't happen again."

Desperately, she must bring it out into the open. "He tried to kill Peter. I saw him." She closed her eyes, but the image was there, more terrible in the dark.

"That was a symptom of his illness." His calm voice steadied her. For a moment she saw John as this man must see him. "If you had watched him fevered with illness, eyes staring, lips dry, you could forget that image when you saw him well again. It would be part of the past. It would have no present reality."

She gasped, "No. I can see him. Always. His eyes. His hands—"

"That is because it is the last picture you have of him. It is only a part of the illness that is past. I beg of you to come with me and see him now. He is well. He is the man you know, the man you love. He is your husband."

"No."

He said softly, "Are you afraid that your love will come back when you see him? That the ties will be strong again?"

"No," she said, "that is impossible. Our life together is over. Anything else I can do, I will, but live with him, see him, I can't. The man I loved is dead. He died when he tried to kill my son."

"And—when he tried to kill you?" The words were direct, but very quiet.

"Oh, John—" And suddenly she was crying, dry, tearless sobs, rocking back and forth with her hands clenched against her temples.

Dr. Ellis waited until she had regained her control, had gathered up her purse and gloves and pushed the hair back from her forehead. He held the door for her, looking at her with grave kindness. She knew a fleeting moment of guilt. This was a man she would like to trust, a man she would like to call her friend. There was no bitterness in his face. "Don't wait too long, Mrs. Standish," he said.

She hurried down the hall, past the door where a nurse sat checking visitors' names. Her name had never been on that list. The nurse smiled at her, but Linda turned away. Such a small thing, a door. A key. A pleasant-faced nurse to turn the key. And on the other side, John. She stopped with her finger pressed against the elevator button. Perhaps he would smile at her. Would take her hand. Would put his arms around her. And in John's arms she had once felt sheltered.

"Going down, ma'am?" The elevator man's tone was gently reproachful, whether because she had been leaning on the bell or because she was leaving before the end of visiting hours she didn't know. It didn't matter. She wouldn't be seeing him again.

The stores were hot and crowded. She would have liked to make a quick selection and leave, but she couldn't. She had always bought Peter's clothes, but John had bought his toys. He had found fascinating things for Peter.

"It's a mechanical toy, madam. See, you wind it up here and—"

"But he's only two."

"Well, that's all right. His father'll run it for him. We sell more of these to fathers than we do to kids."

Linda picked up a woolly dog. "I'll



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take this." The woolly dog wouldn't need winding up.

While she was downtown she might as well see about the fare to Bentonville. She went into the railway office, stood in line behind a young man and a girl, who, arms linked and heads very close together, were self-consciously buying two tickets to Huntsville.

"Say," the young man demanded anxiously. "You're sure this joint is the real thing? Cabins—sailboats—steaks—pines?"

"This joint," the agent assured him, "gives you the works."

"Well, brother, that's what we want. The works." And he pinched the girl's cheek. She giggled and shoved him away. Linda hated the thought that the Muskoka pines were to be wasted on those two. And hated herself for thinking it. How complicated life had become! You hated perfect strangers—and for no reason at all.

She went with angry defiance out into the crowded street, jostled the woolly dog against an old woman hesitating on the curb, muttered, "Excuse me," then saw that the woman was blind. When the traffic light changed she slipped a hand under the woman's arm. "I'll cross the street with you."

The woman smiled as she took the offered arm. "You don't know," she said, "what a pleasant place the world has become since I have been blind. It is full of wonderful people like you, who offer help even before it is asked."

Linda winced. Wonderful people who offered help even before it is asked. She didn't feel wonderful. She didn't think the world was wonderful. She couldn't see how she was to put in 20, 30 more years in its vast emptiness.

ELLEN HAD Peter in his play pen on the lawn. She herself was knitting on the veranda.

"All serene, honey. He's been a lamb. How did you make out?"

"All right." She might as well tell Ellen now, that she was going to Bentonville, but not just for a visit. That she was going to seek the same peace and security which had taken her parents back to the town where they had been young. Where Peter could grow up in the sunshine. Where there would be no hovering shadow to cloud his young days. Where nothing would remind her of John.

"Get Peter's present?"

"Yes. Afraid I wasn't full of very bright ideas. I went in to the ticket office too. We're going to Bentonville." She put the woolly dog down on the hall table, beside the box from her mother. Beside another box which must have come in the afternoon mail. A square box, neat, tightly wrapped, and addressed in a firm black hand: "Master Peter Standish." A hand she recognized. But then it had read, "Mrs. John Standish." And before that, "Miss Linda Miles." Now it said, "Master Peter Standish." No longer to his wife. No intrusion into the life from which she had excluded him. This time to his son.

"To Bentonville?" Ellen's voice came to her as from a great distance. Linda was far away, years away. Back in the shelter at Sunnyside. Among the Muskoka pines. Waiting at the office for the moment when she could dash home for John's letter. "You mean you're going for a visit? Well, darling,

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that's very sensible. You ought to get away. It helps to straighten things out. But I had thought—"

Linda's hand tightened on the square box. She crushed its side, and felt something hard underneath. Something of John's that she couldn't crush. Something of Peter's. "Yes," Linda said, "it helps to get away. We need a holiday, Peter and I."

"And the weather's so lovely now," Ellen rattled on, gathering up her knitting. "It's a shame to waste it all in the city. Claude was just saying yesterday that he couldn't wait to get John off on a fishing trip. Says he never gets a decent bite unless John is along. Such silly notions these men have. Well, I must run. I'll pick up the larkspur in the morning so's it'll be fresh. Claude pretends he doesn't care, but he does like the table to look nice. Be seeing you." She ran down the steps, humming as she went, stopping to pull one of Peter's curls. Life was very simple for Ellen.

Such silly notions these men have. They pretend they don't care. They pretend.

Linda brought Peter in from his play pen, set him down in the hall. He gurgled at her, turned around once, showed signs of toppling over, then thought better of it and made straight for the crushed box on the table.

"No," Linda said. "No, Peter. That's for tomorrow. Mustn't touch."

But Peter's fingers were probing the hole in the box, and Peter was chuckling as he tore off shreds of paper. Linda's knees buckled under her, and she sat down on the floor beside him. The paper came off, and the lid, and with a crowd of delight Peter lifted out a handmade wooden sailboat, complete to the last detail and flaunting a bright red sail.

SO JOHN had remembered. Peter should have a boat with a red sail, such a boat as John had dreamed of. And now he had one, not the real thing, but a toy with its confirmation that John had remembered. Not only remembered, but accepted the fact that if a real boat is for the moment unattainable, a substitute can bring happiness, too. Through those dark days when Linda had not come, John had worked at this small thing for his son, and his mind had worked on the hope that his wife would understand. Now he was

wondering if Peter had liked it, if Linda had seen what it meant.

Linda caught up Peter and the boat in her arms. His hair was tousled, his hands were grimy. No matter. She forgot her hat, and almost forgot her purse. She still held Peter hugged tightly to her as she waited for the bus, with the keel of the boat digging into her ribs and Peter laughing excitedly at this enchanting change in the normal course of life. At the streetcar stop she found a taxi stand and scrambled into a cab, hardly coherent enough to give the address. She got out her handkerchief and tried to scrub some of the dirt from his hands, but gave up and kissed them instead. She could have kissed the driver, too, if only it would have made him hurry. Taxis were the slowest form of locomotion in the city. She had never in her life hurtled so slowly around corners, dodged in front of trams, nosed impudently between indignant truck drivers. She reached for her lipstick, but there was no time. They had stopped with a jerk before the nameless door.

If the old elevator man was surprised to see a child riding up to the top floor, he took one glance at Linda and wisely kept his own counsel. The nurse no longer sat at the door, enquiring the names of visitors and writing them down on her chart. But as Linda turned in perplexity, a door at the end of the hall opened and Dr. Ellis came out. Linda started toward him, her cheeks flushed, her eyes bright, and Peter still with his arms wound happily around her neck.

"Dr. Ellis!" She stopped, unable to go on.

But there was no need for words. The tired eyes lit with friendly assurance, and a kind hand touched her shoulder. "I knew you would come," he said. And he brought the keys from his pocket and unlocked the strange door.

Linda didn't know what she had expected to see. Her thoughts were incoherent. Late sunlight streamed in through the windows on a group of patients picking up their tea trays. Dr. Ellis spoke, and one of the patients turned. A tall man, grave and quiet, with the marks of long illness upon his face and a new serenity in his eyes. Linda caught a sobbing breath, then, as John stumbled forward, she held Peter out to him. John's arms closed around them both, and the red sail lifted triumphantly above his shoulder. *

Your New Car

Continued from page 11

in the bank. He has a separate bank account for the car and thus without any bookkeeping he can see at a glance just how much he has on hand. When car and drivers' licenses come due there is money in the bank to pay for them. When insurance comes up for renewal, they merely write a cheque. And their capital is not dwindling. The amount which is deposited each month to cover depreciation, plus the cash they can get for their used car, by the end of the year should equal the amount they would have to pay for a new car.

Before you can know for certain whether or not you should invest your savings in a car, make up a family budget. Then, if you find that your income is sufficient to cover both the cost of running a car and all the other

things the family wants you can, with a clear conscience, have all the pleasure and satisfaction of owning a new car.

What John and Mary Smith spent to drive 8,000 miles

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Radiator reverse flushed, 2....	3.00
Maintenance services.....	12.00
Replacements, air filter, filter cartridges.....	5.50
Miscellaneous.....	5.00
Insurance.....	55.70
Depreciation on tires and car... Total.....	200.00 \$474.85
Average per week about.....	9.00
Average per month.....	40.00



OLIVER TWIST

Like Oliver, They Ask for More



It was GREAT EXPECTATIONS and the success of GREAT EXPECTATIONS with film fans of all ages and all descriptions, in the United States, in Canada, in France and around the globe which settled the question of who was the most entertaining story-teller in modern motion pictures—a writer named Dickens not entirely unknown.

* * *

Like Oliver in his OLIVER TWIST, the public has been asking for more. The coming film version of this story is as great as its predecessor and as great as the audience demand for it, which is very great indeed.

* * *

OLIVER TWIST was made by the producing team which made GREAT EXPECTATIONS, David Lean and Ronald Neame.

* * *

In reviewing this epic of a boy, his dog and a band of thieves, Milton Shulman, the Canadian who is now a first-string London critic, says that not only now, but always, OLIVER TWIST will be considered among the finest of films. It is a film for any one who enjoys motion pictures, and also a film for those who ordinarily do not.

* * *

Repeatedly over the years in referring to films, it has been said of exceptional successes that the work of stars and cast was so excellent it would be unfair to single anyone out for special mention. Following this, it is customary to name two or three regardless. In this case, the time-worn remark is so very true that for once, no actor or actress in OLIVER TWIST is being named. Canadian film goers can make their own selections when they see the picture.

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What Makes Women So Blood-thirsty? *Continued from page 27*

everybody's doing it. And the women—because they're more frustrated than men—have more steam to blow off. Hence, they explode more frequently and spectacularly. Psychologists agree that one reason women are frustrated is that the world appears to be a man's world. Our civilization has made most women socially and financially dependent upon men. Women feel—with good reason—that they have been shoved into the background. And they resent it.

Dr. Gordon Brown, Canadian anthropologist, has another cross-bearing on the situation. In many native tribes, such as those he has studied in parts of Africa, women are not allowed to participate in games and contests of skill with the men—customarily even as spectators. They are kept apart as the inferior sex. But they have a community of interest and companionship among themselves, and an acceptance of the whole situation. So they're not as restless as the women of our civilization—because they're all in it together. No secretaries. No career women. It's that old frustration angle again.

Could be, too, says Dr. Brown, that the native males aren't so backward in their ideas of keeping their women out of their public events. He quotes Malinowski, who made exhaustive studies of the Trobriand Islanders off New Guinea, as translating an old and well-worn saying of the males of that uncivilized people "Women have private gardens, and if men venture to intrude they are in danger of death."

He recalls, too, that among our own Iroquois tribes the women were often more adept at torturing captives than their braves. And it was the women of the tribe who decided whether or not prisoners would be adopted into the tribe—or tortured to death.

Pays off at the Box Office

Whatever the particular urge that sends our Canadian women to sports events in such numbers, it pays off magnificently at the box office.

There is another point in that men play more games than women. Boxing, wrestling, basketball, softball, golf and tennis afford the male more opportunity to work off more excess, stored-up annoyances than females who, after they've married, are generally tied down by domestic duties. Give them an opportunity to view a little bloodletting and they'll leap at it. And don't get the idea it's "that kind of women" who takes in all the harder and ruggeder types of events. Drop in to one of the big wrestling matches (if you can get seats) and you'll notice attractive business girls; quiet young matrons (quiet until the battle begins, anyway) and—biggest age group represented—plenty of middle-aged types. These are, of course, the ones with the most gnawing frustrations. You won't find many bloodthirsty females at university games. Giggling, squealing, pennant-waving, yes. But not blood lovers. Too young and too busy, obviously, for later-day frustrations.

Grandma Hit Grandpa With the Butter Churn

Of course you must remember that it is only a matter of a dozen years or more since women were able to attend such

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Fluff on—silky-smooth Cashmere Bouquet Talcum. Dries moisture...protects against chafing...wraps you in Cashmere Bouquet's heavenly fragrance.

Cashmere Bouquet TALCUM

athletic events without jeopardizing their social standing. When grandpa was a boy no lady would be found at a sports event which, in those days, was a scene abounding with nefarious gentlemen—uncouth and often downright rude. Grandma probably had the same frustrations as her granddaughter—but she wasn't given the opportunity to do anything about them publicly. Instead, she patted granddad's head with the butter churn and fried the hides of her brood with the buggy whip.

It isn't simply because women are women that they are more spectacularly uninhibited at sports events. Dr. Paul Schilder of Bellevue Hospital, New York, said recently, "There is no fundamental difference between male and female aggressiveness. The only difference is in the way the aggressiveness is expressed. Women, because of our social setup, have more frustrations. Consequently more aggressiveness."

There's another angle to it too. The day that the ladies grapple in the wrestling rings and the men stick hats into them while uttering unspeakable little squeals may be closer than we think. Frank Tunney, wrestling promoter in Toronto, says that despite feminine ignorance of the scientific aspects of wrestling, he is frequently the recipient of telephone calls from women who want to know whether he had ever considered promotion of a women's wrestling card.

"I've been watching them for years," more than one femme has informed him, by way of stating her qualifications, "and I'm sure I could lick any girl."

Mr. Tunney, a timid man, blanches at the prospect. But who knows?

She Blasphemed at the Maple Leafs

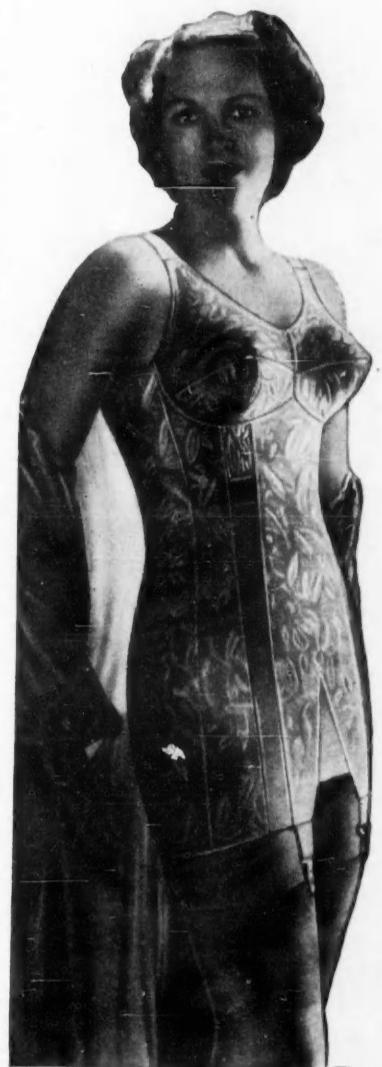
Canada has some spectacular lady spectators. There is Hilda Donati of Port Arthur, for instance, who uses much of the profit from her fruit store and coffee bar to help kids play hockey. A good tyke in many ways, and a highly public-spirited citizen, Hilda has a penchant for baiting referees. It is recorded that, in a pronounced fit of pique, she once flung a garment onto the ice, as evidence of her displeasure. The apparel item was what is known in the fashion trade as a foundation garment. Another time, it is recorded, Hilda placed her closed fist none too tenderly against the nose of a whistle-blower who had annoyed her.

But the most famous of all the female sport observers was gaunt, birdlike Apple Annie (whose real name was Edith Mitchell).

With a shrill cackle she invariably denounced the local favorite, whoever or whatever he might be. She blasphemed at the Maple Leaf hockey team, a heinous crime in Toronto; clucked fiendishly at the St. Michael's junior team which had a strong following in the Queen City; and giggled viciously when an Argonaut footballer fumbled.

Apple Annie bought her tickets out of her pension and called for blood and thunder at her favorite sports until she died at a ripe old age.

Sure, she was bloodthirsty. Especially for a frail old lady. But she had very few inhibitions. And no frustrations whatever that she didn't get rid of at the rink or the ball park, shouting at the players. At least, that is what the boys and the referees she had razed so long and so often, who chipped in to pay her funeral expenses, felt about it. *



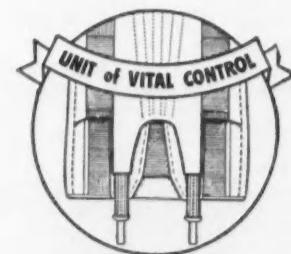
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Mother Gives Daughter a Home Perm

by Adele White



Mother and daughter carefully read instructions enclosed in kit. Then they assemble necessary equipment, bowl, pint bottle, clock, comb and plenty of hairpins.



The first step is to divide hair into sections, held with elastic band. Each section is divided into strands; end paper is wrapped and strand saturated with wave lotion.



The curler is now centred underneath the end paper and rolled under, so curl will take shape of the head. The hair is wound as far up as daughter wants curl to go and elastic is slipped through groove of curler. Here's how the finished winding job looks.



Time off for lunch while waving lotion does its work. Mother sets the alarm clock to go off at the exact time necessary to give a soft but lasting curl.



Here we see Junior Miss after pin curls have been combed out. A natural-looking curly head with bangs left uncurled to avoid a frizzy fringe — they can be set in pin curls to give a suggestion of a wave. This style of hair-do has a smooth top and back hair can either be fluffed out or combed under in a page-boy — one of the popular teen-age styles.

ones on the market—it doesn't matter which you choose as long as it is put out by a reliable firm.

"Do I have to be specially nimble-fingered to cope with the winding and setting?"

You'll need no more finger dexterity than it takes to wrap hair around a curler. Naturally your first perm will take longer than your tenth . . . everything comes easier with practice.

"Should hair be conditioned before band?"

No more than before any kind of permanent. If hair is normal no conditioning is necessary. If too dry a few warm oil treatments will make a better perm. Rub warm oil into the scalp. Wrap your head in a towel wrung out of hot water and leave for a couple of hours before shampooing. If hair is too oily you can buy excellent tonics at your druggist to counteract excessive oil.

"Will bleached hair take a permanent?"

Giving any kind of a perm to bleached or damaged hair is a tricky business, because hair resistance has been broken down. However, it can be done by cutting the waving time to one half or one third. To find out exactly how much waving time is required you should take a test curl—unwind it every 15 minutes until just the right amount of curl has been reached. We can't over-emphasize the importance of this test curl precaution for bleached hair.

Continued on next page



Neutralizing powder is dissolved in a pint of water. Each curl is dampened with it. The curlers are now taken out. The rest of the liquid is poured over the head.



Daughter's hair is given a thorough rinsing, and set into pin curls either with wave-set lotion or plain water. She waits patiently until hair is dry before combing.

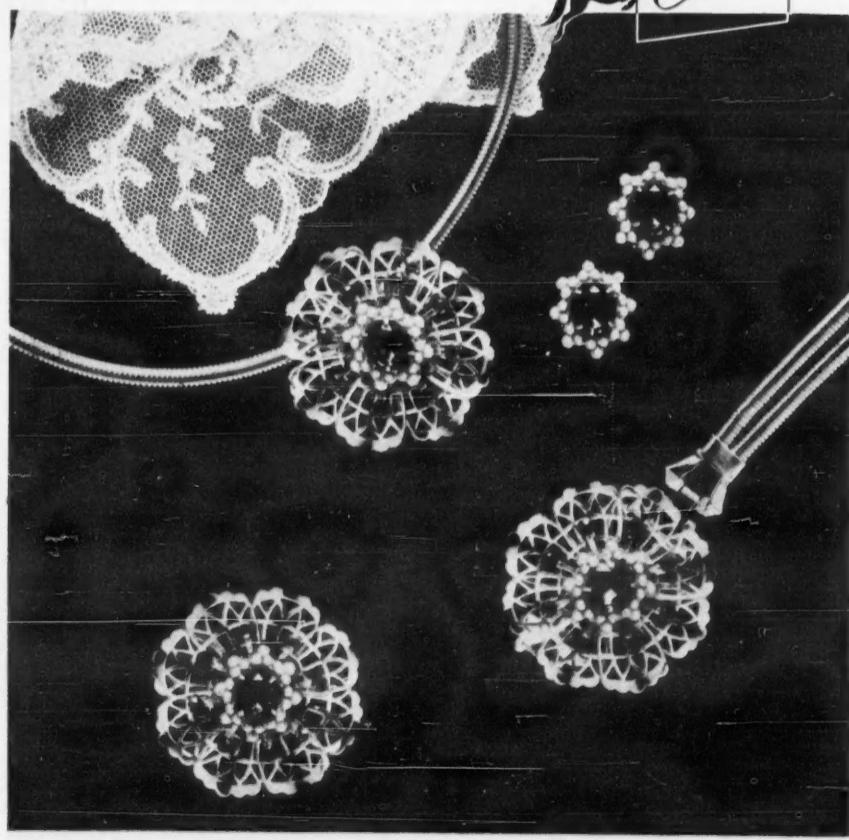
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"Can as much or as little curl as you want be given—or does the whole head have to be done?"

One of the big advantages of a home perm is just that factor—you can give as little or as much curl as you please. For girls who wear shoulder-length glamour bobs—the ends only should be curled. For a feather cut, with hair not more than two inches long, the strands should be wound tight to the scalp.

And now . . . a few pointers on making best possible use of your home perm kit.

Hair shaping and cutting should be done before the perm so there'll be less hair to wind and better penetration of the waving lotion. All previous permanent should be cut off so you are working on new hair. Each strand of hair must be the same length—when it comes to winding on the curlers—this will prevent frizzy ends.

Be sure to shampoo your hair with a cream shampoo—do it the night before as this will cut down on your time.

When blocking, winding and saturating with waving lotion do the back hair first—the front curls don't need as much time for curling as you want them to be soft and natural looking around your face.

After your recess period, when the waving lotion is doing its stuff, comes time for the neutralizer—this restores the hair to its original consistency.

After the neutralizer has been poured over the hair, it is given a thorough rinsing with warm water—a hand spray attached to the basin tap is the most efficient way of rinsing.

After the curlers have been removed—the hair neutralized and rinsed, comes the last step—setting the hair. You can dampen either with wave-set lotion or with plain water.

Give your hair a good combing then divide it into sections—pin all sections except the one you are working on out of the way. Then divide the section into strands—not too thin or hair will be set too rigidly. Hold a strand in your left hand. Put your right forefinger behind it. Now wrap the strand back and over your right finger—around and around, keeping it as flat as possible. Twist the pin curls on the right side toward the right and on the left side toward the left. Tuck the tip end inside the snail-like coil just as you slide it off your finger. Pin it securely with two crossed hairpins.

Waiting for pin curls to dry without some kind of an assist—such as a beauty salon drier—is a tedious business. One ingenious woman suggests using the air-blowing gadget on a vacuum cleaner—cool but breezy—and be sure to protect hair with a net. Another idea is to sit near an electric heater—provided there's an efficient guard between your hair and the hot coil. As soon as your hair is thoroughly dry, take out the hairpins and give it a thorough brushing—brush until every hair stands on end—then comb down and twist the curls in place over the index finger of your left hand. Finish off with a smitch of cream dressing or brilliantine.

As time goes on . . . and you become an expert in giving home perms, you'll be able to wind some of the curls around the front of your head outward rather than under . . . but better stick to the simplest way of winding curls until you've had lots of experience and feel confident in your perm technique. ♦

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Beauty and the Blemish

by Adele White

Health and Beauty Editor



Here is practical advice on how to deal with a "spotty complexion" . . . special trial of teen-age girls and boys.

IT'S FUN to grow up . . . to start having dates . . . real party dresses and heart-to-heart talks with best girl friend far into the night.

It's fun to grow up . . . but sometimes Ma Nature takes a mean advantage of teen-agers, just when feelings are most vulnerable . . . when shyness hasn't yet been molded into poise and self-confidence. She plays a nasty skin game, which can be just an occasional angry-looking pimple, usually making its debut just before a MOST IMPORTANT DATE . . . or it can be a really serious case of skin eruptions.

Doctors aren't certain what causes some girls and boys to have a blemished complexion while others get off scot-free. It's thought to be caused by a germ called "acne bacillus" . . . but this same germ is found on good skins as well as poor so there's another factor involved which makes some people have lowered resistance to this bug. The pimples are a defense thrown up by the skin around the infected spots.

Doctors do know that this skin condition is closely associated with glandular changes during puberty, causing oil glands to work overtime. In the early twenties, when this growing-

up business is finished, complexions usually clear up.

Although the exact cause is not determined, poor complexions can be greatly improved by certain precautions and simple home treatments.

Good Health Habits

If you are a victim of a "spotty face" it's a good idea to follow the sort of diet athletes use when in training . . . cutting down on starchy foods, greasy gravies, fat meats and elaborate drug-store concoctions . . . playing up fresh fruits, vegetables, fruit juices, drinking milk and several glasses of water a day rather than tea or coffee.

Also you'll have to learn to take it easy. Too many late nights, going the pace . . . emotional upsets . . . temper tantrums, all help to aggravate a blemished skin. You've got to relax, get more than your quota of sleep, especially during menstrual periods when eruptions seem to reach an all-time high.

Skin and Hair Care

As acne flourishes on an oily skin don't add more oil to what you've already got, by using face creams. Soap and water are best—a thorough lathering at least twice a day followed by astringent skin tonic which acts as a fat solvent. Cleanliness also applies to towels, washcloths, and above all, to that horror in the make-up kit—a dirty powder puff. Use instead bits of

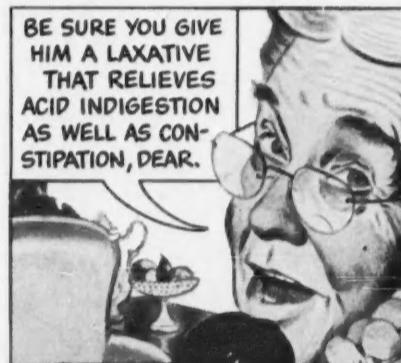


You say
the little lamb
is roaring
like a
LION?



JOAN: I guess my mother is like most grandmothers. My little boy Billy (whom mother calls her "little lamb, bless his heart") was having tantrums with a capital T . . . and when I told mother about it, this is what she said . . .

JOAN: Imagine—blaming me for Billy's bad temper! I told mother, rather icily, that Billy was suffering from constipation and that I was going to do everything I could for him—not to him. Then mother said something that surprised me . . .



JOAN: Mother said, "Both conditions frequently come together, in children and grownups alike. So by all means give Billy Phillips' Milk of Magnesia. I use it myself, because it's an excellent laxative and a marvelous antacid, too."

JOAN: I took her advice and gave Billy Phillips' at bedtime last night. He slept soundly and awakened this morning to such gentle, effective relief that from now on his Daddy and I intend to use Phillips' Milk of Magnesia ourselves!

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absorbent cotton which can be discarded after each face powdering.

Hair washing once or twice a week is a "must." An oily skin usually includes an oily scalp. Dust, dirt and grease from unwashed hair find their way to the skin . . . usually by head scratching and face mauling . . . not a pretty thought, but we're being very outspoken on the subject. Choose an off-the-forehead hair style with no bangs nor fringes.

If you should have an outbreak of acne on back and shoulders, protect them from sweaters, dark dresses—any nonwashable materials—by wearing underclothing which comes up high enough to cover the sore spots.

Get out in the sun just as much as possible. Nearly everyone finds a definite improvement in complexions during summer months. If possible have sun lamp treatments in winter.

Beware of amateur surgery. It's an awful temptation to squeeze pimples which look as though they were ready to pop . . . but don't do it or you may start up a brand-new crop. Instead, prick carefully with a sterilized needle . . . gently remove any pus and dab the spot with alcohol. In this way you can relieve the soreness without danger of spreading infection.

Time to see your Doctor

And now . . . a word to parents. If your teen-ager has a bad case of skin eruption—one that is chronic rather than occasional, take her to a skin specialist or to a skin clinic—there are these clinics in nearly all hospitals. It's not a time to experiment with homemade or patent remedies . . . it's a time for sound professional advice.

There are many treatments a doctor can give, once he diagnoses the case. He may use vaccines . . . he may prescribe drugs or X-ray treatments. Or, he may find the skin condition is caused by an allergy . . . quite a different thing from acne, and necessitating all kinds of tests to search out the source of the irritation. Even though there is no miracle overnight cure for a blemished skin, a doctor can give confidence that everything possible is being done.

It's often the first really serious problem that a child has to face. It's up to parents to rally round . . . do everything possible to find a solution . . . rather than just sit back and suffer in sympathy . . . because the damage a spotty complexion can do to a young girl or boy can be measured by the size of the inferiority complex it builds up. The harm it can do to personality development . . . to the so-called "happiest years of life" may far outlive the actual skin blemishes themselves.

But . . . rallying around and doing everything possible to help a child with a skin condition doesn't mean constantly drawing attention to it. In this case, the less said the better. Your boy or girl probably believes that each face blemish stands out like a coal miner's lamp . . . and shrinks away from all references to this so-called blight. This is particularly true in the case of a girl . . . and it's a good thing to convince her that no one notices or cares about a few spots on the face, nearly as much as she herself does . . . that a happy expression, a warm smile and a neat-looking job on clothes and hair care will more than offset a temporary bumpy complexion. *

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Beauty Brevities

DENTISTS are worried about bobby-soxers and bobby pins. They are viewing with considerable alarm the habit of using front teeth as a convenient way of opening a bobby pin. You've probably seen a lineup of hair fixers in front of mirrors in powder rooms, all busily engaged in prying pins open with their teeth. Eventually ugly little notches will appear on the enamel. Now . . . an ingenious manufacturer has put out a rubber-tipped bobby pin. Not only does it protect teeth from injury but it slides more smoothly into the hair. The best plan is to keep bobby pins away from the mouth. The second-best plan is to use rubber-tipped ones.

There's a brand-new toiletry on display this fall. It's a combination of deodorant and cologne. The deodorant is combined with a flower-fragrant toilet water which can be used freely all over the body. Also . . . it is quite harmless to clothes. The advantage this two-in-one combination has over straight colognes and toilet waters lies in a special ingredient in the deodorant which counteracts the acid odor of perspiration—not just covering an unpleasant smell with a pleasant one.

Here are some devious little tricks you can do with stockings . . . if your legs are not as shapely as you'd like them to be. First . . . make sure your stockings are a perfect fit. If they should be too short they can cut off circulation and cause ankle swelling. The slightest constant pressure is enough to cut down seriously on free flow of blood to your underpinnings. If your legs are a bit bowed, slant the seams of your stockings inward to bring the "centre" of legs in a straighter line. If you want to make your legs seem longer and more slender, choose stockings which are as near as possible the color of your skirt—to give an unbroken line. And—in case you haven't noticed—there are now available a wide range of colors in hosiery. If your legs are not your best feature it's wise to avoid elaborate hemlines or contrasting bands around skirts.

A good use for a child's size toothbrush is to make it an eyebrow and eyelash smoother. Also, use it to brush off all excess mascara when you're doing an eye make-up job.

Your throat is a continuation of your face. It's a part of your anatomy which you, yourself, can't see without the aid of a mirror and intense peering. But . . . the most casual glance of a passing friend or foe picks up a full view of it. Don't make a casual passing-over of a washcloth and soap your only throat care. Each night use cleansing cream—tissued off, then soap and water followed by a good lubricating night cream to prevent wrinkles and lines.

Have you noticed an ever-deepening line appearing from nose to corner of your mouth? To iron out this wrinkle puff out your cheeks when you're massaging your face with cleansing and night cream. Then the lubrication will get right down into the two crevices.

For backs of arms that are rough-skinned, with small goose pimples, take a handful of ordinary table salt, rub it briskly on your arms when skin is wet. The friction will help make bumps disappear and leave arms smoother. Finish off with a liberal application of hand lotion. *

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Ring on My Finger

Continued from page 24

gracious! Deb was the privileged one, the golden bride. Deb didn't mind making the first overtures, knowing it was expected of her, knowing it made Joan's behavior appear—childish.

"Run along to Ricky," her mother said with a sigh. She bent and picked up the limp pink layers of net from the floor. "Miss Primrose and I will manage to fix it. Somehow or other." She looked irresolutely at the white satin lying in wait for her on the long table. "We'll leave it for now, Miss Primrose. I'll try to match the net on my next trip into the city." She walked back to the wedding dress and her fingers caressed it and her eyes were dreamy and tremulous, staring at space, as though she already saw Deborah walking proudly to the altar in the finished gown. "For the present, this must come first," she said and her voice was very soft.

"I hope they can't fix it," Joan thought, running blindly through the hall and down the front stairs, letting the tears come now as much as they wanted to. "I hope it's so bad I look like a fright. I hope that tear stands out so that Deborah won't be able to think of anything else all the time she's standing at the altar."

BUT WHEN she was outside the house, running toward the garden she almost forgot about Deborah. Here in the garden in the warm spring sunshine the flowers danced in their borders and the grass blades seemed to whisper *hurry-hurry* as her moccasins whirled over them and there was no room for anything inside her except the excitement she always felt now when she saw Ricky and the strange sweet hush that came over them both as he hurried to meet her.

Ricky smiled down at her and locked her little finger against his and it was as though they belonged together, as though they were one person.

"Keep me waiting, will you?" he said softly. "I see I'll have to teach you a lesson, Miss Jamieson."

He pulled her into the shadow of the lilac bush. She struggled against him, laughing. "Ricky! Don't! They'll see us!"

Ricky pinned her arms behind her. "So you think you can keep me waiting?"

He released her finally, his hands unsteady as he let her go. She sat down on the grass cross-legged and pulled a compact from her sweater pocket. "And after I worked so hard on this elegant lip-do." She tried to keep her voice light, cool, sophisticated; but her fingers were unsteady on the lipstick and it took a long while to do it right.

Over the edge of her compact she glanced at Ricky. He had sprawled in the grass beside her and he seemed very absorbed in the progress of an ant across a stick which he held in front of it but she knew that Ricky had been as shaken as she was by the kiss. She knew it by the way he refused to look at her. It was one of the things that had begun to happen to them lately: one of the strange new exciting things that had begun when she had stumbled over Ricky's feet in study hall, of all places—she giggled reminiscently—and had gone on happening, every time they walked together, every time they held

hands, every time they kissed. It was a strange thing that Ricky, when he seemed almost angry, was really loving her harder than when he was just gay and teasing and she did not quite understand why that was, but she had discovered that this was how it always was, each time he kissed her with this strange special excitement.

"Like electricity," she said and her eyes were wide and wondering. "Like lightning. Something that happens all of a sudden and then afterward you feel kind of—limp." She peeped at him under her lashes. "Ricky, do you feel that way too? I mean, just looking at me do you feel—tingly?"

Ricky looked up at her. She loved his face. She loved the little-boy cowlick in his sandy hair and the way his eyes were sometimes grey and sometimes blue and the funny little points on his ears. She even liked the way there was a tiny gap between his two front teeth. It was as though he wouldn't be Ricky without that. And she especially loved his mouth. It was a nice mouth, she decided dreamily. It was a—but it was silly to think of a man's mouth as beautiful. Ricky would think she thought his mouth was—beautiful. Smiling, she bent and traced the edges of his lips.

She had expected Ricky to bite at her finger, but he didn't.

"Don't" he said. "Don't, Joan." He turned his head away.

She stared at him wide-eyed.

"Ricky Carter, don't you take that tone to me."

"Sorry," Ricky said. He did not look at her. "Joan. You know what's the matter with me, don't you?" He didn't wait for her to answer. He went on, not looking at her and his tone was level with despair, "I'm in love with you. I—Joan, I'm so terribly in love with you I can—well, I can hardly stand it."

"Oh." She felt nothing but quick relief. For a moment she had almost thought he was going to tell her he had stopped loving her, that he had fallen in love with someone else. And then she realized that this was the first time Ricky had ever used that special word, *love*. They had known how they felt about each other for months now but they had avoided that word. It was as though they had both been a little—afraid of it. And now Ricky had said it and though his face was still averted she could see that it wore a strange, almost stern look.

RICKY REACHED for her hand, but his eyes remained on the ant laboriously climbing the mountain of the upraised stick along the path. "Joan, you—you feel the same way about me, don't you?"

"Oh, yes, Ricky!" she said. "Oh, yes!"

She waited for the glow to quicken in Ricky's eyes but it didn't. He went on not looking at her.

"I'm 19. You're not quite 17. It will be years before they let us get married."

She hugged her knees. Married. Ricky was talking of marriage. He was proposing to her! Her eyes widened dreamily, seeing Ricky and herself someday standing before the altar. Like Deborah and Philip.

Ricky's arms were around her now, he was holding her so fiercely she was almost frightened. "I don't want to wait that long. Do you understand, Joan? I don't want to wait." His lips

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were hard, fierce, demanding. It was a long time before he let her go. When he did, she put her hand up to her own lips because they felt so—strange. She lay in his arms, looking up at the lilac bush. It seemed to her that she had never known before how very green leaves really were. For some reason or other it seemed terribly important. She wanted to turn to Ricky and communicate her discovery but it didn't seem exactly the thing to say just now.

"What are we going to do?" Ricky shook her gently, but his eyes seemed to be asking some question of her that she did not quite understand. "Joan, what are we going to do about it?"

"Do about it?" She tried to focus on what Ricky was saying. Ricky shook her harder. "We can't go on this way. We'll either have to stop seeing each other so much or—"

"Stop seeing each other? Just because we're in love? I never heard of anything so silly."

"But they won't let us get married." Ricky spoke as though he were arguing a hopeless case. "We'll both be graduating from high school next month. Plenty of high-school graduates get married but my folks are set on my going to college." He glanced questioningly at Joan. "Yours too?"

She nodded. "Gosh. Four years does seem a long time. But I might be able to make it in three years, the way Deb did."

"Three years—four years!" Ricky groaned. "Who knows where we'll be or how we'll feel in three years, if they separate us now? Not that I'll ever change, Joan. I'll always love you. I want you to know that." His eyes were sober with promise and with something

else that she did not quite understand. "But I want to be sure of you, Joan. Don't you see, darling? I love you so much I want to make sure you're mine. Nobody else's. Ever."

She looked up at his face, not yet formed into manhood, his boyish eyes fixed on her with this strange unboyish look.

"I want you for my wife," Ricky said. "Now. Forever."

"But they wouldn't let us get married. You said yourself they wouldn't."

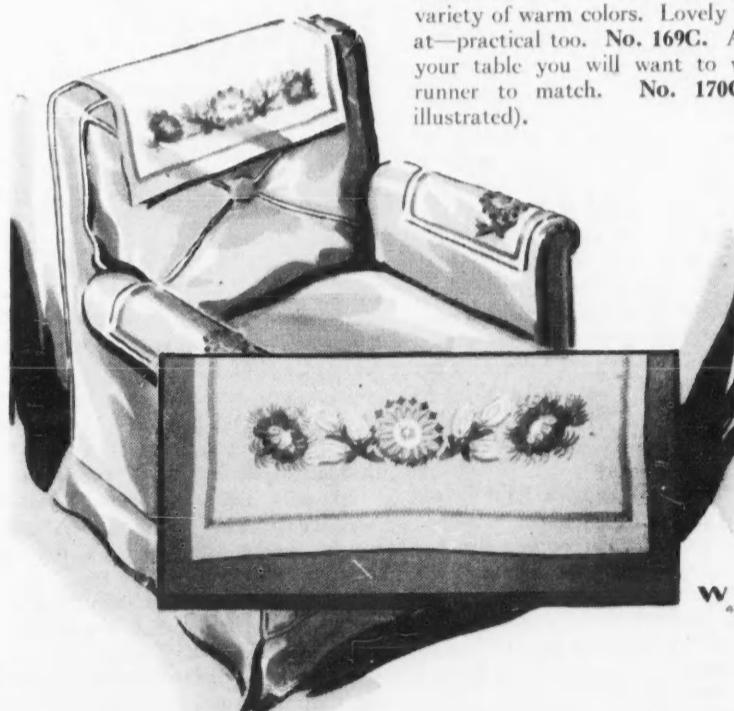
Why, if she told her family that she and Ricky were in love, that they wanted to get married—that they were as much in love with each other as Deborah and Philip—oh, she knew what her mother would say! "Ricky? Oh Ricky! Now - Joanie - don't - be - impatient - your - turn - will - come - too." As though she were still a baby.

"We wouldn't have to tell them. Not right away, anyway." Ricky's voice was unsteady but his eyes were level, as though he had thought it all out already.

"You mean—elope?" She drew in her breath sharply. "But how, Ricky?"

Ricky's eyes were shining now, eager as though she had already agreed. "Listen, Joan. I know a fellow over in Edenvale. Lon Wilkerson. He used to work for Dad but he's got his own garage now. Lon's a good chap and his wife Madge is swell. You'd like her, Joanie. I bet Lon and Madge would help us, if I asked them to." His arms were hard and tight and certain around her. "Say yes, Joanie. Gee, maybe we could get married next week! The night of the fraternity dance. We could go off to the dance together and nobody would suspect." ★ *Cont'd on next page*

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Next week. Married. Next week.
"Oh, no, Ricky! I—we couldn't!"
"Yes," Ricky said firmly. "Say yes,
Joanie darling."

Married. Next week. Oh, what a
joke it would be on Deborah, the smug
one, the eldest, the one to whom all
the gifts of life came first. Deborah
would stand there at the altar, getting
married—and all the while Joan, in the
girlish pink net which Deborah had
forced upon her, would be laughing
secretly inside herself knowing that this
time she had been first. How furious
Deb would be when she found out, later.
Oh, it would really take some of the
shining glory away from Deborah's own
wedding when she found out that her
baby sister had been married before her.

She lifted shining eyes to Ricky's face.
Oh, she loved him every bit as much
as Deborah loved Philip. She did, she
did! And she was so very tired of being
told always that she was too young, that
she must always endlessly wait until
her own turn came; she was so
tired of having everything happen to
Deborah first.

"Yes, Ricky. Yes!"

MADGE WILKERSON'S hair was
frowsy-blond. She was big and com-
fortable-looking and untidy and she
laughed with lots of shining golden
teeth. Her kitchen was untidy too.
Joan held tightly to Ricky's hand and
tried not to look at the unwashed dishes
in the sink. She tried not to look at
the rip in Madge Wilkerson's dress or
at Lon Wilkerson picking his teeth with
slow deliberation. They weren't some-
how the kind of friends she had ex-
pected Ricky to have. She looked at
them and wished she hadn't come here
today with Ricky.

"So you two kids are in a hurry
to get married?" Madge Wilkerson
stubbed out her cigarette in her saucer
and looked at Joan with amused
contempt.

Joan's face flamed. It was strange
how certainly she knew what Madge
meant.

Ricky said, almost sullenly: "We
want to get married without our families
finding out, that's all."

"Sure. You don't have to draw me
a diagram. I know." Madge grinned
and then shook her head as though, in
spite of knowing, she found it hard to
understand. "Funny, how you can't
tell about kids these days. Here you
are, Joanie, a kid from a swell home
and to look at you, you'd never think
—oh, well. Skip it."

Joan's cheeks were deep crimson now,
from anger and humiliation. She opened
her mouth but Ricky was squeezing her
hand warningly under the table. As
though to make her understand that it
really didn't matter what Madge Wil-
kerson thought.

"All right," Ricky said. "I'd figured
you and Lon were friends of mine but
if you don't want to help us—well, I
guess we can find someone else."

"Now, now—" Lon Wilkerson said.
"No use getting your mad up, kid. We
just want to make sure you really want
to get hitched. Because anybody's a
dope to get hitched if they don't have to,
eh, Madge?" He got up and rumpled
Madge's hair. He looked—almost nice.

"Mm." Madge closed one eye and
looked at Joan. "We'll have to do some-
thing about your appearance, kiddo.
You don't look 18, I can tell you that."

A different hair-do, maybe and a little
rouge high on your cheeks. A suit, I
guess. A suit always makes you look
older. And I could say you're my sister,
they won't ask so many questions that
way."

It was a dream. A strange dream.
She would wake up soon and find that
this untidy kitchen with the crack along
the ceiling and the unwashed dishes was
only part of a strange bad dream.
Madge and Lon Wilkerson too were
only part of this strange dream and at
any moment she could make herself
wake up, she could make the dream
disappear just by looking at Ricky and
saying: "I've changed my mind. I
don't really want to get married."

She looked at Ricky and she opened
her mouth to say it. To see if the words
would really come out and stop the
dream from going on.

"Ricky—" she said.

Ricky squeezed her hand, harder. He
bent over her so that Madge and Lon
wouldn't hear what he was saying.
"You love me, Joanie. Don't you?
Listen, Joanie darling, you can't let me
down now. Not if you really love me."
His cheek was against hers now. "Don't
mind all this too much, Joanie. It isn't
—important. The only important thing
is the way we feel about each other."

She sighed, a childish frightened sigh.
But she didn't say the words she had
been going to say. There was no way
of saying them to Ricky because he
wouldn't let her say them, he wouldn't
listen, he would only ask her again if she
really loved him. And she did.

So she let the dream go on unwinding
itself in the untidy kitchen. She listened,
and nodded her head at whatever Madge
said to her . . . and didn't hear a word
that Madge said.

IT WENT ON BEING a dream. The
next day and the next day and the next
it went on being a dream and she walked
through the days of the week in the
dream, while all around her the excite-
ment of Deborah's approaching wedding
filled the house. The telephone and the
doorbell rang and rang and rang. Some-
times she would find herself standing
still in the middle of it all and wonder-
ing what the excitement was all
about. And that blank sudden wonder
that left her standing still sometimes in
the middle of a room, was the most
terrifying thing of all the things that
were happening to her. Because at such
moments she got all mixed up inside
and wondered whether these things were
happening to her . . . or to Deborah.

She had a queer feeling that if only the
doorbell would stop ringing and the tis-
sue paper would stop rattling and she
could catch her mother's eye for a
moment she might be able to fight her
way out of this strange stilling dream
through which she slowly moved.

It was a dream that carried her to
Madge's house in the dark suit that made
her look older, the day she and Ricky
skipped classes and drove to Edenvale
for the license. She stood unresistant
while Madge fixed her face and stared
passively, without interest, at that
strange older girl in the mirror wearing
the dark suit and the darker face powder
and rouge that made her look . . .
cheap. As she filled out the form she
listened from a remote distance to
Madge Wilkerson's voice answering the
clerk's questions. "My kid sister . . .
sure she's 19, I guess I ought to know."

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Yeah, that's my address, she lives with me."

The dream carried her through to the morning of the dance. And it was all still part of the dream.

Ricky kissed her and looking up at him, she had a strange feeling that she hardly knew him. She looked at him and she wanted to giggle because everything was so queer and strange, and the strangest part of all was the way she and Ricky kept on talking as though they were really going to be married tonight.

"Tonight," Ricky said, letting her off at her house. "Tonight, Joan!"

"Tonight," she repeated obediently. She walked slowly into the house.

The house was, for once, strangely quiet.

Deborah was in the bedroom, sorting through old snapshots and dance programs whose tinsel lustre had long since disappeared. The boxes in which Deborah kept them were spread over both the beds. It was as though even this room which they shared belonged completely to Deborah these days. Joan curled up on a corner of the bed and watched Deborah tidying up her past, discarding this and that in her neat, precise fashion.

"Mother's gone into town to try to match that net," Deborah said. She came over and tugged affectionately at Joan's hair. "Listen, gloomy-goon, don't worry about that dress. By the time mother fusses with it a little, it will look perfect. And don't pay any attention to me, I'm just a little bit on edge, from all the excitement." She stretched her hands above her head. "This house is just a madhouse these days."

"I'm not—worried about the dress," Joan said. She looked at Deborah and a lump tightened in her throat because Deborah had spoken to her just as she used to do in the long-ago days: the days when she and Deborah had been sisters doing things together and giggling at night with their beds drawn close to each other. The days when Deborah had noticed her and loved her. Those long-ago days before Deborah had begun noticing and loving nobody but Philip.

Deborah took a dance program out of the box. Smoothing it, she smiled at Joan. "Well, don't tell me you and Ricky have had a quarrel?"

Joan shook her head numbly. Her fingers tightened on the bedspread. What if she told Deborah? Would Deborah understand that Joan felt about Ricky the same way as Deb felt about Philip? Would she realize that Joan too was now—grown-up? Or would Deb be furious and insist that Joan was doing this only to spoil the specialness of her own marriage to Philip?

SHE HAD TO TAKE a chance on Deb's anger. Because the words were aching to spill from her throat and tonight was coming too soon and she was—scared. But Deb didn't give her the chance to say it. Deb was looking at her with eyes that were elder-sister wise, remote, superior.

"You mustn't take Ricky too seriously, you know. You're still nothing but a baby, Joan. Puppy love's like measles, it's something we all get—and get over." She looked at the dance program and a smile tugged at the

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corner of her mouth. "Do you remember Bill Ketchum, Joan? I actually knelt beside my bed one night and prayed that Bill would ask me to this dance." The program fluttered from Deborah's hand like a leaf falling in October.

Bill Ketchum? That tall blond boy with the bony wrists, three—no, four years ago. It was strange to think that Deborah, who seemed now to have been in love with Philip forever, had once knelt beside her bed breathing a prayer that bony-wristed Bill Ketchum would smile on her.

"There will be lots of boys probably, before your Philip comes along." Deborah's eyes were elder-sister wise, smiling on Joan, telling her little sister that she too had once been in love with a Ricky and had later met her Philip and so had a touchstone now for all of the past and all of the future. Deborah's eyes were fixed on distance as though she could almost see a face unknown perhaps yet to Joan advancing toward Joan through the misty layers of time.

"No!" Joan said. "It isn't that at all."

Because Deborah was wrong, Ricky was Ricky and she loved him as much as Deborah loved Philip. And she couldn't bear the thought that Ricky might ever become for her a vague face diminished by distance or time or perspective. *That's why Ricky wants us to get married now*, she thought. *So that won't happen to us.*

Deborah sighed with relief. "Well, I'm glad if the trouble isn't Ricky. I'd hate to be going through all that puppy love again myself." She picked up the box in which she had stored the discarded trinkets of her young girlhood. "I wish you'd tell me what is wrong, though. You've been moping around so much that mother and I got worried. You know mother. She hates to nag and pry but she's really worried."

When Joan didn't answer a wry smile twisted Deborah's lips. "If it's anything I've said or done, Joanie—well, just remember that in another few weeks I won't be around to cramp your style. And you'll be—the daughter of the house."

The daughter of the house. Deb was smiling as she said it but there were tears on Deb's lashes. As though she were reminding Joan that her turn was almost here. As though now that Deb was abdicating her crown as daughter of the house she could tell Joan that she understood how it must feel to wait always as the younger sister for your turn to come.

She felt close and warm and comforted by Deb's smile because they were sisters again and loved and understood each other. And because Deborah was once more her loved older sister, she could tell Deborah what was happening to her and Deb would—understand. Because Deb too looked as though, for a moment, she was almost scared about marriage really being so close.

"Deb," she said. "Will you tell me something? Are you—do you feel kind of scared about getting married?"

Deborah gathered up the boxes. "Scared?" Her smile was once more remote and mysterious. "Mm. Yes and—no. But you wouldn't understand, baby. You're still too young."

The telephone rang and Deborah ran to answer it, but the moment of closeness was already gone.

Ricky called for her at eight. She

wore his gardenias on her shoulder. She kissed her mother and father good-by and she got in the car beside Ricky, her taffeta dance dress layers of bouffant frills against the car's upholstery. Her mother and father waved good-by from the doorway. It seemed to Joan that they must surely, surely hear the crackle of the license in Ricky's pocket and that in another moment they would stop her from going with him.

They drove to the next town, to Madge and Lon Wilkerson's house in a strange unreal silence. Ricky turned his head only once during the drive to look at her. "Listen, Joan. If you still want to back out—"

Just for a moment she sat, her hands slack at her sides, looking away from Ricky toward the ribbon of white road unwinding ahead of them. If she backed out now—

Just for a moment it was as though she could almost see, advancing toward her along that ribbon of road the unknown man of whom Deborah had spoken so surely.

SHE LOOKED QUICKLY back at Ricky. At the sharp cute little point of his ears and the nice funny cowlick and the mouth whose familiar shape she knew and loved. She had a strange feeling that if she backed out now it would be the end of everything between her and Ricky. They had used their middle names on the license (and Alfreda Jamieson didn't look like Joan Jamieson nor James Carter like Richard Carter) but someone might have found out anyway. Someone like Miss Primrose, whose sister lived in that town. Joan shivered. If anyone found out that she and Ricky had almost eloped, their families would find some way to keep them apart. And time would go on . . . and after a while Ricky might become for her only a vague memory, a boy with whom she had once been crazily in love and who was now only a name on a fading tinsel dance program . . .

"No!" she cried. "No, Ricky. I don't want to—back out."

Madge and Lon Wilkerson were waiting for them. Lon looked strange and uncomfortable in his tuxedo and Madge's hair looked frowsier than ever above the shining satin dress she wore. There was delicatessen food on the table, covered with waxed paper.

Madge grinned. "Lon and me decided it was a shame for you kids to miss all the trimmings, so we're giving you a wedding supper afterward."

Afterward. Joan swallowed hard. And then they were all in Ricky's car again and driving along a strange road and after a while she and Ricky were standing before a tired-looking man who was mumbling "do-you-Alfreda—" and she realized he was talking to her because Madge nudged her sharply in the back.

Madge had taken charge of everything. As though she really were Joan's older sister, the way she was pretending to be. The minister had shaken his head at first, although the license was in order. He had looked at Joan and shaken his head dubiously and Madge had whispered something to him and then he had looked at Joan again, as though in sharp distaste and Joan had found her face flaming. But except for that one moment, before he agreed to perform the ceremony, she had felt

nothing but numbness. As though it were not she who was standing here while Ricky put the ring upon her finger, but a stranger for whom she felt oddly, remotely sorry.

The numbness stayed even when they were back at the Wilkerson's. Madge urged ham and bologna and potato salad on her but she only shook her head numbly because her throat was so dry she could not swallow. She looked at Ricky across the table and his face was almost as white as she knew hers must be.

Madge slapped Joan on the back. "Listen, kid, you're safely married now. Nothing to look so glum about." Madge was very gay. She made Lon waltz around the room with her. She tried to get Joan and Ricky to dance, fiddling with the dials of the radio until she got the band that was playing for the fraternity dance. "Come on, you kids. This is a wedding, not a funeral."

The dance. Her mother and father thought she was at the dance. She began to giggle hysterically. "They think we're at the dance," she said. "They think Ricky and I are at the dance!"

"Listen, Joan," Ricky interrupted anxiously. "We've got to show up at the dance for a while. If we don't go there at all, everybody in town will know it by tomorrow."

Madge said grimly, "I guess the whole town will know it soon enough anyway. But if you really want to keep it secret a little while longer, kid, Joan had better take off that ring."

Joan looked at the cheap shiny ring on her finger. Her wedding ring. "What—what will I do with it?"

"You want to leave it here, kid?"

"No, thank you." You didn't leave your wedding ring in someone else's dresser drawer.

"Look, why don't you stick it on your charm bracelet?" Madge said. "Nobody'll ever notice it there."

NOBODY WOULD ever notice it there. Slowly she took off her wedding ring. She held it in the palm of her hand for a moment and it winked up at her and it was hard to believe that it was really hers. Madge helped her twist it through a loop of the bracelet and she looked at it dangling there between the silver star that Deb had given her and the tiny heart-shaped locket that she had begged from her father for her last birthday. Nobody would notice it there. She could wear it to the dance and nobody would notice—and when she came home it would dangle there on her wrist, plainly in sight of them all. And nobody would even notice.

Not with all their attention centred on Deborah's wedding.

Ricky put his arm around her. "Come on, Joan. We'll only have to stay there an hour or so."

Madge yawned. "Lon and I are going to turn in. We'll leave the door unlocked for you." She waved her hand toward the bedroom. "We're bunking out here on the sofa. The bridal suite's all yours, kids."

"The—the bridal suite?" Joan stammered. "The—the—"

Ricky's arms were tight around her now. Hard and tight, holding her close to him. "Listen, Joanie. Madge and Lon are letting us stay here. It's all right, Joanie. It's all right, I tell you!" He was shaking her now, hard. He was

*Continued on next page



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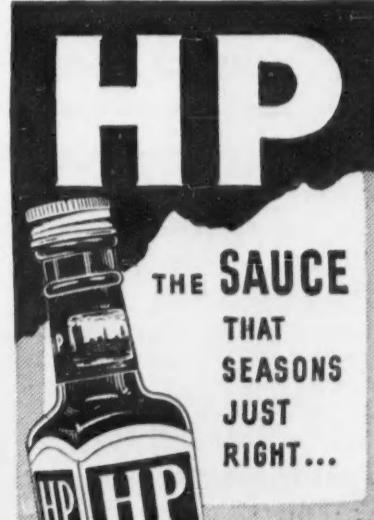
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shaking her and trying to make her look at him but his face wasn't Ricky's face any more. It was the face of a stranger. "It's all right, Joanie. We're married now. You're my wife."

Wife, she thought. I'm a wife. But the word wife was only a strange blank word. She echoed and re-echoed it to herself, letting it run in dizzy circles through her mind until it had no sense or meaning and she began to wonder if there was any such word at all. Wife. There was the word wife and there was the word bride and they were real words but they didn't belong to her, they belonged to Deborah. In another week Deborah would be a bride. Deborah would walk down the aisle past the rustling pews, in the white satin with her grandmother's veil over her face. Deborah would kneel and place her hand in Philip's and her voice would rise clear and certain in the

responses. And when she turned and faced them all again, Deborah would be Philip's wife. And before she left with Philip in a shower of rose petals she would turn for a last smile, a last wave of good-by to her mother and father—and to Joan, standing there in the botched pink net dress, with a wedding ring from the ten-cent store concealed among the dangling trinkets on a charm bracelet . . .

"No!" she cried. "No!"

The tears were hard and tight in her throat and they wanted to come out but they couldn't. Laughter came out instead. High shrill terrible laughter. She laughed and laughed and couldn't stop laughing at the strange lonesome joke she had played on herself.

(A wedding ring on her charm bracelet—Can Joan keep her secret from the family? October's concluding installment is dramatic and true-to-life.)

The Black Queen

Continued from page 35

I've never met a girl like you. Has anyone ever told you that you're beautiful? Your eyes are lovely, and I like the way your brows swoop up, as if someone had twisted the brush when he painted them. Nice nose too—but don't you ever powder it?"

"I keep forgetting," Jan said apologetically. She opened the sequin bag and pulled out her compact. A few cards came with it.

Alan picked them up and stared at the last one. "Hey," he said, "here's your portrait. Same eyes, same brows, same don't-push-me-too-far chin. You look like this queen of spades."

"But the queens all look alike," Jan said.

"For a girl who plays cards half the night, you're not very well acquainted with them. Give me the rest of the pack."

He found the other queens and spread them out on the white-topped table. "Now look and learn," he said. "The red queens are pretty cream puffs like Isabel Carter and your friend Susie. Hearts has a few ideas under her permanent, but diamonds talks baby talk. Clubs has brains without beauty, but the queen of spades—there's the real gal! She has everything, and she doesn't care what people think either. Jan, you're that black queen."

Jan's cheeks began to feel warm, and there was a delicious tingling down her spine. She knew she was no authority on affairs of the heart, but she told herself it would be impossible to mistake that look in Alan's eyes. A man was falling in love with her!

The waitress brought another hot dog, and Jan dabbed it with mustard. "Do you have a job, Alan?" she asked, and took a bite.

"Not yet, Black Queen. After I got out of the Army I went back to college, but it seemed so darned juvenile that I didn't finish. I've been looking around for a year or so, and now"—his eyes lighted—"I think I've finally got something. Do you know anything about helicopters?"

"Not much." Jan opened her bun and put on more mustard.

"Commuters' helicopters," Alan said eagerly. "You live in the country, but you don't have to drive to the station

every morning and catch a train. You take off from your own back yard and land on the roof of your own office building. Think of the time you save!"

Jan smiled at him. He looked so sweet with his grey eyes shining that way. She wondered what he liked to eat for breakfast.

"And don't tell me a helicopter would be too expensive for the average commuter. We've got this one stripped down to the bare essentials. Just one comfortable seat and a small rotor, enough to lift a 200-pound man. Look, I'll show you—" He pulled out a pencil and went happily to work on the back of the menu.

JAN ATE her hot dog and watched him with tender interest. She did not understand the diagram, but she was having lovely thoughts. Would she like to spend the rest of her life with him? Of course she would—and the sooner they got started the better! He was handsome, clever, charming, completely delightful, and she wondered how he'd look with his hair parted on the other side.

"See what I mean?" he said at last. "It even solves our traffic problem. A helicopter for every suburban home!"

"It sounds wonderful," Jan murmured. "When do you start making them?"

Alan frowned. "That," he told her, "is the catch. The guy who designed this job is a pal of mine, and when he couldn't find anyone with vision enough to buy it, we thought we'd make it ourselves. But we can't get hold of the capital—"

"Oh, dear!" Jan said. "And you haven't enough?"

"I have plenty, but until I'm 35 all I can get my fingers on is 15% of the income. You see my dad and my brother Fleet were cut out with the same cookie cutter, and they understood each other. Me, I'm just myself, and when I feel like spending a nickel, I spend it. So after Dad died, we found this will which keeps me cold and stiff as a frozen salmon—"

"Do you mean," Jan asked incredulously, "that your brother can use his money but you can't?"

"That's only the half of it. I'm 22, but Fleet is still in charge of the freezing unit. There's a clause in the will that'll let me have the principal before I'm 35 any time he thinks I'm fit to handle it,

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but he prefers to keep my nose frosted."

Jan was deeply shocked. And she could not help suspecting that his father must have been a little touched.

"Have you talked to Fleet about the helicopter?" she asked.

"I talked about it for days, but Fleet wouldn't trust me with a dime to buy shoe polish. Not if it was more than the 15%. He's only 27, but you'd think he was my grandfather. Oh, well, except for looking at nickels so long he frightens them, poor old Fleet is a right guy."

Jan gazed at this misunderstood son and brother, and pity blossomed in her like spring flowers. But one thing at least, she told herself, Fleet would be unable to spoil for him. Money meant absolutely nothing to her, and if Alan wanted to marry her, she would wear an old fur coat, and live blissfully on the tiniest income.

The news that Jan had been invited to spend three weeks with Alan's family completely disrupted the Forrester household. Mrs. Forrester, a small and dainty person who had never quite adjusted herself to the fact that her one child resembled her hulking, black-browed husband, was so excited she could barely eat.

After telephoning the woman whose son Alan had been visiting, she became too excited to digest what she had eaten. Alan, it seemed, was a son of the late Fleetwood Graham, who had made his pile in bathroom fixtures, particularly a tub with a nonslip finish. "No one has ever slipped in a Graham tub," the radio announcers said. "No one ever will."

Clutching at this opportunity with both hands, Mrs. Forrester hustled her daughter downtown to shop. For days Jan was zipped, unzipped, pinned, and asked to hold in her stomach. Then Mrs. Forrester reminded her that men did not fall in love with muscles, and told her under no circumstances to lift heavy suitcases or move furniture. She begged her to remember to powder her nose, and implored her not to eat as if she had just shoveled a ton of coal single-handed.

JAN LISTENED politely and said little. This sort of thing had been going on for nearly 19 years. She didn't mind it now the way she had when she was in dancing school, and her mother had tried to keep her straight black hair in curls and moaned at her clumsiness. Then she had lost her temper sometimes and tossed the curlers into the plumbing, or even kicked her struggling partners in the shins. Then she had cried because she was so big and awkward nothing could be done about her.

But all the tears and the fussing had not made her popular, or made her stop growing a month sooner. And the one lesson she had really learned from her mother was that it was easier and pleasanter to be like her big, calm father. "Take it easy, baby," her father always said, "things will look better tomorrow."

Jan's first week was delightful. The Grahams lived in a 10-room apartment with a huge fireplace, a terrace decorated with potted evergreens, and a view of the distant hills. They lived well and dined excellently. What was more, after one quick, searching glance at her, Alan's mother and brother had behaved as if they could hardly believe their own good luck.

As for Alan himself, he seemed handsomer every time she looked at him, and he was so charming that she began to feel sorry for all the other girls who obviously couldn't have him. She even began to feel rather sorry for her own mother. Because she was different, her mother had fumed over her and taken bicarbonate of soda, yet it was because she was different that this fascinating Alan had fallen in love with her. So for years, instead of vainly trying to make chiffon out of tweed, her mother might as well have spent the time improving her bridge game.

"Black Queen," Alan said one day, "Fleet likes you. Why don't you talk to him about the helicopter?"

Jan felt a bit uncomfortable, but the next time she found herself alone with Alan's brother, she made a little speech. She explained that the helicopter would solve a commuter's problems, and she said that her father said a man should like his work. "And this—" she finished earnestly, "is the only thing Alan has ever really wanted to do."

Fleet opened his mouth, and then he closed it again. Finally he said, "People aren't ready to commute in helicopters yet. They're still trying to get new cars."

"But Alan says an advertising campaign—"

"Have you any idea what a national advertising campaign would cost? And then he'd still have to make them and get the bugs out of them. And then, without a cent coming in, he'd still have to try to sell them—"

"That's what they had to do with automobiles," Jan said.

Fleet stood there, frowning, and she watched him anxiously. She had to admit that Alan's penny-pinching brother had been a surprise to her. She'd expected a small, precise, tight-lipped man, and instead he was much bigger than Alan. He even towered over her. His hair was so red that Alan's seemed pastel beside it, his eyes were bright green, and his features large and firm. What was more, she had discovered that he actually shared her passion for tennis and detective stories.

The green eyes seemed to soften as they looked at her, and she caught her breath in sudden hope. But all Fleet said was, "Have you ever seen the plans for this helicopter? What do you do in the darn thing when it rains? Just hang there and get wet?"

Later Jan realized that this conversation marked the end of her carefree enjoyment. But at the time it merely left her rather confused. Fleet had shown a shocking lack of interest in his brother's future, and she knew she ought to dislike him. But how was she going to make herself dislike a man who had lent her a wonderful spine chiller called "The Frozen Corpse"?

AFTER THAT things were somehow less satisfactory, and long before the end of her second week she was feeling oddly restless. She was not quite sure why. Maybe it was because she had so little time to really talk to Alan. He stayed in bed till noon, and when he was up and lounging around the apartment, there also was his mother. Mrs. Graham was in poor health and did not go out much, and she was delighted to have company. In a very short time Jan knew all about Mrs. Graham, including what she was allowed to eat, and how often she had



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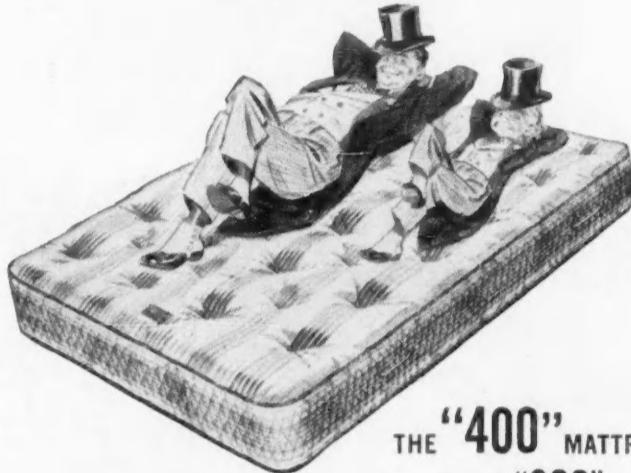
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to take the yellow pills and the blue capsules. Even her evenings with Alan were not exactly confidential chats. They always went out, and there were always people, and by the time they got home it was morning.

Then of course there was the matter of his unsettled future, and whether or not they could live on his 15%, she thought he ought to have something to do. But every time Alan mentioned the helicopter, Fleet would say he needed him at the office. And every time Jan tried to talk about it, she seemed to get sidetracked. One minute she would be telling Fleet about the plastic rain shield Alan was going to put over the seat, and the next minute she would find herself happily discussing the best way to string a tennis racket, or wondering whether it really was the bearded stranger who had stabbed poor Lady Maude with the poisoned East Indian dagger.

The worst of it was that she had plenty of time to talk to Fleet about anything. Mrs. Graham usually spent the evening in bed, and Alan never remembered to change his clothes until the last moment, so Jan frequently found herself alone in the living room with his brother. But instead of staying on the subject of Alan's future, she now knew all about the shack which was Fleet's favorite hide-out, and more about what went on at the office than Alan did.

Such a set of circumstances would have sent her mother running for the bicarbonate, but she had no intention of being like her mother. She tried to remember how her father behaved when confronted by an annoying situation and it seemed to her that he usually sat down, lighted his pipe, and waited for the situation to change.

She tried to do likewise, omitting the pipe, of course, but something had happened to her appetite, and on Saturday she had the first really vicious headache of her healthy life. She stayed in her room and sent Alan off to a cocktail party alone.

By dinnertime she had managed to pull herself together, and was at the table with Mrs. Graham and Fleet when Alan came home. He burst in like a minor tornado, shedding his overcoat on the floor.

"I just saw Homer Ellis again," he told them eagerly. "He's the guy I roomed with freshman year, the one who quit and went to Hollywood. He's starting a repertory theatre and he wants me to go in with him."

There was a silence. Slowly Jan put down her fork.

"But—but what about the helicopter?" she managed at last.

"Oh, people aren't ready to commute in helicopters yet." Alan's eyes were shining as he pulled up a chair. "But do you realize that in the Middle West they are actually starved for good theatres? What do they see in the Middle West? Just commercial junk, tailored for the masses. The kind of stuff that runs here for months. Homer has one play that will knock their eyes out. It all takes place at the bottom of a well—"

In a daze Jan listened to him. She watched him pull out pencil and paper and begin to draw a diagram of the set.

Then suddenly she realized that neither Mrs. Graham nor Fleet had said a word. Fleet was biting his lip

and Mrs. Graham looked as if she wanted to cry.

AFTER DINNER the brothers disappeared, and through a closed door Jan could hear their voices raised in argument. She supposed Alan must need money to invest in the repertory theatre. She was standing before the living room fire, trying to be calm like her father, when Mrs. Graham came in.

"Janet, dear" she said, "you know how fond we all are of you. You—you aren't annoyed with Alan, are you?"

"Why, no," Jan said slowly, "I don't think so. If he can't make helicopters, naturally he'd want to do something else."

"I'm so glad you understand, dear. You know you're the only—well, the only friend—a girl, that is—of Alan's whom we've ever really liked. We think you're very good for him. And Alan is—well, he has a great deal of enthusiasm, and sometimes he's quite carried away by new ideas. I suppose that in a way it's my fault. He was a rather sickly child, and so I always let him have anything new that I thought would amuse him. But if you'll just be patient with him, I'm sure he won't get into any real difficulties. Fleet will see to that. And after all, Alan is exceptionally charming and lovable, isn't he?"

Jan agreed that he was, and let Mrs. Graham kiss her. But her head had begun to ache again.

For the next few nights Jan rolled around in her bed till it looked as though puppies had slept there, and for the first time in her life even hot dogs left her cold. The leap from helicopters to a repertory theatre had been too swift, and she didn't seem to be geared for such quick changes. One night she dreamed that Alan had made a rocket ship with lace curtains at the windows, and invited her to take a trip to the moon. The next night he'd brought home a live dinosaur with bright green eyes, and was teaching it to balance peanuts on its nose.

And by that time she knew Fleet too well to believe that he would ever let Alan invest in the repertory theatre. When Fleet's eyes turned cold and his mouth tightened, you might as well stop arguing. She tried to make Alan see that if he wanted to use his money before he was 35, he would have to find some investment which Fleet considered sound and practical, but Alan would not listen to her. That night she scarcely slept at all.

Then suddenly, at five a.m., she realized that she was behaving exactly like her mother. A little more of this and she'd be drinking bicarbonate too.

The next day she started on a new program. She was going to take things easy and wait for the situation to change. And if thinking about her problems kept her in a dither, then she would stop thinking about them. She began to read "The Big Top Murders," which Fleet had lent her, and at dinnertime she dressed quickly and hurried into the living room to talk to him. When she was telling him she was sure it was the tattooed man who had strangled the Siamese twins and tied their bodies to the runaway elephant, she could almost forget that she had problems.

In spite of this program, she grew more restless and less hungry, and by the next Friday night her clothes were beginning to feel loose. She even forgo-



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she was going to be like her father and tried again to make Alan lose interest in the repertory theatre.

But all Alan said was, "You've been listening to that brother of mine, haven't you? For the love of little fishes, Black Queen, what kind of heels are you wearing? You're at least two inches taller than I am."

Then he told her to put on her red dress that evening, because they were going to meet some actors and playwrights at Homer's party. By that time Jan's head had begun to feel as though someone were pounding nails inside it.

"I don't believe I'll be able to go," she said at last. "I have another headache."

When he had gone out without her, Jan took two aspirins, found a pack of cards, and opened the card table. It was quiet and peaceful in the big living room, with the fire crackling pleasantly behind the brass fire screen, and just having cards in her hands again seemed to help. Tonight she was really going to behave like her father and stop wondering what Alan would want to do when he finally lost interest in the repertory theatre. She would also stop wondering when he was going to ask her to marry him. She was leaving on Sunday, but after all they still had more than 24 hours. She turned up an ace and played it on the board.

At 11:30 Fleet unlocked the front door of the apartment. He came into the living room and stared at her.

"What are you doing here alone? Where's Alan?"

Jan found herself wondering where Fleet had been all evening. With a girl, perhaps? "I have another headache," she explained, "so I told him to go out without me."

"What?" Fleet's red hair seemed to flame. "And he went? But you're going home day after tomorrow, aren't you? Darn his hide, this is too much!"

She recognized that glint in his green eyes. He was furious. Her hands began to shake and she had to put down the cards.

"Fleet," she said quickly, "I finished the book this afternoon. And it was the tattooed man, wasn't it?"

SHE DID not sleep well that night, and next morning she was very tired. But Alan, when he finally appeared, was exuding good cheer like a choir singing Christmas carols. He told her it had been quite a party.

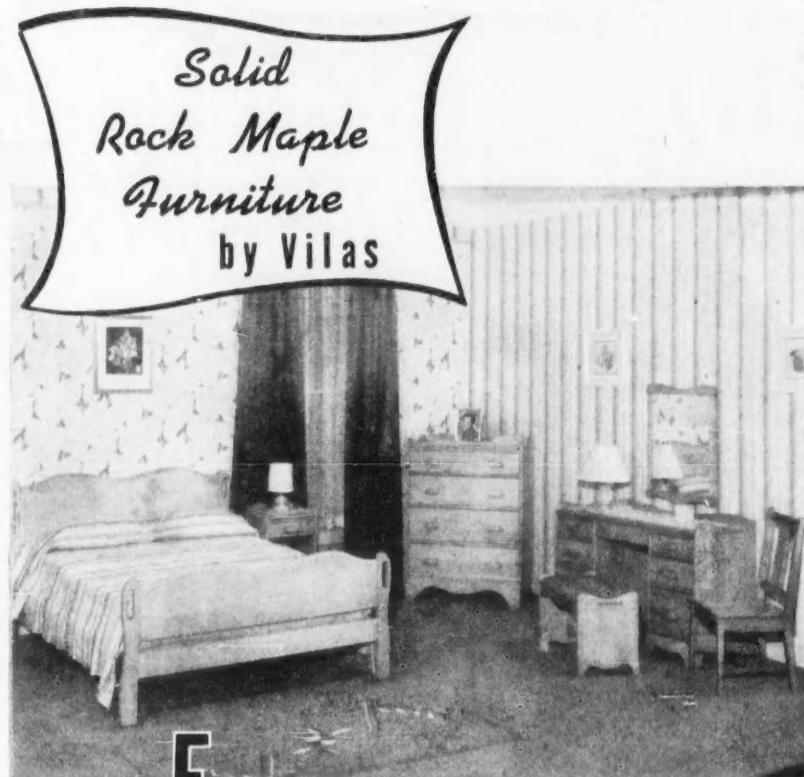
For the rest of the afternoon he hovered around the telephone, and he had a number of calls. By the time he had made his fifth engagement to drink cocktails and talk about the repertory theatre, Jan's patience was getting ragged. Why couldn't he understand that Fleet would never let him have the money?

After dinner Mrs. Graham went to bed and Alan wandered into his room to change his clothes. Five minutes later the telephone rang again, and Jan picked it up. The voice which asked for Alan was a low and musical contralto, and before she could open her mouth to call him, he had reappeared in a dressing gown.

"Is that for me?" he asked eagerly. "Oh, hello—"

Even Fleet, who had not heard the voice, could have few doubts about the

* Continued on page 99



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Meals of the Month

SEPTEMBER

	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER
WED 1	Orange and Grapefruit Juice Cereal Toast Coffee	Wieners on Split Rolls (with tomato cheese sauce) Tossed Salad Fruit Cup Tea Cocoa	Liver and Bacon Mashed Potatoes Green Beans Coconut Cream Pie Coffee Tea
THU 2	Stewed Prunes Cereal Bran Muffins Coffee	Cream of Chicken Soup Fruit Salad (sliced oranges, bananas) Cottage Pudding with Lemon Sauce Tea Cocoa	Grilled Sausages Parsley Potatoes Buttered Beets Peach Betty Coffee Tea
FRI 3	Tomato Juice Cereal Toast Coffee	Scrambled Eggs with Ketchup Brown Bread with Butter Raw Relishes Raisin Pie Tea Cocoa	Baked Haddock with Lemon Wedges Boiled Potatoes Broccoli Baked Stuffed Apple Coffee Tea
SAT 4	Grapefruit Juice Cereal Toast Coffee	Corn on the Cob Coleslaw Chocolate Rennet Custard Tea Cocoa	Meat Balls in Tomato Sauce Whipped Potatoes Spinach Applesauce Ginger Cup Cakes Coffee Tea
SUN 5	Baked Apple Cereal Hot Rolls Coffee	Consmomie Raw Vegetable Salad with Tomato Wedges Chelsea Buns Fresh Plums Tea Cocoa	Roast Chicken Boiled Potatoes in Jackets Green Beans Spanish Cream Coffee Tea
MON 6	Orange Halves Cereal Toast Coffee	Creamed Eggs and Chicken on Toast Mixed Greens Raspberry Jelly Vanilla Wafers Tea Cocoa	Jellied Tongue Fried Potatoes Cauliflower with Toasted Crumbs Lemon Sponge Coffee Tea
TUE 7	Grapefruit Juice Cereal Boiled Eggs Toast Coffee	Toasted Bacon and Tomato Sandwich Coleslaw Rice and Raisin Pudding Tea Cocoa	Spareribs with Barbecue Sauce Boiled Potatoes Buttered Cabbage Grapes Cookies Coffee Tea
WED 8	Tomato Juice Cereal Bacon Buttered Toast Coffee	Pork and Beans Tossed Salad Brown Bread Vanilla Blancmange Chocolate Chip Cookies Tea Cocoa	Baked Meat Loaf Mashed Potatoes Broccoli Deep Peach Pie Coffee Tea
THU 9	Half Grapefruit Cereal Cinnamon Toast Coffee	Sliced Cold Meat Loaf Potato Salad Celery Sticks Cucumber Wedges Johnnycake Syrup Tea Cocoa	Pork Chops OR Cabbage-bacon Casserole Boiled Rice Julienne Carrots Fresh Plums Cookies Coffee Tea
FRI 10	Orange Juice Cereal Bran Muffins Coffee	Spaghetti in Tomato Sauce Lettuce Wedges Peaches and Cream Hot Tea Biscuits Honey Tea Cocoa	Steamed Finnan Haddie with Egg Sauce Parsley Potatoes Green Lima Beans Apple Pie Cheese Coffee Tea
SAT 11	Apple Juice Cereal Toast Coffee	Sausage Rolls Mushroom Soup Coleslaw Fruit Cup Chocolate Cake Tea Cocoa	Beef Stew with Dumplings Cabbage Turnip Banana Cream Pie Coffee Tea
SUN 12	Grapefruit Juice Cereal Grilled Bacon Toast Coffee	Peanut Butter Sandwiches Apple and Date Salad Floating Island Cake (leftover) Tea Cocoa	Cottage Roll Scalloped Potatoes Fresh Corn Ice Cream Butterscotch Sauce Coffee Tea
MON 13	Orange Halves Cereal Toast Coffee	Cold Sliced Cottage Roll Devilled Eggs Cabbage Salad Maple Blancmange Tea Cocoa	Breaded Veal Cutlets Mashed Potatoes Buttered Carrots Apple Dumpling Coffee Tea
TUE 14	Stewed Prunes Cereal Hot Rolls Coffee	Vegetable Soup Cheese Soufflé Carrot and Raisin Salad Tapioca Pudding Tea Cocoa	Boiled Brisket Boiled Potatoes Fresh Broccoli Orange Jelly with Sliced Oranges Coffee Tea
WED 15	Half Grapefruit Cereal Toast Coffee	Creamed Peas on Toast Tossed Salad Prune Whip Custard Sauce Refrigerator Cookies Tea Cocoa	Stuffed Flank Steak Riced Potatoes Buttered Cabbage Lemon Meringue Pie Coffee Tea
THU 16	Tomato Juice Cereal Toast Coffee	Macaroni and Cheese Coleslaw Chocolate Rennet Custard Oatmeal Cookies Tea Cocoa	Lamb Chops Mint Sauce OR Onion Soufflé Boiled New Potatoes Peas and Carrots Baked Apple Coffee Tea
FRI 17	Sliced Oranges Cereal Toasted Scones Jelly Tea Coffee	Asparagus Soup Creamy Eggs on Toast Celery Carrot Sticks Butter Tarts Cocoa Tea	Scalloped Salmon Mashed Potatoes Green Beans and Onions Plum Polypoly Coffee Tea
SAT 18	Mixed Vegetable Juices Cereal Toast Coffee	Cream of Mushroom Soup Toasted Cheese Sandwiches Grapes Doughnuts Tea Cocoa	Steak and Kidney Pie Boiled Potatoes Spinach Creamy Rice Pudding Coffee Tea
SUN 19	Half Grapefruit Cereal Soft-cooked Egg Toast Coffee	Creamy Potatoes and Bacon Mixed Greens Ice Cream with Fruit Sauce Sponge Cake Cocoa Tea	Roast Shoulder of Pork with Stuffing Sweet Potatoes Apple Upside-down Cake Coffee Tea

Food prices continue to rise and meal planning is still difficult. So special stress is laid on cheap dishes in the September Meals of the Month. Occasionally a meatless dish has been suggested as an alternate for the more expensive meat in a meal.

Meat stretching is as important now as it was during the war. Make meat loaves and patties with some dry bread crumbs or cereal for "filler." Stuff spareribs, flank steak, rolled roasts and fish with a bread crumb or vegetable dressing. Use meats leftovers in every possible way to make every ounce count.

Vegetables are plentiful and cheap in September. So make the most of them in vegetable plates and salads. If your family must have meat, serve small portions of the cheaper cuts and large portions of colorful vitamin-packed vegetables.

Buy carefully just to your needs. Keep a watchful eye out for bargains in food prices. Buy very small quantities of "luxury" items to dress up cheaper fare and avoid monotony in your menus.

	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER
MON 20	Blended Fruit Juices Cereal Toast Coffee	Baked Pepper Squash with Sausage Filling Sliced Tomatoes Trifle (using leftover cake) Cocoa Tea	Cream of Tomato Soup Sliced Cold Roast Pork Mustard Pickle Lyonnaise Potatoes Peas Cookies Tea
TUE 21	Tomato Juice Cereal Pancakes Coffee	Tomato and Corn Casserole Cabbage Salad Apple Crisp Tea Cocoa	Shepherd's Pie Ch'i Sauce Harvard Beets Individual Baked Custards Coffee Tea
WED 22	Sliced Oranges Cereal Toast Coffee	Egg Salad Sandwich Raw Relishes Fruit Cup Tea Cocoa	Stuffed Breast of Lamb Mashed Potatoes Glazed Carrots Pumpkin Pie Coffee Tea
THU 23	Grapefruit Juice Cereal Corn Muffins Coffee	Hamburger on a Bun Pickle Relish Cabbage and Carrot Salad Baked Rice Custard Tea Cocoa	Baked Sausages Chili Sauce Boiled Potatoes Broccoli Apple Betty Coffee Tea
FRI 24	Tomato Juice Cereal Toast Coffee	Creamy Eggs on Toast Tossed Salad Canned Fruit Oatmeal Cookies Tea Cocoa	Baked White Fish Onion Stuffing Parsley Potatoes Green Beans Peach Upside-down Cake Coffee Tea
SAT 25	Grape Juice Cereal Toasted Scones Conserv Coffee	Cream of Tomato Soup Toasted Cheese Sandwich Raw Relishes Bananas and Cream Tea Cocoa	Grilled Liver and Bacon French Fried Potatoes Spinach Lemon Sherbet Coffee Tea
SUN 26	Blended Fruit Juices Cereal Soft-cooked Egg Toast Coffee	Creamed Salmon on Toast Celery and Carrot Sticks Fruit Cup Sugar Cookies Tea Cocoa	Short Rib Roast of Beef Yorkshire Pudding Mashed Potatoes Beets Vinaigrette Boston Cream Pie Coffee Tea
MON 27	Orange Slices Cereal Toast Coffee	Baked Tomato Stuffed with Macaroni and Cheese Mixed Greens Applesauce Gingerbread Tea Cocoa	Sliced Cold Roast Beef Mustard Pickles Parsley Potatoes Baked Pepper Squash Coffee Spanish Cream Coffee Tea
TUE 28	Grapefruit Juice Cereal Toasted Muffins Jelly Tea Coffee	Poached Egg on Toast Stewed Tomatoes Cabbage Slaw Stewed Prunes with Lemon Tea Cocoa	Meat Pie with Biscuit Topping Creamed Potatoes Cottage Pudding Butterscotch Sauce Coffee Tea
WED 29	Tomato Juice Cereal Grilled Bacon Toast Coffee	Cream of Vegetable Soup Crackers Carrot Sticks Green Pepper Rings Waffles Maple Syrup Tea Cocoa	Breaded Veal Cutlets OR Baked Bean Loaf Spicy Meat Sauce Mashed Potatoes Carrots Deep Apple Pie Coffee Tea
THU 30	Orange Juice Cereal Toast Coffee	Creole Omelet Mixed Pickles Whole-wheat Bread Apple Snow Custard Sauce Tea Cocoa	Meat Balls in Tomato Sauce Fried Potatoes Baked Hubbard Squash Cole-slaw Raisin or Peach Pie Coffee Tea



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Yes lady, you can serve adequate, nourishing foods within your food budget by using the PRESTO COOKER for all your cooking and canning. You save on food bills. You give your family more nourishing—more appetizing meals too. Get your PRESTO COOKER now.



IN CANADA, 9 OUT OF 10 PRESSURE COOKERS USED ARE *Presto* COOKERS

Presto COOKERS

Presto COOKERS

FROM THE INSTITUTE

Relishes in Three COLORS

by the Institute Staff

BRIGHTENING winter menus is easy when you've a generous stock of pickle relishes on hand. In this way you can carry September's vivid colors on into cold weather meals with very little trouble.

So plan now to have lots of brilliant-red chili sauce, green tomato governor's sauce and mustard-yellow cucumber pickle for the days ahead. Serve them all at once in a three-section relish dish for Sunday night supper. Or bring them out one at a time to add dash to the economy dishes you'll be making often this year.

For you can offer the plainest of beat-the-high-cost-of-meat dishes with a festive air if you accompany them with a favorite pickle relish. Even meat loaf (stretched with bread crumbs), scalloped potatoes and cabbage salad become party fare when they're presented buffet style round a tricolor dish of autumn pickles.

Finely chopped relishes and sauces are particularly popular with sandwich, hamburger and hot dog fans. They spread nicely, with no chunky pieces to interfere with eating out of hand.

CHILI SAUCE

24 medium-sized ripe tomatoes
2 teaspoons whole cloves
1 tablespoon allspice berries
1 stick whole cinnamon
2 sweet red peppers, chopped
2 large onions, finely chopped
1 1/2 cups sugar
2 tablespoons salt
1 tablespoon chili powder
4 cups mild cider vinegar

METHOD: Peel tomatoes and slice into large wide kettle. Bring to boil slowly, stirring occasionally. Simmer for 1 hour or until slightly thickened, stirring to prevent sticking. Put cloves, allspice berries and cinnamon in cheesecloth bag, add with remaining ingredients and bring to boil. Boil for 15 to 20 minutes, uncovered, then reduce heat. Continue cooking for 1 1/2 hours or until mixture is thickened. Watch carefully throughout cooking.

Remove cheesecloth bag. Pour chili sauce into sterilized jars and seal. Yield: 4 to 6 jars.

VARIATIONS: 1. Add 1 cup finely chopped celery.

2. Add 1 finely chopped green pepper.
Approved by Chatelaine Institute

GOVERNOR'S SAUCE

1 peck green tomatoes
1/2 peck onions
1/2 cup pure cooking salt
Cider vinegar
4 tablespoons mixed whole spices
2 pounds brown sugar
2 tablespoons dry mustard
1 teaspoon turmeric

PREPARATION: Wipe tomatoes and slice thin. Place in kettle and sprinkle with 1/4 cup pure cooking salt. Allow to stand overnight. Peel and slice onions very thin. Place in a separate kettle and sprinkle with remaining 1/4 cup salt and allow to stand overnight. In the morning drain liquid from tomatoes. Save liquid from onions.
METHOD: Combine tomatoes, onions and onion liquid in large, wide kettle. Add vinegar to almost cover. Bring to boil. Add spices which have been tied loosely in cheesecloth bag. Boil uncovered for 30 minutes. Add brown sugar and continue to cook for about 1 1/2 hours or until thickened. About 30 minutes before sauce is finished, add mustard and turmeric. Pour into sterilized jars and seal. Yield: 10 to 12 jars.
Approved by Chatelaine Institute.

RIPE CUCUMBER PICKLE

3 to 5 large, ripe cucumbers (3 quarts chopped)
2 large onions (1 1/2 cups chopped)
1/2 green sweet pepper, chopped
1/2 red sweet pepper, chopped
3 tablespoons pure cooking salt
1/4 cup flour
3/4 cup sugar
1 teaspoon turmeric
1/4 cup dry mustard
1 pint cider vinegar

METHOD: Peel cucumbers and remove seeds. Coarsely chop cucumbers and onions, then measure into kettle. Add green and red sweet peppers finely chopped. Sprinkle with salt and let stand 30 minutes. Drain thoroughly. Mix flour, sugar, turmeric and mustard to a smooth paste with vinegar. Add vegetables and cook slowly, uncovered, stirring frequently, until tender—about 20 minutes. Seal in hot sterilized jars. Yield: About 4 pints.
Approved by Chatelaine Institute.

REPORTS

from the Institute

An electric wall outlet that is shock-proof will protect curious children from accidents. A rotary dial cap snaps shut when a plug is withdrawn closing off the contact points. A quarter turn of the dial opens the outlet when plug is inserted.

Commercial dry cleaners, nowadays, can take out almost any kind of stain you're likely to get on your clothes if they know what that stain is. But they're not mind readers. So pin a little note identifying the stain right over the spot to be cleaned and, if it's removable, that spot will be out when your dress comes home.

Be smart and thrifty—join the "Save-Food" campaign. The Canadian Association of Consumers is urging the homemakers of Canada to cut waste and use food to the best nutritional advantage in this critical period of high food prices at home and food needs abroad. Everyone can help by the home-canning of fruits and vegetables and by the proper storage of fresh vegetables for the winter ahead.

How many people will a pound of meat serve? If the question bothers you, sing this little number song the next time you go shopping: lots of bone—one to two; some bone—two to three; little bone—three to four; no bone—four!

Want to save money? Then read the labels on cans and packages which describe the contents. You may be surprised at all the helpful information the manufacturer has put there for your benefit.

An automatic electric egg-cooker takes the guesswork out of cooking eggs. Does up to four eggs at one time, by steam. The amount of water added determines "doneness" of the eggs.

Electric baby bottle warmer operates automatically on the same principle. Heats one bottle in a few minutes. Just as handy for night as for day feedings—a light in the base helps locate it in the dark.

A plastic pie container, wedge-shaped with cover, protects an individual serving of pie in lunch boxes. Eliminates danger of juices from pie running into sandwiches and other foods. Comes in several gay colors.

For fast, efficient shelling of hard-cooked eggs, cool immediately under running water. Crack shell, then loosen it by rolling egg between hands. Peel under running water. To prevent dark ring around yolk—cook eggs at very low temperature, don't overcook and chill thoroughly after cooking.

Gay kitchen paper shelving makes a bright trim for drab flowerpots. Fit the shiny paper around the pot in one or two rows to cover, then join ends with sticky transparent tape. Paper can be easily changed when soiled.



The Little Things in Plumbing
that Pay Big Dividends

2. THE MIXING SPOUT FAUCET

A real boon to the housewife, adaptable to any kitchen sink or laundry tub. Delivers water at the temperature you desire, through one spout . . . no more numbing of fingers from the cold faucet, or possible scalding from the hot. Economical, too, they draw off only the amount of tempered hot water you actually need.

ASK YOUR PLUMBER ABOUT THEM

Dreams become realities when the "dream home" is Crane-equipped

THEY'RE very, very practical—the ideas the lady of the house has when it comes to planning her kitchen, where she—or the "must-be-kept-happy" cook—are going to spend such a great part of every day. So much oldtime kitchen drudgery can be eliminated—work, time and steps saved—with modern planning and modern equipment. And the work center of it all is *the sink*.

You make sure of lasting satisfaction when you choose a Crane sink—and, of course, arrange to have it served with a plentiful hot water supply.

From the various types available, select the one that best suits your needs—that provides the size, depth and work area you desire. Crane sinks are built to endure, designed for efficiency and smart appearance. Their gleaming surfaces are a pleasure to keep clean. Let your architect know the type of your choice. Any plumbing and heating contractor in Canada will supply and install it.

CRANE

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"Just Add Water" says Tilbest

TILBEST FOODS LIMITED, LONDON, CANADA

"The way to a man's heart"—and there are no two ways about it. The love of his life must know how to cook. What better way to help her than showering her with your favorite tried and proven recipes.

The hostess takes charge when she invites her guests. So there won't be any overlapping or two or three of a kind, she tells each guest what the others are contributing. Cards for a recipe

KITCHEN

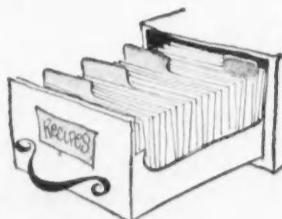


Won't the new cook (and her husband too, maybe) revel in the gifts she receives at this party!

Ask guests to bring small handy gadgets for simplifying kitchen chores. Directions for using (in verse) along with each gift would add to the fun. To present them to the bride, we would suggest a large bouquet—dishcloths, dish mops, chore boy, pot holders, etc., for flowers and at end of streamers attach spoons, forks, ladles, etc.

Kitchen Gadgets: Can opener, bottle opener, egg beater, apple corer, spatula, pie lifter, ladle, fork, knife sharpener, wire whip, pastry tube, potato masher, grapefruit knife, potato peeler, melon baller, jar opener, strawberry huller, cherry pitter, egg slicer, parsley chopper, measuring spoons, plastic bowl covers, quilted mitts, onion chopper.

RECIPE



"The way to a man's heart"—and there are no two ways about it. The love of his life must know how to cook. What better way to help her than showering her with your favorite tried and proven recipes.

The hostess takes charge when she invites her guests. So there won't be any overlapping or two or three of a kind, she tells each guest what the others are contributing. Cards for a recipe

Showers for the Bride

Know what she likes and choose practical gifts she'll love to use in her new home

by Marie Holmes

BEFORE PLANNING a shower for the bride-to-be consider her tastes. Then choose a theme that allows for plenty of scope in the selection of gifts.

If the gifts are practical housekeeping or cooking aids, the bride will be constantly reminded of your party when she settles down to her new homemaking duties.

From our experience in the Institute and our study of the most useful household gadgets, appliances and food products we've planned a variety of shower themes with ideas for gifts and ways to present them.

KITCHEN

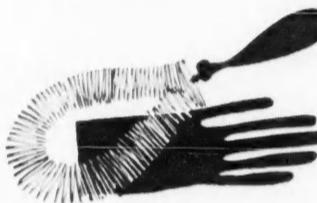
file are sent out and each guest is asked to type or clearly write on it her pet recipe. A gift accompanies each recipe—it's a special pan or utensil associated with that particular recipe.

When the gifts are unwrapped the recipe cards will be collected and presented in a recipe filing box from the hostess, if you wish.

For refreshments choose several of the foods made from the recipes on the cards.

Suggested recipes and gifts: Muffins—muffin pans; cookies—bakesheet; cake—cake pan; pressure cooker (Hungarian Goulash); tea biscuits—cutters; soufflé—casserole dish; fruit bread—loaf pan; angel cake—tube pan; jellied salad—ring mold; custard—glass custard cups.

CLEANING



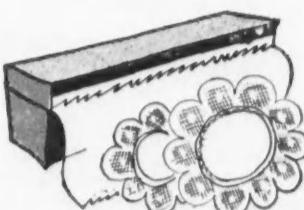
This is a bit out of the ordinary and assures the bride a "shining" future.

Present the gifts in a clothesbasket. One of the gifts might be a duster bag filled with pieces of cheesecloth. During the party these might be hemmed by the guests—a prize being given for the one whose duster is hemmed first.

Serve sunshine cake and ice cream for refreshments.

Suggested gifts: Dust mop, whisks, brushes, floor wax, laundry soap, dusters, silver polishes, cleaners, scrub brush, dust pan, cleaning gloves, hand cream, impregnated cleaning cloths for silver, carpet sweeper, furniture polish, broom, drain cleaner, household ammonia, floor cleaner, etc.

PAPER



So many aids to homemaking come under this heading as our list shows. Send invitations on a card glued to a frilly paper doily.

Serve refreshments on paper plates.

Present gifts on a tea cart or a kitchen table on wheels or in waste-paper baskets or large hat box—all bedecked with crepe paper frilling.

Suggested gifts: Paper towels, serviettes, doilies, place mats, waxed paper, note paper, cookbooks, memo pads, telephone pad, set of gummed labels, parchment paper for cooking, subscriptions to magazines, paper baking cups, paper dusters, silver paper polishers, facial tissues, paper bags for garbage disposal unit, budget book, housekeeping book.

BATHROOM



You can be both frivolous and sensible about these gifts. Every girl loves fussy toiletries but hesitates buying them for herself. And she can never have too many bath towels and washcloths.

A simple way to present these gifts is to heap them into a bathroom laundry hamper. A little more trouble but very "fitting" is to wheel into the room a "judy" (if you can find one up in the attic) all dressed in bath towels, holding a corsage of colored washcloths, her stuffed head covered with a trailing veil made with an old lace curtain.

Suggested gifts: Soap, bath salts, bath mitts, bath oil, washcloths, bath towels, toilet water, guest towels, bath mat, notions, tooth powder, shampoo, wicker hamper, back brush, lucite comb and brush set.

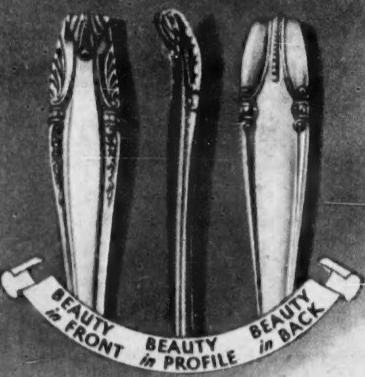
PANTRY SHELF



Everything appropriate to a cupboard is acceptable at this shower—edibles as well as containers. A well-stocked shelf will be a valuable asset come those first busy days of getting settled.

If you have a set of shelves in the living room that can be cleared out or a small bookcase that can be spared for the occasion, dress it up with frilly shelf papers and arrange the gifts in it. Keep it covered until the presentation—then ask the guest of honor to go to the cupboard and help herself to a "stock" of good wishes.

Suggested gifts: Boxes of herbs, spices, set of flavorings, jars of honey, maple syrup, homemade jams, jellies and pickles, packaged mixes, salt, pepper, canned goods, jelly powders, staples (sugar, flour, rice, macaroni, baking powder, soda, cooking oil, vinegar). *



Its "Third Dimension Beauty"...
Its Sculpture in Silver...
Its Wallace Sterling...

These two Wallace designs differ from all others you have ever seen. The imagination of a great designer, William S. Warren, translated the masterful technique of full-formed sculpture into the art of silvercrafting and produced these designs of timeless appeal. Here is lovely sterling with "Third Dimension Beauty" . . . beauty in front, beauty in profile, beauty in back. Here is full-formed sculpture in silver.

Only in Wallace Sterling will you find this "Third Dimension Beauty" . . . this loveliness from every possible perspective. Before you select your silver, see the "Third Dimension Beauty" of these Wallace designs . . . above, STRADIVARI . . . below, ROSE POINT. Both patterns are made in Canada.

**WALLACE
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Wallace Silversmiths, Toronto, Canada





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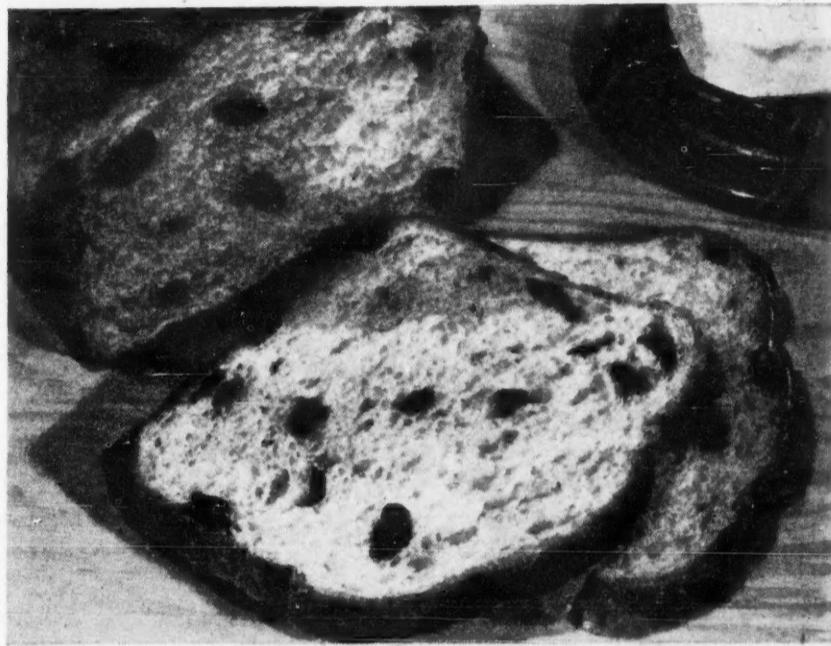
Year after year, women from coast to coast—throughout all Canada—have preserved fruit and vegetables with most satisfactory results using Viceroy Rubber Jar Rings.

M4



The Institute's Feature Recipe

**Everybody likes homemade bread.
Here's a new version that's economical,
delicious and so easy to make**



RAISIN OAT BREAD

1½ cups rolled oats	½ cup milk
1½ cups boiling water	¼ cup cold water
2 tablespoons brown sugar	1 package quick-rising dry yeast
2 teaspoons salt	OR 1 fresh compressed yeast cake
1 cup raisins	3½ cups sifted bread flour
1½ tablespoons soft shortening	

PREPARATION: Put water on to boil. Put shortening out at room temperature to soften. Put milk in double boiler to scald. Wash and dry raisins. Grease 2 loaf pans.

METHOD: Add rolled oats to boiling water, stir. Add sugar, salt and raisins and allow to stand until lukewarm (requires 25 to 30 minutes). Scald milk and add cold water. Cool to lukewarm. Crumble yeast cake into lukewarm liquid. (If dehydrated yeast is used, follow directions on the package.) Measure sifted flour into large bowl. Make a well in centre. When oat mixture is lukewarm, add soft shortening. Mix and turn into flour. Add dissolved yeast and mix until just blended.

With one hand mix dough in large bowl, using swinging rotary motion. Continue mixing for 5 minutes. While dough is in bowl dust lightly with flour, (using sifter). Turn dough out on lightly floured bakeboard. Knead dough for 8 minutes, then put back in bowl. Cover

with dampened tea towel. Let rise at warm room temperature (75 to 85 degrees F.) for 1½ to 2 hours or until dough is double in bulk. Punch down dough. Turn out on lightly floured bakeboard and cut in half with sharp knife. Form each piece of dough into a ball, turning cut surfaces under. Cover and let stand on bakeboard for 15 minutes.

Shape balls of dough into uniform loaves. Place in prepared pans with seam of loaf on underside. Cover with damp tea towel. Let rise at warm room temperature (75 to 85 degrees F.) for 1½ to 2 hours or until double in bulk. One half hour before rising is finished preheat oven to 400 degrees F. When loaves have risen, place in oven, leaving space around each pan so heat can circulate freely. Bake for 15 minutes, then reduce temperature to 350 degrees F. and continue baking for 35 minutes longer. Remove from pans onto wire rack. Brush with melted butter or shortening. Allow to cool uncovered. Yield: 2 loaves.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute.

Apple-Cheese Dishes

by Marie Holmes

Apples and cheese are a handsome pair, when served together as you see them pictured on page 81. A blending of their flavors makes good eating too.

APPLE DUMPLINGS are old favorites but next time you have them, put a piece of cheese on each serving.

Apple upside-down cake will be all the prettier if you cook the apple rings first in a rosy cinnamon syrup and in the centre of each ring, pile a little fresh cream cheese. We have made ours a double decker all ready for a special party dessert.

Cinnamon Apple Upside-down Cake

Cinnamon Apple Rings
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar

$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sifted bread flour
 OR $1\frac{3}{8}$ cups sifted pastry flour
 3 teaspoons baking powder
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup soft shortening
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup granulated sugar
 1 egg, well-beaten
 $\frac{3}{8}$ cup water or milk

PREPARATION: Make Cinnamon Apple Rings as follows: Wash, pare and core 4 or 5 firm apples such as Spy or Winesap, into $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch slices. Make a thin syrup ($\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar to 1 cup water). Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup crushed cinnamon candies or flavor syrup with cinnamon extract and color with red vegetable coloring. Simmer apple slices in syrup for about 5 minutes, then let stand in syrup until rings are nicely tinted. Allow to cool.

In bottom of a deep 9-inch layer pan put the $\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter and place over low heat until melted. Spread $\frac{1}{2}$ cup (packed) brown sugar over bottom, then arrange apple rings in bottom of pan.

Preheat oven to 350 degrees F.

METHOD: Sift together flour, baking powder and salt. Cream shortening until fluffy. Gradually add sugar, mixing until creamy. Add beaten egg. Beat well. Add dry ingredients alternately with water or milk, folding in lightly after each addition. Spread over apple rings. Bake at 350 degrees F. for 40 to 45 minutes. Turn out onto large plate. Decorate top with extra apple rings and top each ring with cream cheese. Serve with whipped cream.

Yield: 6 to 8 servings.

Note: For party occasions put two of the upside-down cakes together.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute.

Tea Biscuit Apple Dumplings

$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups granulated sugar
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups water

$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon cinnamon
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon nutmeg
 2 tablespoons butter

6 medium-sized apples
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup granulated sugar
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon cinnamon

2 cups sifted bread flour
 OR $2\frac{1}{4}$ cups sifted pastry flour
 3 teaspoons baking powder
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
 2 tablespoons sugar
 6 tablespoons shortening
 1 egg, well-beaten
 $\frac{2}{3}$ cup milk

PREPARATION: Grease two $10 \times 6 \times 2$ -inch (approximate) baking dishes or one large dish.

Preheat oven to 400 degrees F.

METHOD: **Syrup:** Mix sugar, water and spices, bring to a boil, then simmer for 7 minutes, add butter.

Apple Filling: Core and peel apples (any good baking apple will do). Combine sugar and cinnamon.

Tea Biscuit Dough: Sift together flour, baking powder and salt into mixing bowl. Add sugar. Add shortening and blend together until mixture is mealy, using pastry blender or two knives, cutting in with scissorlike motion. Combine beaten egg and milk. Gradually add to dry ingredients, stirring lightly with fork. Mix only until soft dough is formed. Turn onto lightly floured bakeboard or pastry cloth and knead gently 10 seconds. Roll out with floured rolling pin to $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch thickness. Cut in six-inch squares. Arrange a prepared apple on each square. Sprinkle with combined sugar and cinnamon. Brush corners of dough with water. Make 2-inch slits with knife running up to within $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches of corners, then fold corners up over apples to centre and pinch together. Arrange in prepared baking dishes, allowing space between. Pour syrup around dumplings. Bake at 400 degrees F. for 25 to 30 minutes. Serve warm with syrup from pan and a little pouring cream. Put a slice of cheese beside each dumpling.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute.

Cheese Apples

The tiny apples in our picture are really cream cheese balls, with a blush of rose food coloring brushed lightly on the side. The stems? They're whole cloves. Nice to serve with apple salads or on top a piece of apple pie. *

For Best Baking Results use
FLEISCHMANN'S ROYAL YEAST



1 package = 1 yeast cake in any recipe

FROM THE INSTITUTE

Canadian apples and cheese

World-famous Pair

by Marie Holmes

Director Chatelaine Institute

OF COURSE you know that Canadian apples and cheese are fine wholesome foods. You see them both at small and big fall fairs across the Dominion bearing blue satin ribbons gold-lettered "First Prize." But in many other countries apples and Cheddar cheese from Canada rate even higher—they're considered rare treats!

Our growers study and practice all the arts in caring for their orchards each year. Our soil and climate join forces as well to develop the distinctive flavor and texture that have brought fame to the Canadian apple.

The same qualities can be ascribed to our Cheddar cheese. It's solid yet tender and has that nippiness so sought after by cheese connoisseurs. One dairy expert will tell you the secret's in the extra pounds of milk that go into the making of one pound of Canadian cheese; another will explain it's "schizomycetes," flavor-imparting bacteria, that deserve the credit. Whatever the reason for it may be, the quality is so high that many a visitor from another country proudly carries back a pound or two when he returns home.

So it is that these two well-known Canadian foods have much in common—they're both world-famous. Each has a popularity vote for being good to eat "raw" and just as many cheese and apple fans are on the "cooked" side.

Know Your Apples

If you're going to get the most from the apple crop this fall, you'll have to know something about varieties.

For eating fresh you might prefer the Snow (Fameuse), McIntosh or Delicious.

For pies or for sauce you'll want an apple that'll cook tender quickly such as the early Wealthy, Gravenstein, Greening, Wagner and McIntosh.

For baking, most cooks agree that the Rome Beauty, Baxter, Northern Spy, Wolf River, Tolman Sweet and King are ideal.

For stewing you'll want apples that hold their shape when they're cooked. You'll find the Winesap especially suitable for scalloping.

Every variety of Canadian apple has its best season, the period when it is at its finest for flavor. If you know your apples—their seasons and the purpose for which each is best suited, then you can enjoy them to the full, from now until next summer. Handy charts listing varieties according to seasons can be had from the Marketing Service of the Dominion Department of Agriculture.

You'll be cooking apples in all kinds of ways in the months ahead so these general pointers may be helpful.

- When making applesauce add as little water as possible (about 1 cup boiling water to 8 apples should be enough to prevent apples from sticking), and do cover the saucepan.

- If apples are free from blemishes and have a rosy skin, do not peel before cooking for sauce. Just wash, cut in eighths, add water and simmer, covered, until tender. Then put through a sieve and add sugar.

- Adding sugar last has threefold value—apples cook quicker, sauce is lighter color and less sugar is needed.

- When baking apples, remove core thoroughly first, then pare skin just one third down from the top. Fill centre with sugar and add just enough water to cover the bottom of pan. Bake in a moderate oven and baste occasionally with sugar syrup.

Cheese a Food Bargain

If you're looking for good value you can't go wrong when you buy cheese. It's such a concentrated food. Packed into it are most of the fine health-building properties of milk (about 4 ounces of cheese equals one quart of milk).

But if you're a wise shopper you'll buy your

Cheddar cheese according to the flavor you wish (the milder the flavor the cheaper the cheese). Old, nippy Cheddar is more expensive because it has to be kept in storage to develop that nippiness—so you pay a little extra for its "rental" in the curing cellar. Most folks think it's worth it—but the mild cheese is just as wholesome.

When you buy Cheddar by the pound you're getting a hard or pressed cheese that's a delight to eat with crackers, apple pie, or in a sandwich. Because it's firm you can grate it fine or coarse to put into all kinds of cooked dishes.

But Cheddar appears in another type of cheese—the processed kind your grocer sells in half-pound packages or by the pound in bricks. This processed cheese is made with Cheddar that's blended and pasteurized for uniform flavor. It's a softer cheese than Cheddar, easily spread, quickly melted and can be sliced when chilled.

When cooking cheese or adding it to cooked dishes always use a low temperature. High heat and overcooking toughens it. For example, when making a cheese sauce, add the grated cheese to the white sauce just before serving and cook only until it is melted and blended into the sauce.

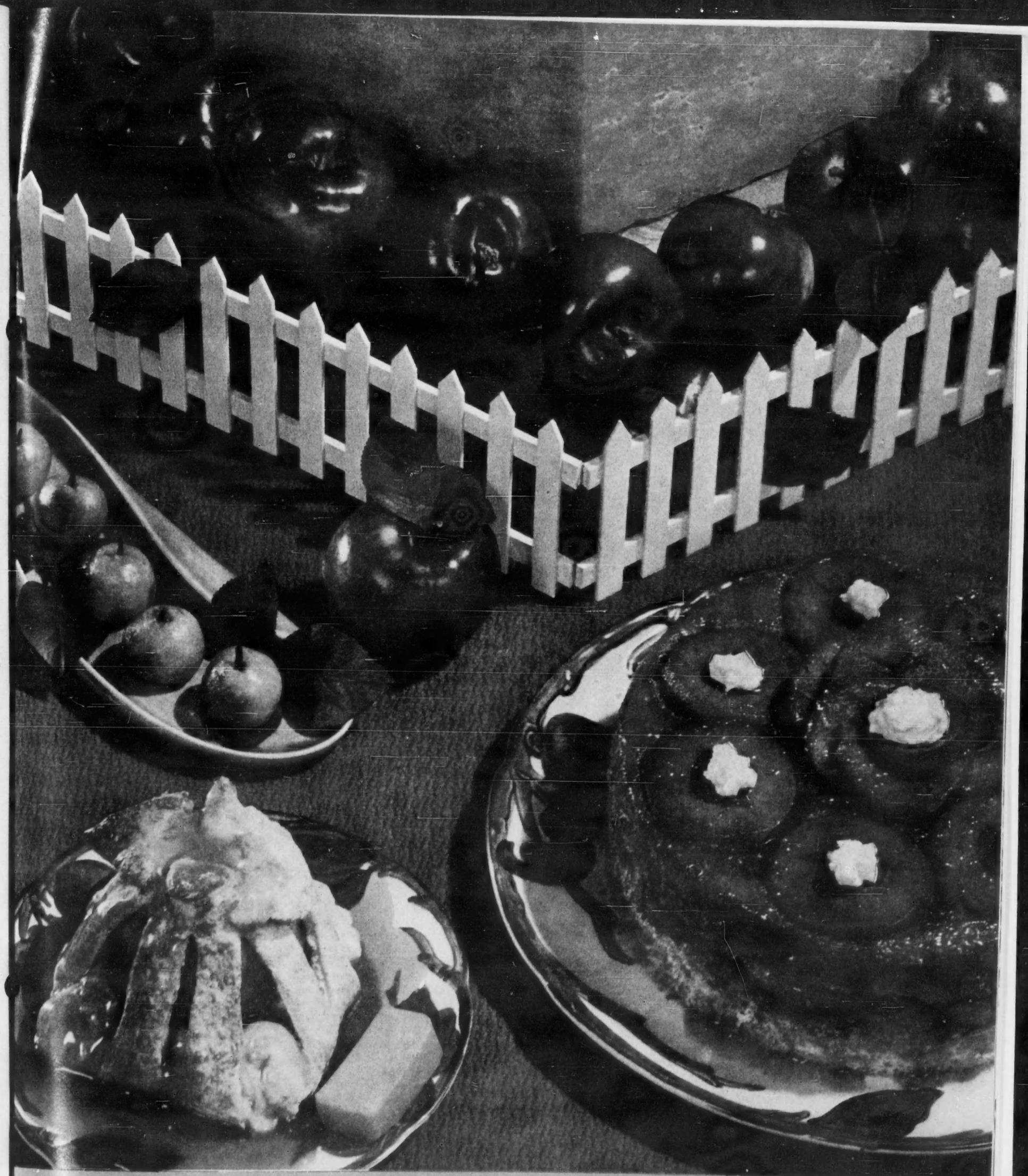
Many dishes call for "grated cheese." If you aren't sure of the amount of cheese to get, here's a tip: $\frac{1}{4}$ pound makes approximately 1 cup.

If you need nippy flavor for a cheese dish and your cheese is too mild, add a dash of cayenne or dry mustard.

Good Together

While each has won renown on its own merits, there is much to be said for these two foods doing teamwork—either "raw" or "cooked." Their flavors and textures enhance one another—the crunchy, juicy and tangy apple combines to perfection with the tender, nippy-flavored cheese. Brings to mind a tray of apple wedges and squares of cheese. Could anything be more appetizing for a light snack?

Or if you prefer them cooked, how about a baked apple with fresh-from-the-oven cheese tea biscuits? *



They've won a reputation round the world for their distinctive flavor and special quality — Canada's own cheese and apples are a fine food team — raw or cooked. Here they're combined in two delicious desserts — Apple dumpling and Cinnamon Apple Upside-down cake.

How about a piece o' pie?

CANNED CHERRY PIE

1 (8-inch) pie shell, baked
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
 1 tablespoon cornstarch
 2 tablespoons granulated sugar
 1 cup fruit syrup
 2 teaspoons butter
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon almond extract
 2 cups drained canned cherries
 Prepare and bake pastry shell and cut-outs for top. Combine salt, cornstarch and sugar in saucepan. Add fruit syrup slowly.

Cook over direct heat, stirring constantly, until thick. Add butter and almond extract then gently fold fruit into sauce. Allow mixture to cool. Pour into baked pastry shell. Place pastry cut-outs on top.
 NOTE: If desired, cooled cherry filling may be put into an unbaked pie shell and covered with pastry. Bake at 450 degrees F. for 10 minutes. Reduce temperature to 350 degrees F. and bake for 20 minutes longer.



PIE AT ITS BEST requires perfect baking, and perfect baking calls for the perfect oven. You'll certainly bake pies to perfection in the oven of a McClary gas or electric stove. The McClary oven is completely encased in layers of "Fiberglas" for permanent insulation. With the new "oven heat control", you'll be sure of the exact oven heat you want.

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LIMITED

Make Whole the Heart

Continued from page 29

thought pettishly, "everything does go your way around here." And was ashamed of herself.

An instant later he bounced into the room in his underwear, his muscled chest and big shoulders glowing, his face fresh and blooming as a new-laid egg.

"Hi, Primrose!"

"Good morning, Caruso," she answered in their morning joke, and dodged the conjugal spank aimed at her.

When she returned from her own shower, he was laying out things he would need on the trip. A big pile of shorts were already stacked out. She went to her dressing table wondering if she would ever again be able to see that article of apparel without remembering the day when he came home with a dozen of them at \$3.50 each.

Never in all her life had she paid half so much for her panties and never had she bought more than three pairs at once. When she had mildly protested, he had justified himself anxiously, arguing that he would need them eventually, why not have them on hand. Then he had cajoled—pointing out their good material and tailoring. Then he had joked, charging heaven to observe what a fine thrifty bookkeeping gal he had taken to wife.

Through it all there was an emotional undercurrent she did not understand. It was as if he had to have both the lavish supply and her approval. She had become embarrassed and tried to change the subject, but he had continued on and on. Later in the day he had sent out a dozen roses, and that night he had brought home a jeweled clip.

Running the brush through her smooth brown hair, she regarded herself searchingly. Was she really a penny-thinking bookkeeper as he sometimes implied in the course of their disagreements? She didn't exactly look it, she decided, though there was certainly no air of frivolity about her.

Over her shoulder she saw Scott open another drawer and begin to lay out shirts. The drawer, she knew, was stuffed with them. All the rest of the country might have been wailing about their nonexistence, but Scott always "knew a fellow." Having learned on the shorts, she had not protested. She had only decided to do without a fall outfit.

But the shorts episode had been repeated, over and over.

She had wanted to take the apartment a friend of his had offered, but Scott had insisted that it was not a proper setting for the entertaining they would need to do. Then she had wanted to buy just a cottage to tide them over. On the inflated market even that would

have been stretching things, she thought. But the flood of justification, weeding, and joking had swept her into a handsome place built ten years ago and selling for twice what it had cost then. It had been furnished as he wanted, too. And since yesterday they had a new car, though she had wanted to drive his '39 roadster for a year or so.

Now this dinner was ahead.

WATCHING him in the mirror, she thought suddenly how little she understood him or even knew about him. They had met at an office party when he was new with the company. Something had flamed between them and almost at once they were engaged.

In the eight weeks since the wedding they had been in such a turmoil of loving and buying that there had been no time to find out much about what had happened to him in the 29 years before they met. Besides, he never seemed to want to talk about his childhood. She knew that he was the only child of a small-town lawyer and that his parents had both died when he was 14. But that was about all.

She had been surprised that he had

so little money saved. All that was left of his inheritance and all her pridefully acquired bonds were gone, and enough "deferred accounts" were outstanding to keep her in a perpetual fidget. Unlike the heroines of a thousand popular romances, she could add and subtract.

She laid down the brush and turned to her closet for a housecoat. With a little feeling of defiance, she passed up the gorgeous garment Scott had given her for her birthday, and pulled out an old print. As she drew the sash tightly about her, she had a sense of armoring.

"Funny thing," she thought wryly. "All the marriage books concentrating on sex. Somebody ought to write one on money."

As she went into the gleaming kitchen she had a glimpse of the garden. Like everything else in her new life it was a joy and a pain. She would have to get in help again this week. The barbecue corner looked positively shaggy.

She flashed about the kitchen in her quick tidy way and was just pouring the omelet when he came down dressed for his trip. For an instant, her heart loosened. He was so big and ardent and sweet. Ten days without him would be an eternity.

But even as the last of the egg slid over the edge of the bowl, she noticed the two new pieces of flight luggage in his hands and remembered that they meant \$150 on the month's already fearsome charge accounts.

But this time it wasn't the price of the luggage which upset her.

It was the sudden piercing awareness

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ASPARAGUS, TOMATO AND EGG SALAD. For each serving place a thick slice of tomato on lettuce. Arrange cooked asparagus tips on tomato. Halve hard-cooked eggs, cutting in sauté fashion. Press yolks through sieve, season with Miracle Whip. Fill whites using pastry tube. Place eggs on chop plate, surround with asparagus and tomato salads. Serve with Miracle Whip.



that contempt now lurked within her, ready to leap upon any tender feeling.

"What's happening to me?" she thought wildly. "Always before when I loved people I loved them and accepted them. I can't stand this constant splitting."

"Food ready?" Scott asked gaily.

"In a minute."

He dropped the bags and strode over to her.

"What's the matter, Primrose?" he asked anxiously.

With his arms around her and his good tropical worsted soft against her face, her fright passed.

"Nothing," she belittled. "Just jittery over your going away, I guess."

"It won't be too long. But you will tell me when something I do isn't okay, won't you, Primrose?"

"Of course, Goofy."

Only she was finding that she couldn't tell him. He got too upset and talked too much and bought too many presents afterward.

As the omelet began to puff, she broke the embrace.

"There's a letter for you. You can read it while I finish."

He turned and picked it up, exclaiming, "From Aunt Susan. Wonder what she wants?"

A moment later he announced, "Why, she's coming through here next week and wants to know if she can stop."

"I don't think I've heard you speak of her."

"She's my mother's sister. A school principal, just retired."

"Is she nice?"

"Better than that—quiet and sort of wise. The kind you'd tie to."

"She sounds wonderful. But even if she were a hag, I'd be glad to have any relative of yours—"

"So you could find out all the dark details of my past?" he joked. But not quite easily, she thought.

"Oh, no," she said quickly. "Just so I can feel I didn't marry someone out of an incubator. My tribe is so big that I can't get used to your having none. I'll write her this very morning."

She transferred the omelet to the table and sat down to it.

"What's doing today?" he asked.

"Only that luncheon Nona Edwards is giving."

"Did you get some new duds for it? Nonie always looks like a million."

"She is a lot nearer to a million than we are," Vera evaded.

"She wasn't always. Did I ever tell you about the first time Pat brought her down to a house dance?"

She broke into the reminiscence. She had heard it before, as well as tales about Agnes Buchan, the other vice-president's wife whom Scott had known "back when."

"Yes, you've told me. Three bags for a week-end trip and all the brothers going out of their minds."

He chuckled richly. "Lord, how we sizzled!"

"And how the other girls must have hated her," Vera laughed.

"A lot that would worry her. She landed Nat on the trip. Those three bags of clothes were a good investment."

"Surely it wasn't the clothes alone." She tried not to sound stuffy.

"Perhaps not, but they helped a lot, Primrose."

She let the matter drop.

"Speaking of Nonie's party," he went

on, "we're about ready to throw ours, aren't we?"

"Any time now." She said it graciously, but every nerve and muscle began to coil.

"Good. Today's the fifth. I'll be gone 10 days. How about the 16th? That would give us an evening together alone."

"The 16th it is. Whom do you want?"

"Nonie and Nat and the Buchans of course. And the Westmans and Dicksons have been swell to us."

"All right."

"And could you manage another couple? Paul Jordan is the head of firm whose account we'd like to wangle."

"Twelve, including us," she counted. "Yes, I can manage. That is, I can if things can be simple and informal."

He frowned. "But you know they've all—all but the Jordans, that is—entertained us in a very plushy style."

"An elaborate dinner would mean buying a lot of table equipment. And all that stuff is frightfully expensive now."

"We'll have it eventually. Why not just go ahead on it?" he asked eagerly.

"But, Scott, we can't afford it now. We really can't. Besides, I'd need special help, while on a simple dinner I could get along with Lutie."

"That was why I wanted you to get a better grade of help than Lutie."

"If we hire a real cook, she won't do any general housework." Vera too care not to let her voice sharpen as they went back over the old disagreements.

"But these people are all so important to me."

"I know, Scott. And I'll do my best to give them good food and a happy evening."

"On a dollar a plate budget, no doubt." As always in such discussions he was becoming emotional.

Why does he care so much?

"I hadn't figured it," she said coldly.

"You will though."

"Perhaps."

"I tell you, honey, you can't figure in dollars and cents what it means to us to be in solid with these people." He was coaxing now, but underneath there was the odd insistent urgency she never understood.

"I thought putting up a front went out with the Twenties."

"You've been reading fairy stories, Primrose."

"Oh, Scott, let's don't quarrel when you're going away," she half-wailed.

"You'll do the party up right, then?" he asked, taking instant advantage of a sign of yielding.

"Oh, I suppose so."

He reached across the table and caught her hand tightly. His eyes fairly pled with her. "You're sure it's all right?"

She swallowed her misgivings and her contempt for her easy surrender. This distasteful conversation would not end, she knew, until he was completely reassured. And they mustn't part without his feeling that everything was straight between them.

"It's all right, dear," she lied quietly.

SHE TOOK HIM to the airport and managed to thrill with him over the new car's impressive dash equipment and silken performance. But she came back to an enormously empty house. When he was there it framed his

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expansiveness and seemed almost right. Now she felt small and shrunken in it. And all her life's training rose up to reproach her spineless retreat from a position from which she had been determined not to budge.

It was an unhappy morning. As she wrote her letter of invitation she found herself guiltily cherishing the hope she had so stoutly denied when Scott accused her of it.

She dressed carefully for the luncheon and left feeling that she looked nice. It was a pretty drive out to the smart country development where the Edwards lived. No human being can avoid soaring a bit as he sits under the wheel of a new car. So she rolled up the winding drive feeling almost light-hearted. A houseboy showed her where to park.

She stepped out just as Agnes Buchan drove up. Agnes was not one of her favorites among the new people she had been meeting. But Scott was always admiring her good looks and darting wit, and Vera was trying to find some sort of footing with her.

"Darling, I hate you fervently," Agnes greeted her. "We've been trying for months to get our hands on a car."

"I wish you might have had this one," Vera replied simply.

"Oh, you needn't be noble about it. Everybody can't have Scott's luck."

"I suppose not."

They were a little early, and Nona greeted them as a hostess does her intimate friends who are ahead of the crowd. Her stunning new black satin made Vera feel wren-ish.

But small Toni Edwards had taken a fancy to her on former visits and now froze to her at once.

"I have a new doll," she said shyly.

"You have?"

"A big doll, with lots of dresses. Would you like to see them?"

"I'd love to."

"They're in my room. I'll take you."

"Oh, Toni, don't bother Mrs. Milner," Mona interrupted.

"No, really, I'd like to."

"Well, just don't let the cherub bore you," Nona admonished her.

After a few minutes with the child Vera tore herself away dutifully. As she came down the carpeted hall she heard Nona and Agnes talking in the powder room.

"Wonder how he managed it?" Nona was saying.

"There's no telling. Our Scott always has his ways, you know."

Vera froze in her tracks, too startled to turn back.

"I hope it won't mean another round of touches at the office," Nona said slowly.

"You *hope*!" Agnes exclaimed.

"He's a queer one," Nona mused. "So utterly swell in most ways—"

With the words "another round of touches" blaring in her ears, Vera managed to turn and slip back to Toni and the dolls. She was not a person given to hysterics, but with every step she took back up the hall, the floor seemed actually to lurch under her feet. She fairly shook with resentful anger at Scott for her humiliation. It was a good while before she could get herself together enough to dare face the bright rooms filling with bright raiment and talk.

Somehow she ate the beautifully served food. By exerting all her will

power, she was even able to chat casually with the strangers on each side of her. One of them was a big, deep-voiced, rather plain woman whom she liked, but whose name she had not got in the long string of introductions.

When someone addressed the woman as Mrs. Jordan, the name took on meaning. This must be the wife of the man Scott had mentioned at breakfast. As she began obediently to play up to the woman, Vera's sense of humiliation and smirching deepened.

THE AFTERNOON session at cards was galling. In her family the jovial pinochle had reigned. She had picked up some bridge, but she had never settled down to learn it expertly. This crowd played it expertly. And for what seemed to Vera a good deal of money. She tried desperately to concentrate on the cards, but she drew a series of freak hands for which her knowledge of bidding conventions was not adequate.

She got into the car frankly hating it. All the way home she was like a loose windmill thrashing in a gale. Except possibly for Mrs. Jordan, she didn't care for these women. She was not herself with them. Their values were not hers. Yet in order to promote Scott she was already trying to make herself over to be like them—had promised to give a party which would be as nearly a replica of theirs as she could make it. In the staunch independence of her family such behavior had been called toadying, boot-licking, four-flushing—any number of hard names.

Coming into her house only added to her agitation. She began to tramp blindly back and forth between the charming rooms.

After a while she realized what she wanted. She wanted her family. She was hurt and she wanted to run back into the sureness of a life pattern she understood and could handle.

She ached and grew numb with the wanting. It became so agonizing that she found herself wondering if she could still get reservations out that night.

She was at the telephone with her finger ready to dial the station when the doorbell rang.

It was a florist's boy with a huge green box. Inside it were an armload of gladioli and the message Scott had telegraphed back from somewhere.

She sat down with the flowers in her lap and the unopened envelope in her hand. An anxious gift after victory—she might have expected it. In her bitterness the long scentless spikes of tiered magnificence seemed exactly the right flower for him to have chosen.

Presently she opened the envelope and took out the note expecting it to be as flamboyant as the flowers.

But the card said simply, "For my wife."

The word pricked. In her family it had an aura of soundness and dependability. Among them a wife would never run out on an absent husband.

As the word sank in, her common sense returned, and the idea of leaving seemed not only cowardly but silly. Scott hadn't yet seen how wide was the gap between them. He would simply catch the first plane east and start making love. He would have to see the gap in its true proportions.

The word went on in.

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Gap or no gap, she had taken wifehood upon herself. Looking back to that mad week when she and Scott had come together, she admitted that even if she had seen the gap and laid a footrule across it, she would still have married him. With the memory of that precious dizzy week, affection filtered back in through the anger and scorn.

But its coming brought no peace. Instead she was racked again by the morning's awareness of the war within her.

SHE DID NOT sleep well that night and got up with a heavy brown feeling. As she prepared her bite of breakfast she noticed again the condition of the garden, and decided to spend the morning on it.

The warm September sun on her back was soothing. As she weeded and sheared, her nerves relaxed. She got interested in her work and forgot her problem. The old line, "A garden is a lovesome thing, God wot," came back to her and she found herself humming.

It was toward noon when the idea struck her. She was carrying a basket of clippings to the compost heap, and the idea was so big that she dropped the basket and sprawled down beside it.

The former owners of the place had evidently loved outdoor cooking, for across one corner of the garden they had built a large chimney and grilled fireplace, and beside them a long stone serving counter. Also they had assembled a supply of garden chairs, which Scott had taken over casually for a good price. These had seemed to Vera like a needless purchase, since he was very apparently no outdoorsman. But on the one time when they had broiled steaks out here, she had noted that the chimney drew perfectly and that he managed the fire well.

Did she dare?

Once when she had been describing the very special social quality of clam bakes, she had wondered if they could get a middle western version of it in a barbecue supper. He had hooted at the idea.

"Sorry, Primrose, but it wouldn't work in my gang."

He would be furious with her. His heart was set on an elaborate and expensive meal. Besides, she had promised to do it his way. It would be a scurvy trick to change over when he was not here to argue it out.

And yet—

She was herself, Vera, grey-eyed and undramatic. She loathed falseness of any sort—and not only she but most of her guests would know that Scott's kind of dinner was a fraud.

And besides, she knew now that if she and Scott could not somehow come to an understanding about their style of living, their marriage was doomed. Since she apparently hadn't the character to resist him when he was present, perhaps she ought to accept this opportunity to try out her own style.

Before her resolution should weaken, she went in and began to telephone. All five women were in and all of them accepted. But Nona's "What sport!" and Agnes' "How amusing!" did not reassure her much. Mrs. Jordan, however, said simply, "We should enjoy it very much."

With her bridges burned she fell into a fury of planning. She made sure of the steaks, no small feat at that time,

even in the native habitat of steaks. Because her tension seemed to crave physical activity, she set her back to grooming the garden herself, and did a thorough job of it. She planned the menu down to the last fine detail. She gave the garden chairs a fresh coat of paint. She shopped for a big old-fashioned coffeepot and a set of colorful trays. She scoured the stores until she found some white butcher cloth. She made from it a chef's cap and apron and decorated them with the customary nonsense. She worked four times as much as necessary, so that she would have no time to think and be divided.

In the midst of all the flurry, Scott's Aunt Susan arrived. She was as he had described her, and Vera loved her on sight. But she was definitely uncommunicative where Scott was concerned.

TWO EVENINGS before he was expected home, Scott telephoned that some things had come up to delay him a day.

"Oh, Scott!" Vera wailed. This was dreadful. She had never dreamed that she would not have a little time with him to explain and to prepare him.

"Miss me so much as all that?" he asked thirstily.

"You've scarcely been out of my mind." That was certainly true, she thought grimly.

"Well, it's only two more days."

"I'm so glad." Also true. She couldn't stand much more of this.

"How's the dinner coming?"

For an instant she considered telling him. Then she knew it was nothing they could discuss across 400 miles.

"Fine, I think."

"I bet it is. You're a wonderful manager. My plane gets in at five, so I'll be on hand to help before anyone arrives.

"Shall I come to the airport?"

"No, you'll be busy. I'll pick up a cab."

She turned away from the telephone in complete panic. He would arrive not more than a half hour before the first guest. He would come in tired and keyed, to be hurled pointblank into a situation wholly different from what he was expecting. He might behave abominably. In his distress—and he would be distressed—he might not be able to keep from sulking. She knew him so little—how could she predict how he might react?

She went slowly out to the terrace where Susan was sitting, small and comfortable, in the sunset.

"Scott just phoned."

The dark old eyes that had had such long practice in detecting youthful troubles searched her face.

"Is something wrong?"

"He's been detained a day. He won't get home until just before dinner."

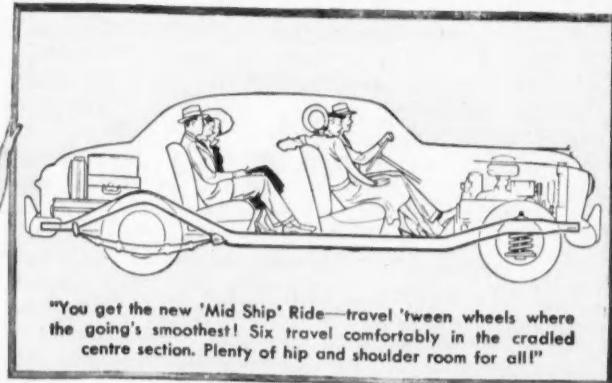
"That must be a real disappointment. It's been a long separation for such newly-weds."

"That's not it. Oh, Aunt Susan, I've done something dreadful and I'm afraid."

"I can't imagine your doing anything so very dreadful."

"I have, though. Scott wanted this to be a big elaborate dinner. He was set on it. I didn't want it that way, but I finally promised him just before he went away. Then—then some things came up, and I felt I couldn't do it his way. But I never dreamed I wouldn't

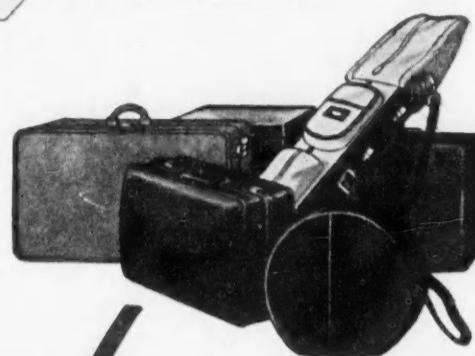
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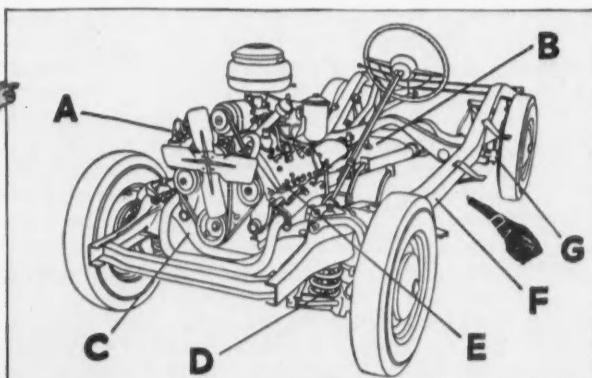


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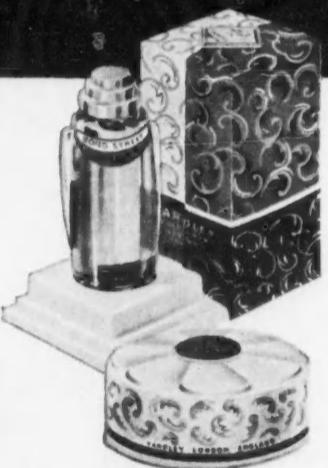


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"Bond Street" Perfume \$2.50 to \$7.50

have time to explain my reasons to him. Now there'll be no chance."

"That doesn't sound too dreadful."

"It wouldn't be, except that the dinner was so important to Scott some way. He'll feel disgraced, and that I did it to him."

"But why should he feel disgraced by a nice party like this?"

"I don't know. But he will. We got married in such a tearing hurry that there are a lot of things about him I don't understand."

"Then let's come at it the other way. Why did you think it important *not* to have the other party?"

"For one thing, we couldn't afford it. That sounds funny when we live in a house like this, but it's true. Everything just keeps piling up and piling up."

"Oh!" There was an odd shade of something in her voice.

"Was he always like this about money?" Vera asked desperately.

After a little silence the older woman said slowly, "I'm afraid so, child."

"But why? In my part of the country everybody always seems to be careful enough about their bills."

Susan looked off into the setting sun for a time.

"How much has he told you about his childhood, Vera?"

"Nothing much. He never seems to want to talk about it."

"I see."

"Aunt Susan, I've been almost frantic this last week. Something came up to let me know I couldn't go on trying to impress people by spending too much. Once I even thought—I'd leave before he came home. But of course I couldn't do that. So I changed the party. I didn't mean ever to drag you in on this thing. It's between Scott and me, I know. But would you tell me why it's so necessary for him to do things on a grand scale?"

The wise, plain face was sad in the gathering dusk.

"I don't really know, of course."

"But you have a theory?"

"An outsider's theory is a dangerous thing to thrust into a marriage, dear."

HIS PLANE was somewhat late. For a while Vera was tormented with the fear that he might even get in after the guests had arrived. But it turned out that she had 15 minutes to spare.

He swept her into a big hungry hug. Susan came in and he loosened an arm to include her. But when the first babble of greeting had subsided his eyes wandered into the dining room.

"Why, Primrose, what's gone wrong with the schedule? I thought the table would be all decked out by now."

Susan slipped tactfully away.

Vera put her hands on his shoulders and looked full into his eyes. "We're not having your dinner, Scott. We're having a barbecue supper in the garden," she said quietly.

His jaw dropped and his eyes fixed.

"Something happened—I'll tell you about it later—there's no time now. I felt I had to change over."

"But a picnic—out there with the flies and ants." Every muscle in his face had pulled tight. He looked, Vera thought, as she had felt in the hall outside Nona's powder room.

"There won't be any flies. We sprayed thoroughly an hour ago."

"That crowd will never get over laughing."

"Perhaps they'll have a good time."

"Not *them*," he raged. "And the Jordans—ye gods!"

"Scott, we've no time to quarrel about it. They'll be here any minute. Go on and get changed. I laid a chef's cap and apron on your bed."

"I'll be darned if I'll make a monkey out of myself at your tightwad party!"

"If you carry it off well, it can be a smart party," she pleaded. "But we've no time, I tell you. Please, Scott."

"I can't get over your doing this to me, after you'd promised."

"I told you something happened."

"It must have been something earth-shaping," he lashed out.

"It was serious enough that I almost left you, Scott."

"What?"

"All that will have to come later," she implored. "We're into this mess and we have to get through it somehow. Our only chance is to carry it off with an air. The stage is all set. All you have to do is walk out and perform. If you don't—oh, I don't know what they'll think!"

That got him. He picked up his bags and stalked off.

Vera backed up against a wall. She was trembling and her hands were moist. Once again she had the curious feeling of being split between love and contempt. The argument that had won him was "What will they think?"

He must have hurried like mad, for there was time to take him out to the grill and show him the setup—the steaks and how they were to be handled, the piles of corn to be roasted slowly in their husks, the place for the coffeepot.

But only just time. She was scarcely through explaining the props when the curtain rang up.

The Edwards and Buchans arrived first and were conducted to the garden. In the next few minutes the four of them rang every possible change on the theme of Scott the Cook.

He gave them as good as they sent, but Vera could see that it was an effort. His face was flushed and in his sparring with Agnes he twice overshot the mark badly. Which stimulated her to new and saucier thrusts. Watching them nervously, Vera tried to intervene, but as usual she was not sufficiently nimble-tongued for them.

The party was off to a miserable start.

But she got an unexpected break with the arrival of the Jordans.

Paul Jordan moved right up to the grill. "Fine outfit you've got here, Milner," he said judicially. "That chimney should draw perfectly."

Scott rose to the admiration like a fish to a fly.

"We've been too busy to use it much this summer, but it seems to work."

"I didn't know you liked to do this sort of thing."

"He just loves the simple things of life," Agnes put in wickedly.

Scott's face flushed again. But Paul Jordan ignored her.

"You must come out to our place some evening, Milner. I've got a recipe for pond chicken that's a diller cooked in the open."

Vera blessed him devoutly. Scott fairly beamed.

"Want to give me a hand with the steaks?" he asked.

"If you think you can trust me."

"The fact is I'm pretty new at this."

business. You'd take a load off my mind if you'd sort of manage things."

"Why, of course, if you want me to."

"I don't know whether there's another apron on the premises or not, though."

"Anything will do."

So Vera brought out a breakfast cloth with a bold red floral design. By the time she had tied it corner-wise around his coatless middle, he had practically taken over the grill and the Edwards and Buchans had perceived that with him barbecues were no subject for ribaldry. Vera could almost feel them remembering the Jordan account.

BY THE TIME the Westmans and Dicksons arrived Scott was so well fortified by the Jordan approbation that he took the next hurdle of ribbing and wisecracking in good shape. For the first time Vera dared really to hope.

Gradually, as he and Paul Jordan became a working team, Scott got interested and lost his defensiveness. The women settled down in their chairs to chat. Susan and Mrs. Jordan discovered that they had mutual friends, while the noncooking males fell to studying the sprinkling system. Lutie began to carry out the food which had been prepared indoors—great bowls of savory rice and tossed green salad, trays of relishes, bottles of sauce.

And in the gently fading light the good smells of wood smoke and coffee, charring husk and broiling meat, grew into a ravishing symphony.

By the time the steaks were ready, the odors had done their work. Everybody was concentrated on food. Millions on millions of cells were clamoring for food. Electric impulses flew over miles of tiny grey nerve lines demanding food. Sophisticated attitudes toward food dissolved. By ones and twos the group had gravitated to the grill like primitives toward the tribal kettle.

The steaks were perfect, the coffee gastronomic bliss. At the last minute Lutie brought out feathery hot rolls. And the corn—

"To think I've been missing this all my life," Agnes mourned on the second ambrosial ear.

"Scott, you villain," Nona said fondly, "I'll sue you for the extra pounds the scales will show tomorrow."

But they all made room for every morsel of the apple tarts and cream cheese which Lutie brought out for dessert.

Then, as people do when they have gorged together, they all sank back into their chairs in a glow of languid affection. Their conversation had the lazy companionableness of a family reunion.

As a round yellow moon came up over the tall garden hedge, Vera found tears rising unreasonably. Excusing herself on the grounds of needing to speak to Lutie, she slipped back into the house.

In a moment she heard Susan come in and call her softly.

"In here, Aunt Susan," she choked.

"Why, you're crying!"

"A little. Just letdown, I guess."

"I came in to tell you I think you're wonderful, Vera. It's probably the first time in his life that Scott hasn't been trying to buy his way into people's approval."

"I don't understand."

"I was wrong last night, dear. I should have told you. You need to know, and Scott probably can't tell you."

She paused a moment.

"He was more than the small-town lawyer's son, Vera. He was also the son of the small-town scandal."

"Oh!"

"His father drank heavily—became what is now being called an alcoholic. My sister nagged and turned bitter. In their war on themselves and each other, they never had anything but money for Scott. I think he was always ashamed of them. When he was 13, his father accidentally knocked my sister over a stairway in one of his spells. When he sobered up enough to know that she was dead, he shot himself."

In a small town where everybody knew everybody else. Oh, poor child, poor lad—never able to feel that anybody could really respect him.

In the flood of understanding and of pity for that unhappy boy, the split within her closed and she could think.

Scott was 29, past the time of easy change. He would probably never be completely free from his need for lavish spending. They would always have disagreements about it. They might wind up paupers because of it. But, now that she understood it, she had a chance to deal with it. A long chance, perhaps, but a chance that a wife would take. In her anger and fear she had stumbled into one situation which gave him the approval he craved and did not feel worthy of. In her love she could hunt for other ways.

"Thank you, Aunt Susan. Oh, thank you, darling."

They went out together.

After a while, as the moon sailed higher, she said softly, "Sing to us, Scott."

"Don't tell us he can also sing," Agnes jeered, but now there was no sting in her voice.

"He's a very accomplished person, my husband is," Vera said simply, finding his hand in the darkness.

Ordinarily he could not have been brought to do it without long coaxing, and then he would have been self-conscious about it and his throat tight. Tomorrow he would be fighting his old doubt again. But now, surrounded by affection and acceptance, he began easily:

"When the deep purple falls
Over the sleepy garden walls—"

On the third line, Mrs. Jordan's deep voice picked up the words. Then Agnes' high treble, and Nat Edwards' baritone. Then gradually all the rest.

All but Vera. Her heart and mind were gathering themselves for the long venture ahead. *

IN OCTOBER CHATELAINE . . . "It Could Have Happened to You"

Read this urgent open letter to Canadian women by the British wife of an Italian officer, now in Canada, who killed, stole, lied and came through torture to warn other women while there is yet time . . .



YOU CAN MAKE THEM

"Cloud Light"

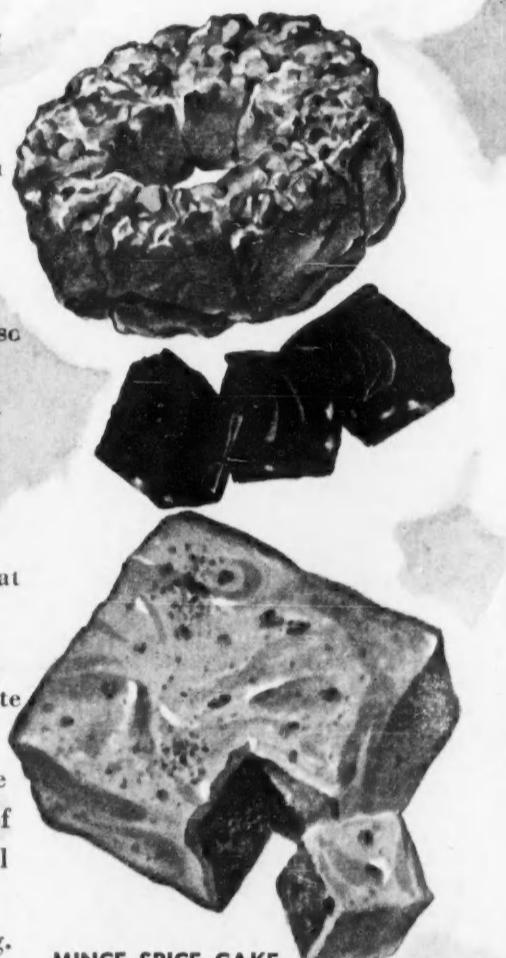
WITH DOMESTIC

Just look at this parade of "Cloud Light" goodies! And believe me, they're really "Cloud Light" when made with Domestic Shortening.

You see, Domestic is so creamy and easily worked into a light, airy sponge and you can be sure of the fresh delicate flavour.

Your friends will marvel at a tasty, fresh coffee-ring with the hidden charm of fruit and nuts... chocolate brownies that melt in your mouth... a spice cake with the flavour-surprise of delicious mincemeat... all so much easier to make with Domestic Shortening.

What a delight they are to serve... what a temptation to reach for another and another!



MINCE SPICE CAKE

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup 'Domestic' shortening	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon allspice
1 cup brown sugar	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cloves
1 egg, separated	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon nutmeg
$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon baking soda	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon
1 cup 'Maple Leaf' mincemeat	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
$2\frac{1}{2}$ cups sifted cake flour	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk
$1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons baking powder	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla

Cream the 'Domestic' and sugar until light and fluffy. Add the well-beaten egg yolk. Stir the soda into the mincemeat until light and foamy. Add to creamed mixture. Sift the dry ingredients together three times and add to the first mixture alternately with the milk and vanilla, mixed. Fold in the beaten egg white. Bake at 350°F. for 60 minutes, in an 8" x 8" pan, lightly greased and lined with wax paper. When cold, spread with mocha icing.



**SEND ME YOUR FAVOURITE RECIPE
... IT MAY WIN THE \$100.00 CHEQUE**

This month, I am looking for more "Cloud Light" recipes. Send me your favourite! The best of the month wins \$100.00—and everyone who writes gets a voucher good for 1 lb. Package of Domestic Shortening FREE. Be sure to see details in my Column in this magazine before writing.

Your "Good-Things-To-Eat" Reporter,

Grace York

CANADA PACKERS LIMITED

Romance Isn't Easy

Continued from page 7

thing she can do to make the man enjoy her company, to make him want to be with her all the time—for the rest of his life.

Plan of Campaign for Boys

Boys largely depend on these approaches:

Consideration, gentleness, politeness. Genuine compliments and appreciative words.

A little romance: small gifts, flowers. Decisiveness, with few "don't knows." Repeated declarations of love.

Avoid revealing any anxieties about the future.

Let the girl know you are ready for marriage.

These again are simple pointers, yet of real worth. Women are usually much more sentimental than men—more interested in the forms of courting, at this stage at least, than in sex expression itself; tell them you adore them, and tell them over and over again.

And for either the boy or girl in love there is one final pointer: Never forget AIDA.

AIDA isn't a girl's name, or a magic love potion, but was originally an advertising formula. The letters of the word are initials which stand for a simple formula for selling anything—

including yourself: Attention, Interest, Desire and Action.

Your personal appearance, your reputation among your friends, are things that will first attract the attention of the one you want.

Once you've caught that person's eye, your personality should capture deeper interest.

Now comes the real job—to build interest in your prospective mate that deeper desire for you that you yourself feel for him or her—the type of genuine desire which will naturally culminate in marriage.

Getting the Question Popped

Occasionally a girl may have to prod a slow suitor by dropping a hint that other men are interested in her. Or a boy may have to suggest that he is thinking of going to another city.

One way a girl can induce a proposal is to set the stage carefully. Your home is still one of the preferred places for popping the question, and this is advantageous because you are pretty much in control of the situation. A good meal, an open fireplace and soft music put many a man in the romantic mood.

A man can set the stage too. One boy I knew took his girl to spend the evening with a happily married couple of their own age. On the way home he parked the car and showed her the engagement ring and a matching wedding ring. That did it—she said yes, and set the date then and there. *

How good are YOU at romance?

Be truthful when you answer these questions yes or no.

1. Are you fond of a good spirited argument? Yes..... No.....
2. Do you almost always have a good time on a date? Yes..... No.....
3. Can you usually improve your friend's plans for the evening? Yes..... No.....
4. Do you like to plan pleasant surprises for ones you like? Yes..... No.....
5. Do you usually correct your friend's mistakes in speech or manners? Yes..... No.....
6. Is it easy for you to pay someone a sincere compliment? Yes..... No.....
7. Do you sometimes feel ill at ease in mixed groups? Yes..... No.....
8. Can you usually "sense" when a person is in a good or bad mood? Yes..... No.....
9. Do you have much trouble getting dates? Yes..... No.....
10. Have you "gone steady" within the past three years? Yes..... No.....
11. Were you nearly 20 or older when you began to date? Yes..... No.....
12. Can you usually tell when a kiss is about to occur? Yes..... No.....

For each odd-numbered question answered "no" and for each even-numbered question answered "yes" credit yourself with 1 point. If you score 20 or more and aren't dating regularly, you are either a hermit or live on an island. A score of 14 or less suggests that you get busy!

"Dear Editor"

A correspondence department for readers who feel impelled to take pen in hand

Cow Milker Scores Margarine

I have just finished reading your editorial re margarine. As a woman who milks cows I would ask why you are so concerned to cut my income and turn it over to the oil-growing farmers of other countries? Milking cows will always mean a 14-hour day, a seven-day week and no holidays, and has never been a paying business for those who must ship cream for butter-making. But it does bring in some regular cash, which in many cases is all the family lives on, as farm produce otherwise is returned to the farm in equipment.

Did you ever consider the state of the world's health if milk and butter should disappear?—Mrs. A. Melville, Marguerite, B.C.

So Warmly Human

I want to compliment you on your choice of "The Practical Thing to Do," by Frances Emerson, in June Chatelaine. So many modern stories are either sordid or stupid. It's good to find one so warmly human and typical of real life without any objectionable element . . . —Ruth Hope, Paola, Kansas.

. . . At the moment of writing I have got only as far as the second story in the July issue, "Surprise Package," but that one is so entirely good—so wholesome, chucklesome, clever and delightful—that I'm asking you to pass along my opinion to its author, Joan Gamble. —Mrs. R. B. Elliot, Kings County, N.S.

Love Story Unspeakable

I should like to protest to you very strongly about the article, "Love Story Without Words," which appeared in July Chatelaine. I found the material itself very interesting, but the style of the story is unspeakably awful, and unworthy of appearing in any reputable Canadian magazine . . . —Louise Griffith, Toronto, Ont.

. . . I have just finished reading "Love Story Without Words," and I think it is one of the finest bits of Canadian writing I have seen. Lotta Dempsey made a beautiful and moving story out of something thousands would fail to see beauty in, and some of the lines and paragraphs are pure poetry. I sincerely congratulate the writer and Chatelaine. —Edna Jaques, Toronto, Ont.

. . . It was with great pleasure I read "Love Story Without Words." I have known Mrs. Dixon for several years, being a summer visitor at McKay Lake, and can enthuse about the delicious pies and cakes turned out by Mrs. Dixon on her wood stove.

In my wanderings through the north I have contacted folks who, like the Dixons, have undergone hardships in their early days which have developed their character. So much so that one wonders if the present-day mode of living causes us to lose out on character building.—F. Kershaw, Hamilton, Ont.

\$2,400 a Year Just a Laugh

. . . It seems to me that the writer of the article in your July issue, "We Live

on \$2,400 a Year and Like It," hasn't had her eyes opened to present-day conditions. Perhaps if she realized how lucky she was in comparison to other families, she would also realize she should like her position.—Mrs. Plumridge, Victoria, B.C.

. . . I am sure most people would be very pleased with life if they were getting \$2,400 a year to live on—that's no great undertaking. I have lived and worked in this community since I was a boy, and know very well that few get \$2,000 a year and a lot get less and are still happy. If this article is intended to show that it's easy to get along on \$2,400, then I feel it's just a laugh.—E. J. Chalk, Waldeck, Sask.

Ed.'s Note: "Live on \$2,400 and Like It" was published to give the actual record of what one young couple is doing—and help other Canadians with similar problems. Actually, the average income (among salaried and wage-earning Canadians) is now more than \$2,000.

Dr. Chisholm in Pathless Bog?

Nothing whatever is wrong with Dr. Brock Chisholm's theory that women make wars, except that it doesn't work. He contends that wars are caused by youth being subjected to an excess of discipline. Women are mainly responsible for the training of the young; hence women are responsible for wars.

Dr. Chisholm has proved himself a past-master at shocking the bourgeois and long may he continue. We can do with dozens of therapeutic shocks. But they must be administered with a spice of logic, and this time the good doctor has forgotten the indispensable seasoning. He has ventured into a pathless bog that might be signposted "Oversimplification" . . . Would a world of undisciplined hoodlums remain at peace?—Edgar Philpott, Vancouver, B.C.

. . . Much as we may be reluctant to admit that "Women Make Wars," Dr. Chisholm's serious accusation still stands. But to offset this there is a slowly awakening consciousness of the great responsibility women have in holding the key position in the nation, namely, in the home.

I am a Canadian mother with seven children, and I believe firmly in the axiom, "as the twig is bent . . ." And the bending of the twig is largely left in the hands of mothers in every country. Women have left the home to work in almost all fields of endeavor, and with this broadening of their horizons they are slowly realizing they are responsible for the happy solution of most of the world's ills.—Jane Dale, Hamiota, Man.

Ed.'s Note: Among the flood of letters commanding and condemning Dr. Chisholm's article was one from a Winnipegger asking permission to urge a long list of publications to print it, for which she bought sufficient copies of Chatelaine. Also many requests that the article be reprinted in pamphlet form. *



BRENDA YORK'S COLUMN

You May Win \$100

A PRIZE FOR EVERYONE WHO WRITES

HELLO NEIGHBOURS: It's a changing world! Come September, come school-days and we are welcoming home neighbours and friends from far-away trips, from Summer camps and cottages. My own "welcome home" for the neighbours is going to be a last outdoor supper-party, and what fun it's been planning it! The old rough table from the basement paint shop has been set up in the garage and covered with gay swirls of crepe paper. Onto it will go steaming meat-and-vegetable casseroles right from the oven; huge bowls of crisp salad with a selection of dressings; tiny hot rolls folded into a starched table napkin; fruit, crackers and cheese—and, at the last moment, a tantalizing brew of piping hot coffee. Individual trays will be there—for it's to be a help-yourself party where the hostess—(that's me)—will be able to sit with the folks in a comfy chair and enjoy the sunset over the garden wall.

BUT ENOUGH OF MY OWN "DOINGS"—IT'S TIME FOR CONGRATULATIONS TO:

DORIS ROSS

Apt. 18, 326 Broadway Ave., Winnipeg, Man.

who wins the \$100.00 cheque for the June contest on York Spiced Beef. So many splendid recipes for both hot and cold dishes came in that we spent days in the test kitchen testing and sampling. DORIS ROSS certainly deserves the most sincere congratulations for creating the dish finally chosen by the judges as the winner. Here is how she makes:

FIESTA SPICED BEEF JELLIES

2 tablespoons gelatine	1/2 teaspoon salt
4 tablespoons cold water	1 tablespoon sugar
2 1/4 cups (1—20 ounce tin) tomato juice	2 tablespoons lemon juice
1 bay leaf	1/4 cup diced sweet pickles
1 half-inch slice of onion	1 tin York Spiced Beef, cubed
4 whole cloves	1 egg, hard-cooked

Method: Soak gelatine in cold water for 5 minutes. Simmer together, gently, for 5 minutes, the tomato juice, bay leaf, onion, cloves, salt and sugar. Remove from heat. Add gelatine to hot tomato mixture and stir until dissolved. Add lemon juice and chill until partially set. Add sweet pickles and York Spiced Beef. Rinse 8—10 individual jelly moulds with cold water. Place a slice of hard-cooked egg in each mould and fill with gelatine mixture. Chill until thoroughly set. Unmold on lettuce and serve with mayonnaise. Hot cheese biscuits make a tasty accompaniment to Fiesta Spiced Beef Jellies.

THIS MONTH, WE OFFER ANOTHER \$100.00 FIRST PRIZE for the best recipe using DOMESTIC SHORTENING. This contest should be an exciting one—for I know all of you, like myself, are just getting back into the way of making tempting goodies, sadly missed during the sugar and shortening shortage. So neighbours, tell me in a letter what YOU do with that favourite bake-day shortening—Domestic. Best recipe wins \$100.00—and you might be the one!

CONSOLATION PRIZES, TOO. Everyone who writes to me will receive from Canada Packers, a voucher which may be exchanged FREE at your grocer's or butcher's for a one-pound package of Domestic Shortening.

WE STIPULATE that all letters become our property and cannot be returned. Send as many entries as you wish to compete for the first prize—but we promise only one voucher per person. NO LABELS REQUIRED. Should the recipe chosen for First Prize be duplicated by another entry, the \$100.00 will be awarded to the first one received.

CLOSING DATE: To qualify for the \$100.00 First Prize—as well as a Free Voucher—your letter must be postmarked on or before midnight, September 30th, 1948. Winner of the First Prize will be announced in my December magazine column. Look for it, won't you?

ADDRESS YOUR LETTER TO: BRENDA YORK,
"Good-Things-To-Eat" Reporter, c/o Canada Packers Limited,
2204 St. Clair Avenue West, Toronto, Canada.

Have you tried this?

PARTY PICK-UP: Mix well together 1 tin sweetened condensed milk and juice of two lemons. Pour over layer of Graham wafers (in flat pyrex dish). Now, another layer of wafers, then top with butter icing. Let stand, at room temperature, 24 hours. Cut in small fingers or squares—and be prepared for raves!

LAUNDRY TIPS: Naughty-but-nice black silk lingerie should first be washed in Maple Leaf Soap Flakes, and a little vinegar added to the last rinse water. Bias cut

slips should be ironed crosswise, following the thread of the material. From a reader.

"Cuke" CUT-UPS: Peel cucumber and press fork prongs down its length before slicing to achieve that "scalloped" edge effect—or if you belong to the "peel on" school, wash and do the same thing! Makes 'em pretty.

MOTHER KNOWS BEST: —and she always uses Domestic Shortening for her "dream stuff" cakes. Take a tip from Mother!

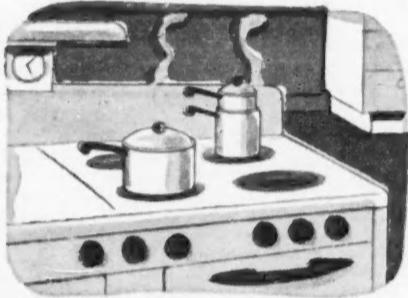
And so, neighbours, I bid you adieu—these are busy days in the Canada Packers' test kitchens with great and wonderful plans afoot for the C.N.E. Do—if you possibly can—come and visit us there in the Food Products Building where our dietitians will be demonstrating many of the wonderful recipes that you have been sending me for York and Maple Leaf Foods. In the meantime, remember to send me your recipe for Domestic Shortening, won't you? And don't forget to post your letter before midnight, September 30th, 1948. Cheerio, until next month.

Your "Good-Things-To-Eat" Reporter,

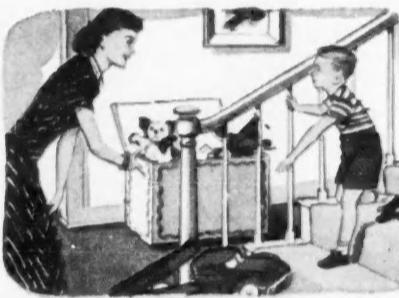
HOW SAFE ARE YOUR CHILDREN?

In the past 35 years, the death rate from disease among children 1 to 14 years of age has been reduced more than 80%. Today, accidents, in the home and out, are the leading cause of death in childhood. In addition, thousands of children are temporarily or permanently crippled by accidents each year.

Fortunately, many accidents can be prevented. Parents can do most to guard their children's health and happiness by removing possible causes of accidents, and by establishing common-sense rules of safety.



1. Burns cause most fatal home accidents. So it's wise for parents to turn the handles of pots on a stove so they can't be reached, to keep matches in a safe place, and to place a sturdy screen around a fireplace or unguarded heater.



2. Falls head the list of serious non-fatal accidents. Parents can help prevent falls by providing a storage place for toys, so that they won't be left on the stairs or the floor. Windows should be guarded, and halls well lighted.



3. Safety in the streets is extremely important. Children should learn to cross only at crossings, to obey traffic lights, to look both ways before stepping into the street, and to face traffic if they have to walk on a road.



4. Drowning accounts for many accidental deaths. That's why a grownup should be present whenever children are playing in or near the water. During the winter, parents should check ice conditions where children skate.

Parents can also be helpful in protecting their children by setting a good example and by showing them safe ways to work and play. If, in spite of all your precautions, your child seems to have more than his share of accidents, it may be wise to consult your doctor.

To learn more about protecting your child, send for Metropolitan's free booklet, "Help Your Child to Safety." Address your request to Booklet Dept., 98L, Canadian Head Office, Ottawa.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

New York

Frederick H. Ecker, Chairman of the Board
Leroy A. Lincoln, President

Canadian Head Office: Ottawa

Protect your children against Smallpox, Diphtheria, Whooping Cough, Tetanus and Scarlet Fever. Have them immunized NOW! See your doctor or your Health Department.

You'd Never Know it was a Bed!

by John Caulfield Smith, Home Planning Editor

Illustrated by Paul Johns

CROWDED? Thousands of people are—and the number-one need is for extra sleeping accommodation. Smart families—"just-marrieds" as well as couples with children—are apt to make the living room double as a bedroom. For this, there are a number of interesting new type chesterfield-beds on the market. Designed to harmonize with any scheme of decoration in the room, they have the smart lines and tailored appearance of the conventional chesterfield. They're tricky about concealing their talent for providing a good night's rest as well as a comfortable daytime seat.

The chesterfield-into-bed has become one of the most ingenious items produced by the furniture makers. You'll have a wide choice of types. For

instance, the more expensive pieces have mechanisms that are scientifically counterbalanced for easy opening and closing. If you pay less you'll probably use more muscle. Some models, in both price fields, allow the bed to be made up and put away during the day. Others provide bedding-storage space.

Remember, there's more than meets the eye to a satisfactory two-way living room piece of this sort. Hidden qualities are as important as the style and pattern of the chesterfield. Color fastness of the upholstery, durability of the "springing," the strength of the framework should be thoroughly checked.

Whatever price you plan to pay, don't forget that a reputable manufacturer is one of your important safeguards of satisfactory service!



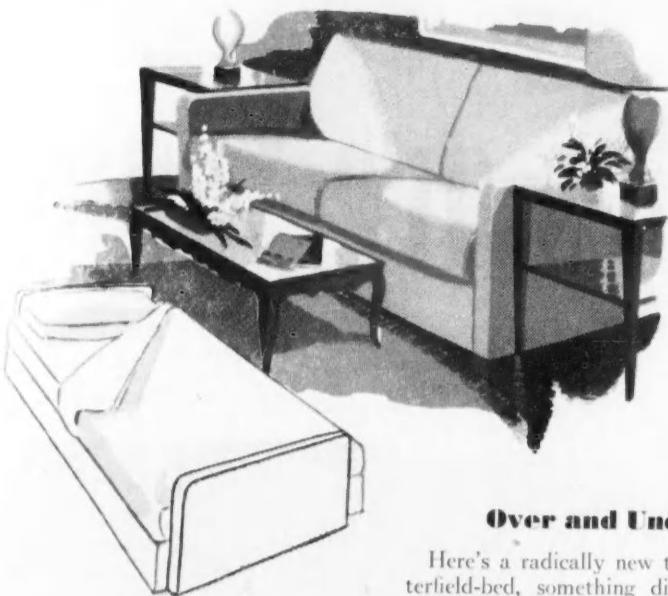
Heads First

When opened, this handsome, steel-framed chesterfield makes a full-size bed. It offers all the comfort of a real, inner-spring mattress. Sheets and blankets may be left on, permitting the bed to be made in the morning, closed for the day and opened ready to climb into at night. Careful counterbalancing enables its mechanism to be operated with the touch of a finger. A wide choice of fabrics is offered.



Side by Side

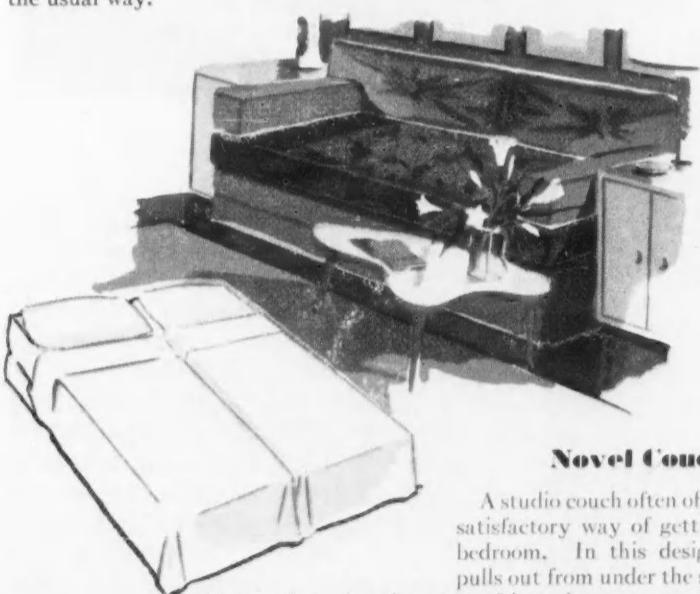
This cleverly styled chesterfield-bed gives little or no hint of its dual purpose, yet it provides comfortable sleeping accommodation for two persons. There's a wardrobe box for sorting bedding. Other features are cushionized spring construction and a choice of upholstery colors.

**Over and Under**

Here's a radically new type of chesterfield-bed, something different from anything that's hitherto appeared. The provisions for seating and sleeping are quite separate. The unit looks like a conventionally well-made chesterfield, but it conceals a made-up bed with a full-size spring-filled mattress ready for immediate use. The mattress is built into the back. As the back is pulled forward the seat slides underneath and the back comes down on top of it. Then it's simply unfastening the covers protecting the made-up bed, and climbing in between the sheet!

**Ends Down**

This unusual chesterfield-bed is a British design. It's a light, graceful modern piece that has a sturdy hardwood frame and comes upholstered in a variety of fabrics. To make it into a bed, the loose cushions next to the arms are removed, then the arms are folded down and the firm cushions from the back are placed on top of them. The bed is then made up in the usual way.

**Novel Couch**

A studio couch often offers the most satisfactory way of getting an extra bedroom. In this design, a spring pulls out from under the seat cushion, which is then placed on top of it to become a mattress. Two people can be accommodated comfortably. In the design shown, a novel touch is provided by upholstering the seat cushion in a different fabric from that used for the rest of the couch. Square, removable arms are used to create the impression that the couch is really a conventional chesterfield.

THERE'S ONLY ONE LOOK . . .

The Arden Look

By ELIZABETH ARDEN



EVER since Eve there's been only one right look . . . the look of a lovely woman. Just to touch Ardena Cleansing Cream and Ardena Skin Lotion is to know that you can only have incomparable results. Of course, Elizabeth Arden's cleansing method leaves skin cleaner, fresher, softer. But it's worth a queen's ransom to hear your friends say, "You've never looked lovelier!" . . . proof positive that Miss Arden's preparations have no rivals. So moderately priced, too. You need less to do more!

Ardena Cleansing Cream, 1.25 to 7.00. Ardena Skin Lotion, 1.25 to 9.75

Other exquisite Elizabeth Arden Essentials that help you attain the Arden Look:

Ardena Special Astringent, 2.75 and 4.75.
Ardena Orange Skin Cream, 1.25 to 9.50.
Ardena Velva Cream, 1.25 to 7.00.
Ardena Perfection Cream, 7.50 and 12.50.
Ardena All-Day or Feather-Light Foundation 1.25.

Elizabeth Arden

At Smartest Shops in Every Town

Their Styles are Young

by Evelyn Kelly

Fashion Editor



Iridescent taffeta, rustly, soft in smoky Renoir rose. A young frock of exquisitely simple lines, its slightly flared skirt swept back into centre pleats and wide bustle bow. Worn with it is a head-hugging bonnet cloche of finely shirred black velvet.

HERE are the fashions most likely to succeed with the gals who'll be wearing them . . . college and university girls who have to choose carefully . . . remembering Dad. Remembering that what they buy now will have to do for the school months ahead. If they make mistakes through bad buying . . . well, very often that's *their* tough luck.

These young shopper-students are acutely style-wise. Life right now is a vicious but oh-so-pleasant circle . . . when you look right you feel right . . . when you feel right you have fun . . . when you're having a bit of fun you work hard. Collegiate and university days, among the best years of their lives . . . lectures, studying, cramming . . . are completely intertwined with nice clothes and good times. The minute exam results are out, the fall clothes problem's in.

"*What do I live in?*" first item on the list. Looking smooth and smart is important, every hour of the day. The 20th-century miss will tell you that glamour isn't a matter of moonlight and music. She'll explain the importance of good-looking casual togs for week-in, week-out wear, the campus-conscious kind. On the plain side, flexible to her mode of the moment . . . to be dashed up with exciting colors . . . or prettied with pearls or fad jewelry.

Suits and sociable separates are what they search for. Plain blouses, friendly with either plain tailored skirts or full-flared plaids.

Sweaters . . . more sweaters . . . can't get enough of them. This fall they're going for bodice-striped numbers (see right) to wear with plain skirts. They scan the counters for good values, fine quality that'll stand up to frequent launderings. Name any label and they can tell all.

It's hard to predict which will be more popular in the fall buying months . . . bias-flared skirts (usually plain front, with fullness swept to the back), or the narrow slim skirt with slightly slashed hemline. Here you see the two versions that will just about tie in popularity votes.

They sigh for a good suit. Love gabardine because of its slick well-groomed look, its good-natured way of taking hard wear without crumpling into a weary, give-me-a-pressing condition. They want clean-cut lines, no clutter of trim. They know that a well-mannered beauty, the suit that goes on for several seasons, is a joy as long as its wearer doesn't change weight, do too much growing. Fine quality makes good impressions even after fickle fashion changes its fancy.



Fun stuff, the kind that means personality plus, enters here. Newest trick, most charming fad of many a season, is the *stadium shawl*, shown here in the college group. It's a huge fringed square, plaided wool, teamed with a matching skirt. During mild fall weather, these stadium shawls are likely to take the place of lightweight coats occasionally. They're bound to be seen at every rugby game of the season . . . they'll be sat on . . . they'll wave on the winners, be used as head-and-neck protectors against a wicked wind. Not hard to understand why great-grandma loved her shawl!

A pretty notion in jewelry is catching on like wildfire. Little scatter pins (matching or the go-together kind) travel across, or up or around a suit lapel, often with one on the side of a beret. Appearing too on suit pockets, or on a wide belt.

and Gay



The stadium shawl, fringed woolen tartan in red, green, brown with wide yellow overcheck. The matching skirt is cut with plain front and full-flaring, slightly longer, back. Very new, a navy pullover striped in beige and scarlet tops a slim-cut skirt of fine navy gabardine. And the college man chooses a jacket in a soft Shetland weave, minutely checked, camel shade, the university crowd's favorite with grey flannels.

Garments and accessories from Simpson's, Toronto.



***These are the special pets
of the college and campus crowd . . .
the new look entering quietly in
the world of young fashions***

Here's back interest again, in this very lovely dinner-and-dancing frock, imported jacquard taffeta in silvery Renoir green. A peplum lies flat at the front, spreads out at the sides to form a wide pegtop pouf over the back drapery. Fine shirring shapes the smooth-fitting bodice.

Hats? You can bet on berets. Mostly pulled back and a little to the side.

Gloves? Fussy about them. White ones, plain pigskin, cotton knits. You'll seldom find a teen-on-to-twenty without her gloves.

Shoes, low, comfortable, toes and heels closed. Mostly wedges, ghillies, fringed oxfords.

Fairly formal is what they want for gala events through fall. Newest this season, bound to appeal, is the frock that goes from late afternoon through evening. Long, but not quite to the ankle, short-sleeved, but not sleeveless. Always with that new, small-above-the-waist look achieved by a plain fitted bodice, or figure-shaping front shirring. Skirts are almost always without much front fullness . . . not more than an easy flare . . . almost always they travel in slick lines to the new flattering back fullness in the way of pegtop drapery, flanges or bustle bows. Favorite materials are the wonderful new rustly taffetas, the iridescents, jacquards, moires, fabrics so lovely in themselves that nothing is used in the way of trimmings . . . not a button, a flower, or contrasting color.

Sharp young eyes have been quick to spot flattering shades in this fall's subdued color chart: a smoky, soft red, called Renoir rose . . . an unusual green, silvered like the underside of a leaf, Renoir green.

The numbers you see here will soon be leading busy lives all across the country. They're the styles that are fashion-right, practical and keyed to the spirits of their wearers . . . very young . . . very gay.

They call this the tailored suit with a feminine air. The good tailoring is evident in its sleek lines, finely executed finishing details in buttonholes, edges at collar, cuffs and hemlines. Its feminine air is in the stand-up dandy collar, small covered buttons and softly handled slash pockets. In green gabardine.

Campus Collection...



ANY ONE . . . or all five . . . of these pretty young numbers are styled to captivate the choicest young co-ed. All have a Gibson girl air about them . . . each has individual features reflecting this fall's general silhouette.

She wants at least one sophisticated dark date dress. And what could be prettier than a black ruffled sheer? **Number 2524** has its front yoke ruffled to match the skirt, the ruffling edged with rickrack. A back-buttoned bodice and bias skirt.

Make her at least one bold-plaided jumper, a long-sleeved white blouse and a dark one to match the predominating plaid shade. This set, **Number 2518**, has its jumper bias cut to fall in an easy flare. Neckline is squared back and front. The blouse, front buttoned, has a pointed collar, long sleeves with very wide buttoned wristbands.

Here's her stand-by, very slick in dark wool crepe or velveteen, **Number 2584**. A simple little frock to fall back on. Bodice buttons at back, has a pointed collar. Its flared skirt is seamed centre front and back.

Fun and games here, in the detachable peplum of **Number 2590**. If you make it in a plain basic blue, green, brown or black, she could have an assortment of peplums in plaids and checks . . . all kinds of variety. Bodice, dart-fitted, is centre seamed, and skirt is cut in four sections. Back opening has slide fastener.

Covered-wagon days is the theme of **Number 2596**. Styled specially for gay plaids, the skirt is in four sections, the bodice dart-fitted. A large puritan collar, outlined with eyelet to match sleeve bands, is detachable.

For pattern prices and descriptions see page 101

Are you in the know?



What's this paper doll trying to do?

- Get into print
- Scoop the news
- A slight-of-hand trick

Are outsize paws your problem? They'll seem smaller if you make them less conspicuous. With one hand, practice crumpling a sheet of newspaper into a ball. That's a trick to limber hands, lend them grace . . . (a confidence builder!). You'll feel more confident, too, on "certain days" when you use Quest on your sanitary napkin. It's the Kotex powder deodorant made specially to destroy napkin odour. No fear of chafing, either, when you use Quest, for Quest absorbs moisture . . . leaves your skin soft and smooth.

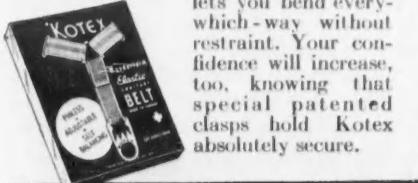
Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping
as effective or
not advertised.



When he admires your dress, do you say

- "Really? This old sack?"
- "Are you kidding?"
- "Thank you"

Some gals imagine they must shrug off a compliment. Such tactics embarrass a fellow! When he tosses a bouquet your way—catch it. Sweetly say, "Thank you." Giving out with the right answers is a mark of poise. And the right answer for difficult days is a Kotex Wonderform sanitary belt. It's the pinless, self-balance, elastic type—lets you bend every-which-way without restraint. Your confidence will increase, too, knowing that special patented clasps hold Kotex absolutely secure.



The Black Queen

Continued from page 71

sex and age of the person to whom his brother was talking. Alan's grey eyes shone and he all but warbled. When he finally put down the telephone and returned to his room, Fleet jumped to his feet and followed.

After a while Fleet came out of Alan's room and slammed the door. Jan took a long, deep breath. Then she rose slowly, walked down the hall, and knocked on the same door.

Alan's face was red. "Well, what's on your mind?" he demanded crossly.

For a moment she wondered why he seemed so much smaller in a dressing gown. Then she realized that the shoulders of his suits must be padded.

"Tell me about this girl who called you," she said pleasantly.

Alan looked as if he would like to be elsewhere. "Well, uh—her name is Lela Hansen. She's an actress—"

"Go on," Jan said.

"She—she's half Japanese. Sort of—well, unusual. Never met anyone like her—"

"You'd never met anyone like me," Jan said.

There was a pause. Alan's face was now the color of a very ripe pimento.

"Well, don't worry about it," Jan said at last. "You see I've just discovered that I'm not in love with you either."

She returned to the deserted living room, put a log on the fire, and opened the card table. It was very peaceful there, and she intended to relax. This had been a most unpleasant mistake, but tomorrow she could go home. All she had to do was be calm a little longer.

But she was not calm. Something was going on inside her, and it began to feel like fireworks.

A door burst open and Fleet burst into the living room. "Jan, I want to talk to you! Don't think I like being a nursemaid to my own brother, but when I won't let Alan touch his money, believe me, I know what I'm doing! Sure that bunch of down-at-the-heels actors will travel, if somebody pays them. They have to eat, don't they? But Alan's the guy who's supposed to furnish most of the cash, and he'd lose his shirt—"

"I understand that now," Jan said.

"Then why—" Fleet stopped and bit his lip. "Look, Jan, I know you want a decent house in the country and your own horses. I know you can't do it on Alan's 15%. But if you'll just stick with him till he's 35 and has a little more judgment, you'll get all of it. You ought to be willing to wait if you love him."

Jan looked at his flushed face. She looked at his flaming hair and the shoulders which were much too big to depend on padding. Rockets seemed to explode inside her.

"Fleet!" she cried. "I don't love Alan! I never have loved him."

"What?" Fleet's face turned white. "You never loved him?"

"Never!" The word was like a song. "Oh, never—"

Fleet slammed his big hand down on the table, scattering the cards. "So that's it!" he shouted. "So you're just like the rest of them! Damn you, Jan Forrester, you even had me fooled—"

"Wha-at!" Jan gasped.

"And I believed in you! Damn it,

Are you in the know?



Should the lady be seated—

- Opposite the other girl
- At her left
- At her right

If you're ever bedeviled by this doubt . . . listen. Table etiquette decrees that ladies be seated opposite each other. Knowing for certain will de-panic you, next time. Same as knowing (at certain times) that with Kotex you're safe from tell-tale outlines. Never a panicky moment, thanks to those

special flat pressed ends. They don't show; won't betray your secret. Yes . . . for confidence, you can trust Kotex. No doubt about it! And there's no doubt about comfort with such miracle-softness that holds its shape. Try new Kotex. Made to stay soft while you wear it!



What's a jilted Jane to do?

- Let his memory linger on
- Pursue him by mail
- Get herself a hobby

If last summer's knight beams at someone else this season—no use toting the torch. Now is the hour to get yourself a hobby. Something fun and worthwhile—that keeps your brain, or hands, or tootsies (why not learn to tap dance?) active. Fight off "calendar" blues, too, with the self-assurance Kotex brings. You see, there's extra protection in that exclusive safety center of Kotex. It's a safeguard you can depend on, to banish risk of accidents . . . embarrassment. Helps preserve your peace of mind. Puts wings on worry!

Which togs are best for "tubby"?

- A tweed suit
- A gabardine dress
- A sweater and skirt

Lassie with the buxom chassis—buy your togs with special care! Ixnay on sweaters. Steer clear of tweeds. (Heavy fabrics add bulk.) To pare down your upholstery, select smooth, figure-flattering materials. Gabardine, for instance—for casual wear. Different girls have different needs; in clothes, and in sanitary protection. That's why Kotex gives every girl a choice of 3 sizes. And why the new Kotex Sanitary Belt is adjustable—all-elastic. Whatever your build, a Kotex Belt fits smoothly; doesn't bind!



*More women choose
KOTEX* than all other
sanitary napkins*

KOTEX COMES IN 3 SIZES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER



Sweet and Lovely Separates

THESE ARE the little extras that add excitement to a college girl's wardrobe. Blouses, skirts, stole scarves . . . little pretties whipped up in no time flat. With the added appeal of being so strictly individual when one can choose just the right color, the perfect material.

Number 2381, the blouse with Peter Pan collar, huge black bow, is styled simply for fabrics like heavy white crepe. Devastating in eyelet, batiste, dotted swiss, any material needing no extra trimming attraction. Its simplicity is balanced by **Number 2569**, a full skirt in three sections, each of which is top gathered. Contrasting corded piping accents each section and a cummerbund completes the set.

Number 2577, a back-buttoned blouse, is shown in two versions: one with a high rolled collar, three-quarter sleeves, another with plain neckline and long sleeves. In the collared style a slide fastener is used. With the plain neckline

the back closing is buttoned. This blouse has two companions: skirt **Number 2580**, cut in four sections, shown here with two ideas, either an outside tuck encircling it, or a wide ruffle trimming the lower edge. Then there's a stole scarf (included with skirt pattern) cut in two sections, with little pockets hidden inside under triple rows of ruffling at each end. At centre of scarf a slide fastener may be run up to form a gay hood for gala evenings.

Number 2589 is a blouse giving great scope for imagination. It has a U-shaped yoke, back-button closing. Shown here are clever effects worked out with striped fabric. White crepe could have its yoke outlined in fine lace, or lace for the entire yoke. White sheers or dotted swiss would be very dainty, trimmed with fragile eyelet. Accompanying skirt **Number 2579** is softly pleated either side of centre front and back seams for gentle fullness. Waistband is back-buttoned under a neat, defining cummerbund. For pattern prices and descriptions see page 101

you even had me lying awake nights, wishing I had seen you first—" He picked up the card table, threw it at the fireplace, and stalked out of the room.

A few minutes later he stalked past the living room doorway, carrying a small suitcase. The front door slammed.

MRS. GRAHAM hurried in, clutching a negligee over her nightgown. She looked at Jan, who still sat there, stiff as an icicle. She looked at the scattered cards and the splintered table, which was beginning to smell of hot varnish. She pulled it off the bent fire screen.

"Is Fleet upset again?" she asked anxiously.

"He's gone," Jan said in a small voice. "He—he took a suitcase."

"Oh, dear, he must have gone out to the shack again! I wish he wouldn't let Alan upset him so."

"When—when do you think he'll be back?"

"Not till Monday, dear, I'm sure. He always stays till Monday. Well, I'd better take a sleeping pill and go back to bed."

Left alone, Jan rose unsteadily. She felt a desperate need to have cards in her hands again. She picked them up. After one glance at the shattered card table, she removed a cigarette box and a bowl of roses from the coffee table and sat down behind it.

She dealt out the cards. But her mind was so full of Roman candles and pin-wheels that she could not tell a spade from a club. How dared Fleet talk to her like that? What had she ever done?

Then, with what felt like the explosion of a giant fire cracker, she remembered something he had said. Her shaking hands dropped the cards. Slowly and carefully, weighing each word, she remembered everything he had said.

What was going on inside her now was no longer mere fireworks. It felt like a good-sized volcano. But she must try to behave like her father.

Be calm. Be patient. Wait for the situation to change . . .

But she was going home tomorrow. And Fleet would not be back till Monday!

With one big sweeping motion she brushed all the cards off the table. She looked down at the floor, and the queen of spades looked up at her in sardonic amusement. Jan remembered then that when you played "Old Maid," the queen of spades was it.

She jumped to her feet, upsetting the coffee table. Her hands opened and

closed, as if they itched for something. She didn't stop to think that she was behaving like her mother. For the first time in years she was much too busy being Janet Forrester.

She took two long strides and grabbed a piece of wood from the basket beside the fireplace. Gripping it firmly, she charged down the hall to Alan's door.

Alan was still in the dressing gown, and he really was not very big. Not as big as she was.

"For the love of little fishes," he said fretfully, "can't a guy have any privacy? What are you doing with that stick?"

She held it like a baseball bat. "Alan, what did you tell Fleet about me? He said I wanted a country house and horses. I never said that."

"Now look, Black Queen—"

"Don't call me that! What did you tell him?"

"Stop waving that stick at me! I was just trying to be tactful. He and Mother are so nuts about you that I didn't have the heart to say I wasn't in love with you. All I said was that you turned me down because you wanted to live in the country and have your own horses, and we couldn't do it on my 15%."

Jan was breathing hard. "You," she said, "are going to get dressed and drive me out to Fleet's shack."

"What? You're crazy. I've only been there twice. I wouldn't be able to find it at night."

She brandished the stick. "Get dressed and try."

"I won't do anything of the kind."

Jan whanged the stick down on his toe.

"Ow!" Alan yelled, and tried to take the stick away from her. A moment later he found himself sprawled on the floor.

IT WAS nearly two a.m. and very cold. Waves pounded against the rocks outside the shack. Inside, Fleet Graham sat huddled beside a dying fire. The floor around him was littered with cigarette butts.

The door burst open and in came his only brother. Alan's hair was rumpled and his nose blue with cold. Behind him marched a hot-eyed young woman, brandishing a large stick.

Fleet stared at them in dazed astonishment. "What the—"

Alan stumbled over to the fire and held out shaking, purplish hands. "She had to see you!" he muttered bitterly. "We've been driving around for hours,

* Continued on page 107

Pattern descriptions and details for ordering

2381—Misses' blouse in sizes 12-20. Size 16: 2 of 39"; 1½ of 54". Bow: 1 yard of 4" width ribbon. Price 25c.

2569—Junior misses' and misses' skirt and cummerbund in waist sizes 24½, 25, 25½, 26, 27, 28, 30. Size 26: 3½ of 35" or 39"; 3½ of 50". Contrasting cummerbund: ¼ yard of 35" or 39". Contrasting piping: ¾ of 35"; ¼ of 39". Price 25c.

2577—Misses' blouse in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16, with long sleeves: 2½ of 35"; 2 of 39"; 1½ of 50"; 1½ of 54". With three-quarter sleeves: 2½ of 35"; 2 of 39"; 1½ of 35" or 54". Price 25c.

2580—Misses' skirt and scarf in waist sizes 24, 26, 28, 30, 32. Size 28: 3 of 35"; 2½ of 39"; 2½ of 54". Skirt and scarf: 5½ of 35"; 4½ of 39"; 3½ of 54". Price 25c.

2588—Misses' blouse in sizes 12-20. Size 16: 2½ of 35"; 2½ of 39" or 41" even lengthwise striped material. Contrasting collar: ¼ of 35" or 39". Price 25c.

2584—Junior Misses' and Misses' dress in

sizes 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 18. Size 15: 4 of 39"; 3½ of 41"; 3 of 54". Price 25c.

2579—Misses' skirt in waist sizes 24, 26, 28, 30, 32. Size 28: 3½ of 35"; 3½ of 39"; 2½ of 54". Contrasting cummerbund: ¼ of 35", 39" or 54". Price 25c.

2524—Teen-Age dress in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, Size 12: 3½ of 35"; 3½ of 39"; 3½ of 41". Rick rack: 5½ yards. Price 25c.

2518—Teen-Age jumper and blouse in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16. Size 12, Jumper: 3½ of 35", 3½ of 39" or 2½ of 54" even plaid or plain material. Blouse: 2½ of 35"; 2½ of 39". Price 25c.

2590—Junior misses' and misses' dress with detachable peplum in sizes 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 18. Size 12: 3½ of 35", 3½ of 39" or 2½ of 54" even plaid material. Contrasting collar: ¾ of 35" or 39". Ribbon: ½ yard of 1½" width. Edging: 3½ yards of 1½" width. Price 25c.

2596—Teen-Age dress with detachable collar in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16. Size 12: 3½ of 35", 3½ of 39" or 2½ of 54" even plaid material. Contrasting collar: ¾ of 35" or 39". Ribbon: ½ yard of 1½" width. Edging: 3½ yards of 1½" width. Price 25c.

Simplicity Patterns may be obtained from your local dealer, or by mail through the Pattern Department of Chatelaine Magazine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto.

"I dress for starlight dining
...at 8 o'clock in the morning!"



1. "Here's how I manage desk-to-dining dates," says this smart career girl. "I wear a simple black linen dress to the office, with the smartest of tailored jackets. And, of course, rely on new Odorono cream to keep my clothes free from perspiration stains and odor." One dab of Odorono in the A.M. keeps you dainty a full 24 hours.

And wait till you see how creamy-smooth Odorono stays in the jar. Never gritty (even if you leave the cap off for weeks).

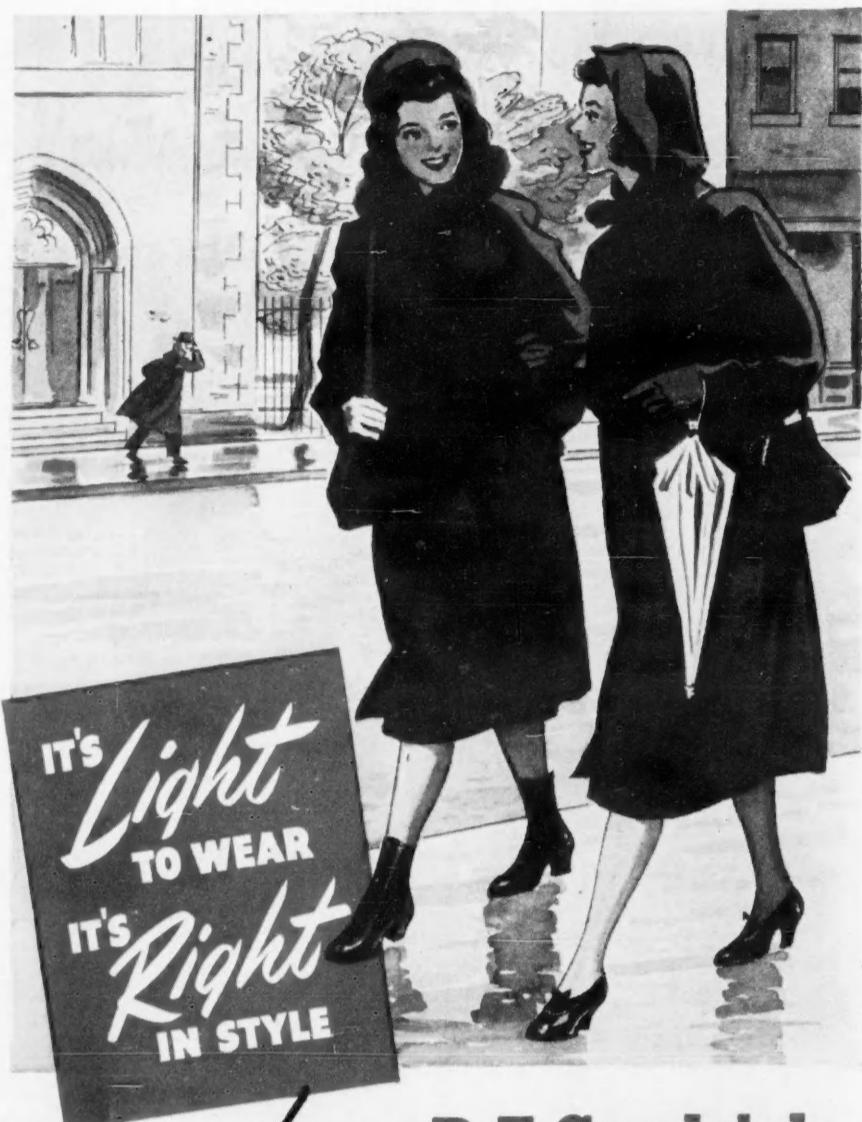


2. "When date time comes, I remove the jacket, add beads and crisp white petticoat, flowers and gloves—and I'm set for a romantic evening. I'm confident of my charm all evening too, thanks to new Odorono cream." Because the Halgene in Odorono gives more effective protection than any deodorant known.

Yet stainless Odorono is so safe and gentle—you can use it even after shaving. Try Odorono yourself—and see.

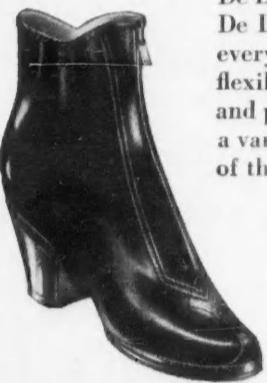
New Odorono Cream safely
stops perspiration and odor
a full 24 hours!





choose B.F. Goodrich DeLuxe FOOTWEAR

De Luxe means super quality... and B.F. Goodrich De Luxe waterproof footwear excels all others... every way. It's lighter in weight... it's much more flexible... it gives longer wear... greater comfort and protection. And it's designed for glamour... in a variety of foot-flattering styles. Here are a couple of the new feminine favorites—



THE "Wisp" —here's all weather protection... plus smart new lines and sleek black finish that adds to your appearance. The WISP is lined with net for extra coziness... yet weighs only 12 ounces per pair. You'll want a pair for regular winter wear.



THE "Verilite Over" It's so easy to slip into these flexible, skin-tight lightweights. They feel like nothing at all... yet they give full protection plus smart appearance. They're washable... inside and out... and styled for wear even with buckled or beribboned shoes. They're dandy to keep handy — choose yours today.

See all the smart new B.F. Goodrich De Luxe Footwear styles today—at your dealer's. There are models for every occasion... and for every member of the family. Look for the label—B.F. Goodrich De Luxe—it identifies quality footwear at a glance.

B.F. Goodrich
DeLuxe

FOOTWEAR
for the entire family

Carbon-copy Co-eds

Continued from page 36

get tough yet, but they were beginning to wonder. The members of the English and French delegations were, of course, "sadly in the middle." And perhaps to relieve that sadness, they were extraordinarily successful in lobby work, which at that particular conference mostly amounted to fixing dates with some of the very eligible members of the various delegations. But even there, they ran up against a stone wall—Russian girls would not go out unless accompanied by a male Russian escort.

Politics divided the young not less than they did the old.

The whole situation was summed up to me by a young man who for four long years had fought in the European Underground: "The Underground in most countries consisted of young people. So in those dark days, we thought that if only the young people from all over the world were to come together we could settle everything. Now I realize that was a mistake. For it was not our youth that bound us together, but an ideal. Youth is neither an ideal nor an occupation. It therefore cannot be a binding tie between nations."

And yet for 12 years I have seen young people from all over the world and all races get on like a house on fire. Even in those grim years when the world was on fire and when the very house where they were meeting was a constant target for incendiary bombs, in war-shocked Britain.

This is really not so surprising. It is quite natural that young men and women who choose to continue studying when most other people begin to earn their living or get married have problems to solve, personal problems, I mean, that are essentially different from those that confront other people. Now this should not, of course, be carried to extremes. I don't advocate the separateness of Oxford and Cambridge. In fact, one of the nicest things about Canadian universities, especially the one at which I am temporarily serving, is the closeness with which it is knit to the surrounding community. The longer I watch this very wholesome development of Canadian universities the more I like it.

In England this is unfortunately not so. There the gulf between the universities, both ancient and modern, and the community is still very great; much too great to be healthy. Yet I feel that a university should be thought of as something more than a mere continuation of high school. That is why I am still in revolt against the North American habit of referring to a university as "school." Every time a heavily married vet with two children informs me that he "goes to school," I want to hit him on the head and cry out: "For heaven's sake, man, don't be ashamed of the word 'university'! I know it is a long word and of Latin origin, but it stands for something that neither your kindergarten nor your school ever did! For the function of the university is not only to thrust knowledge down your throat, but also to make you think. For all you know these few years at the university may be the last time you have the leisure and opportunity to indulge in that costly pastime." If this be the true function of the university, then both the men and

women who have engaged it, ought to be left free to work out their own pattern of dressing, behaving and amusing themselves, instead of trying to live to a mass-produced type as manufactured in Hollywood.

Personality for Sale

For this is not only a matter of dress or hair-dos. Personality is sold as effectively. Now, take that matter of smiles. At first I was dazzled by the radiance of the co-eds' smiles. I wished I could photograph them. I mean the smiles, and send them to England by air mail. But then I slowly began to discern a certain uniformity in those smiles. Far be it from me to suggest co-eds smile the same smile. There are in fact five smiles: the "how-do-you-do" smile, the "come-hither" smile, the smile the poor lambs have occasionally beamed at a professor, the smile with which a date is accepted and the catty smile, which as my spies report, is reserved for the ladies' commonroom. And as I began making a weekly pilgrimage to the movies, to my horror I recognized the five smiles. There they all were ready to be imitated.

The same applies to slang. One of the most striking differences between the Canadian and the English co-ed is the absence of a special university slang in Canada. I am not referring to accents. The English university accent is an abomination that should be wiped off the face of the earth. But students in England have a slang of their own, a special manner of speech which changes from generation to generation and is symptomatic of the corporate character of English university life. After all, the RAF has its slang. Why should university students not have it? Therefore, every time I hear a Canadian co-ed come out with a stereotyped: "You bet," something snaps in me.

Having uttered so many criticisms of the Canadian co-ed I feel I must utter a few more before I begin to overshower her with some very sincerely meant compliments.

There is one thing—and one only—that has really shocked me about her. This is the frankness with which the dear girls exchange confidences with each other about dates past, present and future. In quite many ways the English co-ed has a lot to learn from her Canadian sister. But I must give the girls from Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford or University College, London, their due. They are more discreet. I know the answer to this charge—there is nothing wrong in discussing your boy friends. Of course, there is nothing wrong in it. It is just a matter of taste. And this, incidentally, applies to Canadian boys just as much as to the girls.

Generally speaking, however, I must confess that the boy-girl relationship in Canadian universities is conducted on a much healthier and more natural basis than in England. This is probably the result of co-education in schools, where they learn at an early age to get along with one another and share interests. To most girls and boys in England the university is the first co-educational experience they encounter, and naturally the relationship there is somewhat more strained.

I have started this article by talking of a pattern. And though I deplore this standardization, I feel bound to add that on the positive side it has succeeded in almost eliminating from

Canadian universities the spectre of the typical university woman, so beloved by cartoonists; the dowdy, tweedy, bespectacled girl with a pair of "sensible" shoes, with heels so low that they could almost serve as bedroom slippers. For this the pattern be thanked.

But unfortunately the Canadian co-ed's idea of amusement also runs to a ready-made pattern—the movies, the dance hall, the game of bridge and the occasional drink.

Erratic Drinking in Hotel Rooms

Also, in this country the date has become somewhat of an institution. To have a great number of dates is to qualify socially. It is something like being well-dressed or, if one is a man, to own a car. It is my impression that often a Canadian co-ed goes out regardless of whether she is particularly interested in the man. A date, to her, is a trophy of war. In England a girl who has a great many dates is referred to as "popular," which may be a compliment—depending on the inflection of the voice.

On the matter of drink I may be wrong, but my impression is that the Canadian co-ed drinks a bit more, though probably less frequently, than a girl at an English university. Here in Canada there seem to be several occasions in the academic year, like the parties after the football matches in the fall, and the official university dances, when rather erratic drinking is done in cars, chartered hotel rooms and at private parties. In England, anyhow before the war, the sherry parties at Oxford and Cambridge were frequent affairs, yet the amount of alcohol consumed was never excessive. At the University of London, England, boys and girls do drop into a pub occasionally, but there the matter rarely goes over two glasses of beer.

This probably accounts for the fact that Canadian co-eds have mostly strong views on drink—very much for or against, while the English girl accepts it as a matter of social routine.

English Students Just Don't "Pin"

Where the two types really differ is in their attitude to dancing. When I once asked a Canadian co-ed what she thought of a man who could not dance she answered: "I really don't know, I have never met one." Here in Canada it is a social must. An integral part of a date, and a pastime frequently indulged in. Though English university

girls as a rule like dancing, they dance much less frequently than the Canadian co-eds. In England a date is more likely to consist of a visit to a theatre (and I don't mean a movie) followed by supper at a restaurant. Most English university parties seem to consist of people standing about in groups, with glasses in their hands and talking. In English universities, conversation is still regarded as an art and an amusing talker is much sought after by hostesses.

At Canadian university parties people seem to be anxious to be doing something all the time—dancing, playing cards, or else concentrate on drinking as if their lives depended on it. In one respect, however, the English would be well advised to copy Canadians in the manner of throwing parties. In Canada the hostess is really anxious to see to it that each of her guests should enjoy himself, and she goes out of her way to make everybody happy. In England only too often the host and hostess do little more than shake hands and say, "How do you do." You are then thrown into a roomful of strange people and are expected to fend for yourself as best you can.

A few more wild generalizations. The Canadian university girl may not be as sophisticated as the young woman from Oxford or Cambridge, but she scores heavily by being, Hollywood pattern notwithstanding, very natural. And in disdaining so many of the childish affectations that are so often practiced in English universities, she, in one respect, is more adult than her English sisters. In England, for instance, a young university woman may insist on paying her share when going out with a man just to show how "independent" she is.

There is one more remark I have to make, something I have saved up for the end, because to my mind it touches on the most striking characteristic of the Canadian co-ed. I don't know whether a monument for a Canadian co-ed has ever been erected on the campus of a Canadian university. If it has not yet, I hope that one day someone will think of it, and I would be greatly honored if allowed to supply the inscription and be present at the unveiling ceremony. I would then tear off the cloth, bow deeply, and read the dedication aloud—"TO THE YOUNG WOMAN WITH MUCH POISE."

For poise she has, and it is not borrowed, but all her own. *

Four Women Who Paint

Continued from page 9

has a large and pleasant house, is a charming hostess.

In addition to her teaching and her painting, Bobs Haworth did illumination and lettering—she did the Book of Remembrance in the Memorial Tower in Guelph. In collaboration with her husband she painted a series of five mural panels for Deer Park Church in Toronto. During the war she and her husband worked two summers for the War Records department, flew to the RCAF station on the Charlotte Islands—went to a naval station on the East Coast another summer. Of the four,

perhaps because she is a teacher of painting she seems to have the position of dean of the group. In the show she was outstanding for her painting on aluminum sheets with the sheen of the metal coming through, producing what the reviewers considered "very interesting results." She too leads a busy life.

Besides teaching she has done some commercial work such as book covers. She's painted a few portraits—there was one in the 4 Women show. She spends a good deal of time encouraging art and

Yvonne Housser is the career painter

* Continued on page 106

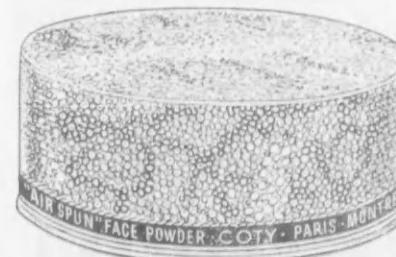


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CHILD HEALTH CLINIC

Protect Your Children

by Elizabeth Chant Robertson, M.D.

Smallpox

A BOUT a year ago a small epidemic of diphtheria broke out in Ontario and Quebec. It is true that it occurred in a rather remote area—away up on the shores of James Bay—but with all the planes that are flying in and out of that region nowadays it can no longer be called isolated. Several Indian babies died of the disease. The fact that most of the older children had been toxoided by the doctors and nurses of the Indian Health Services, saved it from being much worse. One of the treacherous things about diphtheria germs is that individuals who feel perfectly well can carry them about in their throats and pass them on to others who will develop the disease if they have no immunity or "protection" against it.

This outbreak and the fact that 1,550 Canadians developed diphtheria in 1947 makes it clear that this disease is still a danger to be combated. A good many mothers are apparently still willing to take a chance on their children escaping it, for there are some 25,000 unvaccinated children in one large Ontario city alone. You are not justified in taking such a chance, when there is a safe and sure means of preventing it. As you no doubt know, the way to avoid it is to have all babies and children given the prescribed course of toxoid.

Diphtheria is especially severe in very young children and therefore they should be started on their toxoid when they are six months of age or even a little younger. Besides it takes some months for the baby to build up his full protection following this treatment. Diphtheria toxoid is absolutely harmless. It is given with a needle, but it doesn't hurt any more than a mosquito bite, so you needn't worry about that part of it. It rarely makes a baby feel the least bit sick. Three injections are given, usually at intervals of three to four weeks. As the protection resulting from this first series gradually becomes less as time passes, several single booster doses are given later. These quickly increase the protection again.

These reinforcing or booster doses are often given three months, one year and three years after the first series, but some physicians recommend somewhat different intervals. Be sure to bring your child back for his booster doses when the recommended times come around. If your child didn't get his toxoid when he was a baby he should have it now. Some physicians perform skin tests on older children before giving the toxoid; others consider these skin tests unnecessary. Older children often have a sore arm for a few days after their toxoid injections, but this doesn't last long and it is a small price to pay for this protection. As it bothers babies less and as it is most important to safeguard their earliest years, it is best to have the toxoid treatment begun when they are about six months old.

It is recommended that all babies be vaccinated by one year of age or within a few months after their first birthday. They should be vaccinated again five to 10 years later and this should be repeated at intervals during later life. If smallpox breaks out everyone should be revaccinated.

Vaccination bothers a healthy baby less than an older child. If your baby is sick or weak, your doctor will probably put off vaccinating him until he is fit again, unless there is smallpox in your vicinity.

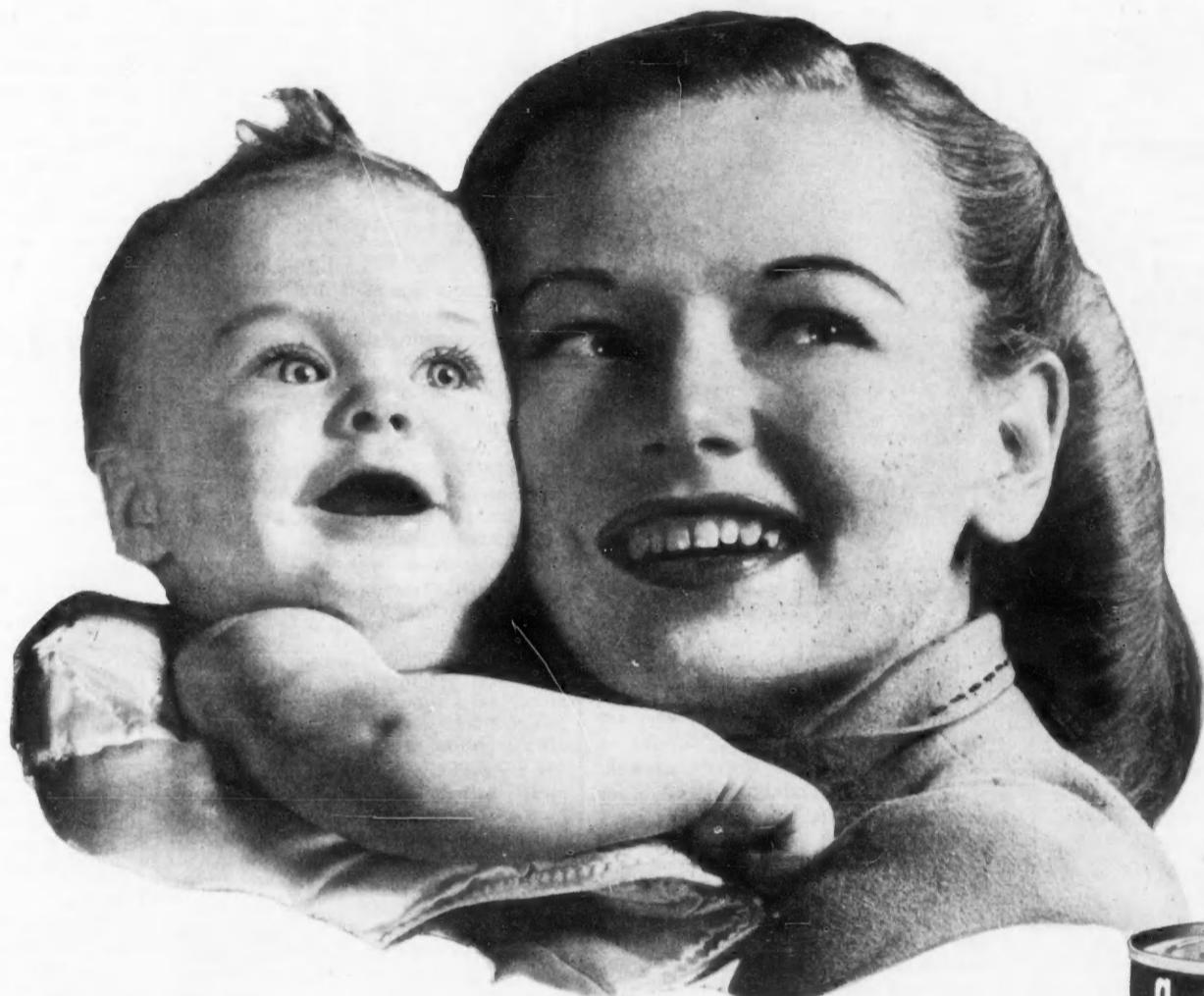
How Vaccination is Done

After cleaning the skin, the doctor puts a drop of the vaccine material on it and then pricks or scratches through the drop with a needle. This procedure is practically painless. A light sterile gauze dressing may be loosely applied over the area and held in place with strips of adhesive plaster. A celluloid shield should never be used, as you don't want to shut the air out.

Nothing happens for three or four days. Then a red pimple appears and in a short time a small white blister forms on the top of it. Meanwhile it has been growing a little in size and some redness has appeared around it.

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† Meat in the Diet of Young Infants—Leverton and Clark, *Journal of the American Medical Association* (August 9, 1947) Vol. 134—pp 1215-1216.

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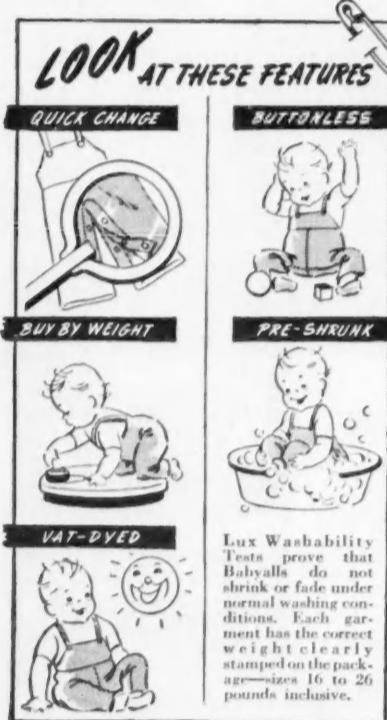
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It is usually at its worst about the eighth or ninth day. Sometimes the whole thing is no larger than a dime or it may be as big as a 50-cent piece. Your baby may not be bothered at all or it may make him feverish and cranky and not interested in his food for a few days. If his arm is unusually red or if he is very feverish you should tell your physician about it.

After the tenth day or so a dark brown scab forms and this falls off after some weeks. Until the scab falls off, you should give your baby sponge baths instead of putting him in the tub. Keeping the blister and scab dry helps to save them from being broken.

When your child is revaccinated at five to 10 years of age usually only a small red pimple forms which does not come to a head and lasts just a few days. If many years are allowed to elapse between vaccinations, the second one may cause almost as much reaction as the first one. If a vaccination does not take, it does not mean the person is immune. It merely means that either the vaccine material was weak or that it didn't get through the skin. It should be repeated again until it does take.

Whooping Cough

Whooping cough is a prolonged, unpleasant disease at any age, but it is particularly dangerous for babies under two years. We now have a vaccine made from dead whooping cough germs that will protect about 80% of babies from this disease. The 20% who are not completely protected develop a relatively mild form of whooping cough. Therefore it is certainly worth while for your baby to receive these injections. Some babies feel miserable and have a fever for a day or so after the injections, but this is not accompanied by a cough or any signs of a cold. If your baby feels sick for more than a day, the trouble is no doubt due to some other cause and you should get medical help if necessary for this.

Tetanus or Lockjaw

Although tetanus or lockjaw is an uncommon disease, it is a very serious one. The germs that cause it are found in street dirt, barnyards, gardens or other places that have been contaminated with manure. The germs get into the body through cuts or wounds in the skin. Deep puncture wounds, such as those caused by rusty nails, are especially bad. But it isn't the rust itself that causes the harm—it is the tetanus germs on the nail.

Three injections of tetanus toxoid, usually given about three weeks apart, followed by a fourth a year later will protect your child from tetanus. If later he injures himself on a farm or the road or in some other possibly dangerous place, another booster dose of tetanus toxoid will step up his protection quickly. Tetanus toxoid is entirely harmless and it is a real safeguard. If you have an allergic child—that is one who has had eczema, asthma, hay fever, hives or some other allergic trouble—you should certainly have him given this toxoid. This is because it is sometimes difficult to give such children tetanus antitoxin which is our main weapon in treating cases of tetanus or lockjaw. If a child who has not had tetanus toxoid receives a dangerous injury he is given a dose of tetanus antitoxin which will save him from the

"Barbara is a tomboy"



JANET POWER
Practical psychologist and mother of three of the kind of children you'd like to know

"I'M afraid my ten-year-old daughter, Barbara, is a tomboy! She won't play with girls, but joins in boys' rough sports. She's untidy and noisy at home—so different from her sister. How can I make Barbara more feminine, yet not curb her high spirits?"

Spend more time with her. You can exert a quietening influence over Barbara by your mere presence! Be on hand to COMMENT ON and PRAISE Barbara for everything feminine she happens to do. IGNORE her tomboy antics! Barbara will instinctively sort out the things that please you and realize that gentleness and consideration will win your favour. Don't scold her. Scolding could make a high-spirited youngster like Barbara rebel!

Arrange family outings that naturally exclude rough-and-tumble games. Encourage a close relationship between Barbara and her sister. Barbara needs more feminine companionship.

Interest her in clothes, too. Take her along each time you buy new clothes. Suggest colours or styles, but, if possible, always choose what Barbara herself likes.

Give both your daughters household responsibilities—such as putting their clothes or books neatly away. Attach small privileges to these tasks. Barbara will fail once or twice at first, but she'll quickly learn neatness if her sister wins more privileges than she.

Urge Barbara to bring her friends home. Make home FUN! Serve milk and cookies between games. Barbara will be so proud of you that she'll play quietly and gently to make you proud of her!

Remember, stress CONSIDERATION OF OTHERS and GOOD MANNERS. At first Barbara will obey just to please you, but quiet, normal gentleness will soon become a habit with her. Show Barbara it's fun to be a DAUGHTER to you and FATHER—not a tomboy!

Smiles or Frowns at Breakfast?

Turn sleepy little frowns into big smiles with a merry cereal-treat at breakfast. Serve Kellogg's Rice Krispies. Fussiness over food disappears. Children love the Snap-Crackle-Pop Rice Krispies make in milk or cream. They'll ask for more! "Rice Krispies" is a registered trade mark of the Kellogg Company of Canada Limited for its delicious brand of oven-popped rice.

Janet Power

THE MOTHER'S FORUM

Kellogg's want to share with others the solutions you mothers have found for your own children's problems. Have you an interesting story? If so—write to Mothers' Forum, Box CH-38, London, Ontario. Kellogg's will pay \$5.00 for each letter used in this column.

"My children loitered at bedtime"
writes Mrs. Helen Shaw

Each night at bedtime, my two children would loiter and doddle. So I decided to time them! I allow them 20 minutes to get undressed and into bed. As a reward, I read them a bedtime story. Then, as an added incentive to speed, I allow the winner to choose the story. Now there's no time for loitering. They race each other to bed to see who picks the story.

disease for the time being. However, this kind of protection lasts only a few weeks at most.

Some preparations are available which contain both diphtheria toxoid and whooping cough vaccine. There are others which contain both diphtheria and tetanus toxoids and whooping cough vaccine as well. When these materials are used the child can be protected against either two or three diseases, as the case may be, at the same time and this of course reduces the number of injections that are needed.

Every baby should have diphtheria toxoid and be vaccinated. All the experts are agreed on this. They also strongly recommend that whooping cough vaccine and tetanus toxoid be given as well. *

Four Women Who Paint

Continued from page 103

artists, organizing women's shows and competitions. She has no time for hobbies. "I work fairly steadily," she says, "the rest of the time I have flu."

Of the four Isabel McLaughlin is the lady in the ivory tower. She gives the feeling that if she were the last woman in the world and with no prospect of any eyes but her own ever seeing her work she would continue to paint—without being in any hurry about it. The others treat her as though she were a talented child who hasn't yet learned to settle down to do the work she is capable of. She claims that she had neither commercial nor domestic talents, says she once took a pupil, taught him all she knew in one lesson and automatically put an end to that career.

She paints, she admits, "in fits and starts," and the result is that very few of her pictures are in circulation. The very fact that she had enough to enter the display impressed the critics, one of whom claimed that "the outstanding triumph was Isabel McLaughlin's share."

Together the four produced what was a more than usually pleasing exhibition of pictures—60 in all and about equally apportioned. It was held in the Fine Arts Gallery of a Toronto department store and women particularly went to it the way they'd go on a shopping expedition. They found it reassuring. There were plenty of flowers and foliage. There were farmhouses and fishing boats. There were even pigeons and a rooster. A few of the paintings were a bit abstractionist but not enough to unnerve anybody. One or two were satirical or tinged with social consciousness, but the whole effect was one of pleasing freshness that made the spectators feel happily unashamed of not knowing anything about art but knowing only what they liked. Another helpful note was that the pictures mostly wore two-figure price tickets and drawings could be had for as little as \$15. And, on top of all that, the critics said the paintings were good, the four women artists worth taking seriously.

It was called "one of the most exciting displays in Toronto for a long time." The artists were described as "definitely of the moderns, each an experimentalist," all of them "not like anybody but themselves."

To those who don't keep abreast of development of art, the 4 Women gave

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the impression that they were a group who'd suddenly decided they'd like to paint, had bought themselves a box of colors, and had wakened up to find themselves famous. But in art circles they have been well known and highly regarded for many years.

All four have been represented in such well-known exhibitions as the World's Fair in New York and the Canadian Women Painters Exhibition at Riverside Museum, New York. Among them they have exhibited, or are represented in art galleries, in such far-distant places as Edinburgh, Brazil, London, South Africa, New York and many Canadian galleries and private collections.

Years of study abroad and at home are evidenced in today's finished work of all four, for they have studied, various members of this painters' foursome, in London, Paris, Vienna, New Mexico, Venice, Milan and Toronto.

Although they take their painting seriously they don't take themselves too seriously. Isabel McLaughlin tells how she once donated a painting to a charity bingo and how its fate was to fall off a mantel and be impaled on a pair of fire dogs—adding that when it was patched it looked almost as good as new. Bobs Haworth's most disconcerting experience in connection with the 4 Women show was when a friend came to see the pictures, humiliated her by purchasing, not one of her paintings, but one of her husband's displayed in an adjoining gallery. This sense of humor keeps them from being too bitter and thwarted about the limited appreciation accorded to artists, and their plans are simply to keep on painting. *

The Black Queen

Continued from page 101

trying to find this darn place. We ran out of gas and then we had to walk. She's nuts." He sneezed.

Jan prodded his back with the stick. "Tell Fleet what you told me!"

"Oh, let me alone! I'm going to. We're not in love with each other. We never have been. I didn't ask her to marry me. But with you and Mother so crazy about her, I thought it would be better to say that she turned me down because of the country house and horses. She says she doesn't even know how to ride."

There was a silence. Fleet did not speak or move.

Jan shook the stick at him. "It's true!" she cried. "You've got to believe it!"

Fleet looked at her. After a moment he unfolded his long legs and rose.

"There's some whisky in that cupboard," he told Alan. "Take it in the kitchen and close the door."

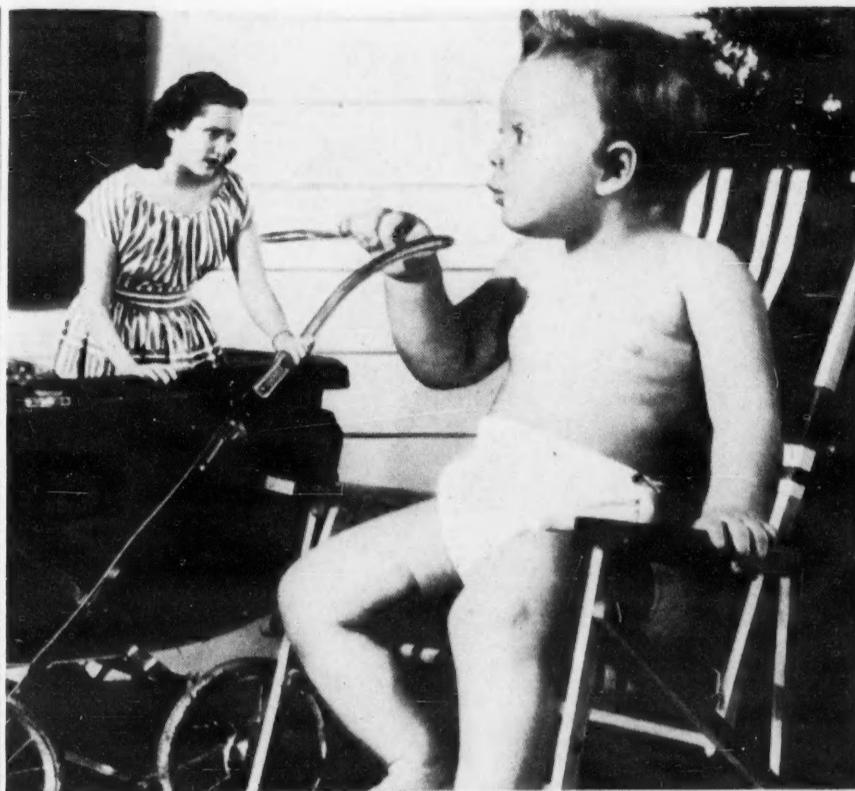
When his brother and the bottle had disappeared, he turned to Jan. "I'm not Alan," he said. "If you want me to listen, you have to be polite." He took the stick away from her and threw it on the floor.

Jan burst into tears. "But it is true!" she sobbed. "Every word of it."

"I believe you. You didn't have to wave a stick at me. Come here—"

He scooped her up, carried her over to his chair by the fire, and wiped her streaming eyes with his handkerchief.

"Now you listen," he said tenderly, "while I tell you who's going to wear the pants in our family." *



"Unhappy, Mom? Glad to hear it!"



BABY: I thought it would be educational, mom—for you to be me for a day. Not so much fun, is it?

MOM: Fun, lamb? It's pure misery! I'm hot and prickly. I'm tired of wriggling around in one spot. My skin's so uncomfortable I could howl as loud as you do!

BABY: See, mom? Those howls weren't just to exercise my lungs. In my own infant way, I was trying to tell you my skin needs Johnson's Baby Oil and Johnson's Baby Powder!

MOM: Something special's called for, pet. But why both?

BABY: To take 100% perfect care of me,

mom. Pure, gentle Johnson's Baby Oil to smooth me over after my bath. More of it at diaper changes, to help prevent what my doctor calls "urine irritation."

And you'd better get a BIG can of Johnson's Baby Powder, mom—for lots of cool, soothing sprinkles to chase irritating chafes and prickles! What's more, it's borated!

MOM: Angel, your mother's certainly been behind the times! Let me out of here so I can catch up—with Johnson's!



BABY: That's the spirit, mom! You're going to be proud of me—good as gold and smooth as a handful of fresh rose petals!

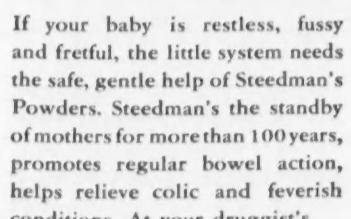


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hip,
and
leg

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Ah!
my
Absorbine Jr.!



Chatelaine

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Number 9**

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Cover drawing by Larry Harris

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Printed and published by MACLEAN-HUNTER PUBLISHING COMPANY LTD., 481 University Avenue, Toronto 2, Canada. JOHN BAYNE MACLEAN, Founder and Chairman, HORACE T. HUNTER, President, FLOYD S. CHALMERS, Executive Vice-President, THOMAS H. HOWSE, Vice-President and Treasurer. EUROPEAN OFFICE: Maclean-Hunter Limited, Sun Life of Canada Building, Trafalgar Square, LONDON, S.W.1. Telephone Whitehall 6642; Telegraph, Atabek, London. SUBSCRIPTION PRICE—In Canada, 1 year \$1.50, 2 years \$2.50, 3 years \$3.00; all other parts of the British Empire \$2.00 per year; United States and Possessions, Mexico, Central and South America and Spain, \$2.50 per year; all other countries

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